

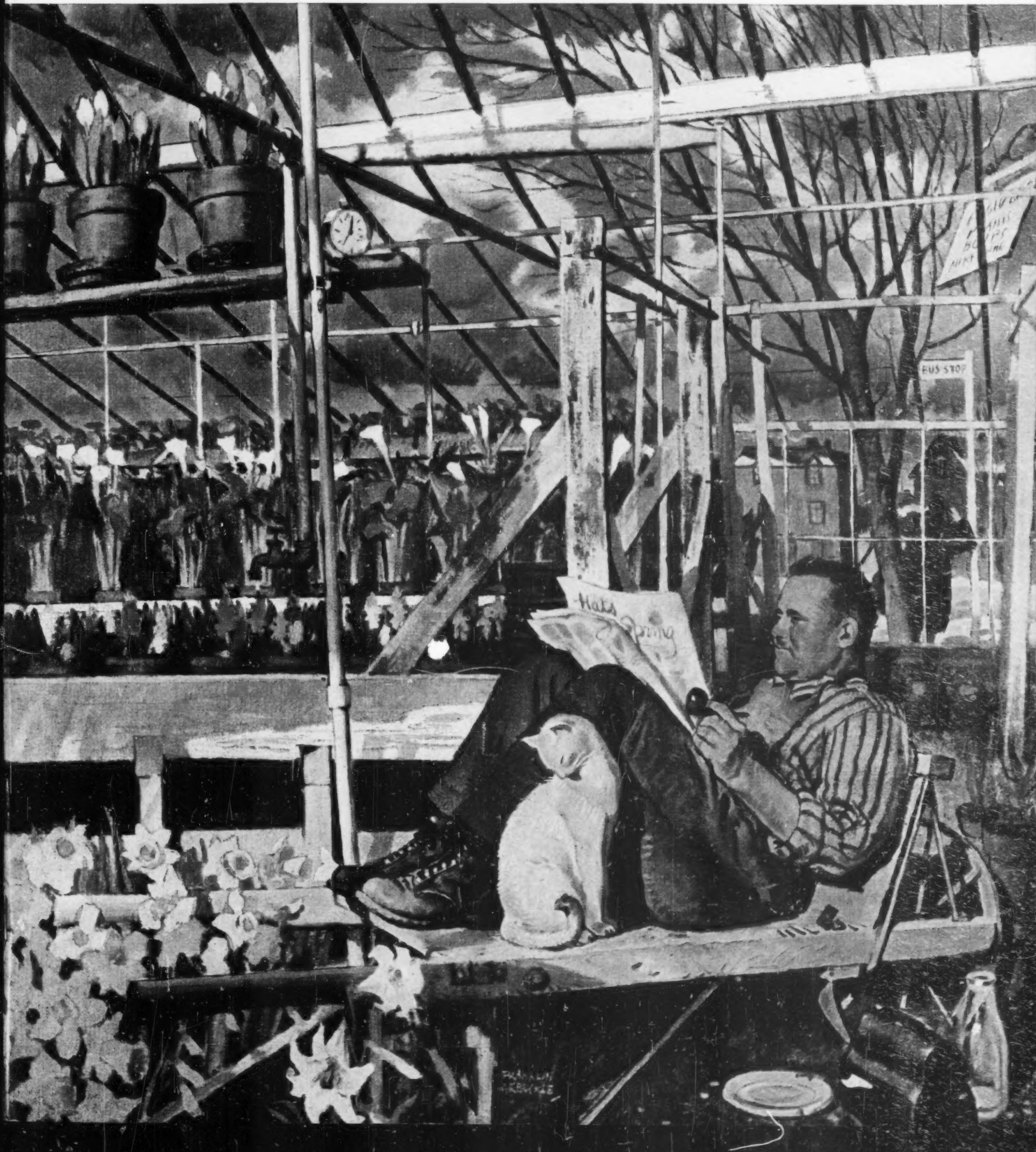
CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE
MACLEAN'S

March 15, 1950

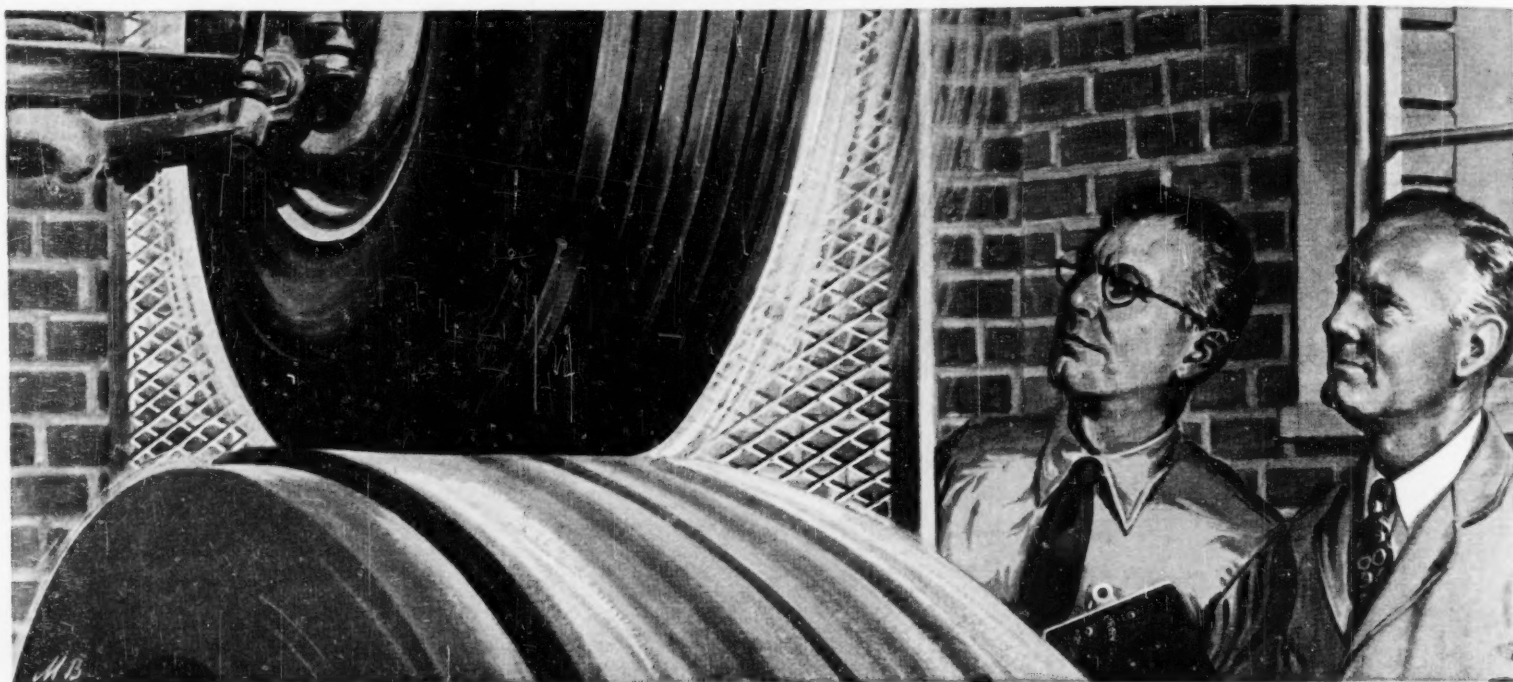
Ten Cents

DRUNKS AT THE WHEEL
Our No. 1 Highway Scandal

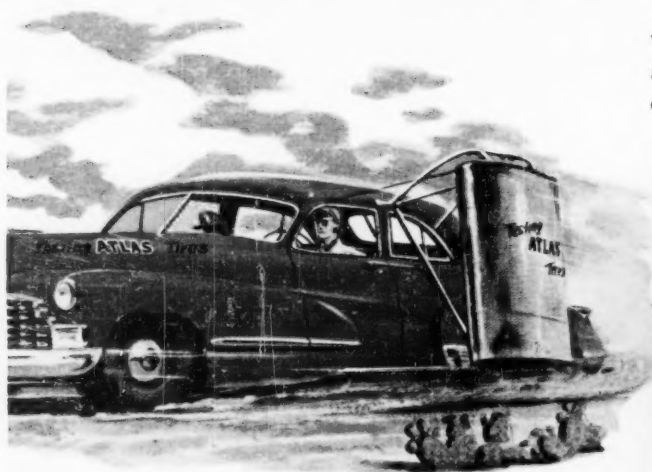
PRINCESS MARGARET —
CANADA'S NEXT ROYAL VISITOR?



How ATLAS Tires are "triple-tested" for your protection



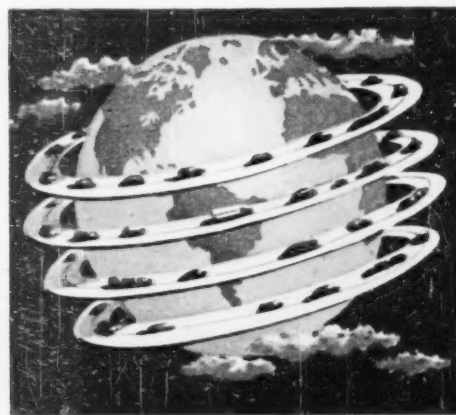
1. For your greater safety, Atlas Tires are constantly tested three ways: 1) in laboratory "torture" apparatus, 2) by professional drivers at high speeds over long distances, and 3) on private cars and trucks on which careful records are kept of ordinary, every-day driving.



2. A burning desert, temperature far above 100°, is the "road" for this grueling test at over 80 miles per hour.



3. Hundreds of private cars and trucks in "actual-use" tests have their tires checked, measured and recorded month after month after month!



4. In all, more than 2,250,000 miles of careful testing annually stands back of every Atlas tire.



5. Result: Dependable tires backed by a Guarantee second to none—and honored by 38,000 dealers in Canada and 48 States.



ATLAS
TIRES-BATTERIES
ACCESSORIES

6. Sold and serviced by Imperial Oil Dealers everywhere in Canada.
No Greater Service Anywhere

EDITORIALS

Dangerous Delusions About the H-bomb

TO SAY that the H-bomb is dangerous is the platitude of the century. We'd like to add that it isn't just dangerous as a bomb. It is equally dangerous as an idea. No matter how treacherous it may be as a physical weapon, it could be at least as treacherous as a political weapon.

Already, long before the bomb even exists, it has become a mirage holding forth the old and specious hope of peace-by-miracle. Now, the wishful thinkers insist, the Russians have got to listen to reason. Let's invite them again to accept atomic control.

This line of approach is better than no approach—provided only we don't kid ourselves that it offers the final solution. Atomic control alone will not end the cold war. The central issue of the cold war is the struggle between Communism and Democracy, not the kinds and numbers of the weapons aligned on either side. There is still no reason to hope that if both sides can be persuaded to accept atomic inspection and control we can all go back to our canasta and our zinnia beds, secure in the faith

that there'll either be no war at all, or if there is that it will be one of those relatively quiet old-fashioned wars in which nobody gets killed but the very brave or the very unlucky.

It's dangerous, this hope that agreement on the atom can be a satisfactory substitute for agreement on the world. For unless it stemmed from a real desire to live at peace with the world, the Russians' acceptance of atomic control would not mean peace. It might not even mean that if war comes again it will be a non-atomic war.

For all anybody knows, the ultimate atomic weapon will be small enough to build in a camouflaged cave. A nation that wants to build and use such a weapon could hoodwink a host of inspectors.

Undoubtedly—if we get it first—the H-bomb will dampen the Russians' will to make war, at least until they get it too. To that extent it's better to have the H-bomb than not to have it. But if we fall into the error of accepting the H-bomb as a new Maginot Line it may well defeat the purpose for which it was conceived.

Colossal, Stupendous Vulgarity

ANYBODY who goes to the movies and listens intently to the dialogue knows it's the easiest thing in the world for two people to run into Something That's Bigger Than They Are. So, no matter how much we're shocked sometimes by the amours and accouchements of our favorite movie stars, we usually try to view them charitably.

We Forgave Rita Hayworth, even though we could not quite Forget. We were prepared to do as much for Ingrid Bergman and Roberto Rossellini. Consulting our experience of the eternal triangle as interpreted by Hollywood, we decided Ingrid and Roberto must have been Gripped by Pulsing Emotions Too Strong to Be Denied.

Now we're beginning to suspect we may have been too tolerant. While they were ducking the

Cruel, Prying Eyes of the World and cementing their famous and distinctly unconventional romance Ingrid and Roberto were also making a motion picture. The picture has just been released. So have the advertisements for it.

To our dismay and astonishment these advertisements do not stress the artistic qualities of the picture. They stress, by clumsy and suggestive indirection, everything that has been intemperate and offensive in the personal and "private" relations of the two principals.

The ads shriek of "Raging Passions" and leer in display type about "Bergman under the Inspired Direction of Roberto Rossellini." Apparently someone has discovered that there's gold in them there leers.

It's a new low in bad taste.

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Ralph Allen Editor
John Clare Managing Editor
Blair Fraser Ottawa Editor
Assistant Editors: Pierre Berton, Articles; A. S. Marshall, Production; W. O. Mitchell, Fiction; Leslie F. Hannon, Copy; Gerald Anglin, Eva-Lis Wuorio, Assignments; Assistant to the Article Editor: Barbara Moon.
D. M. Battersby Art Editor
N. O. Bonisteel Photo Editor

Douglas M. Gowdy Business Manager
Hall Linton Advertising Manager
G. V. Laughton Circulation Manager
H. Napier Moore Editorial Director, Maclean-Hunter

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Most people probably average 2 or 3 colds a year. It is estimated that the common cold costs Canadians nearly \$200 millions each year in lost wages, reduced production and cost of medicines and medical care.

To help guard against colds, it is wise to dress in accordance with the weather. Below are other simple common-sense precautions that may also help to reduce the number and severity of colds.

1 Keeping in good physical condition may help ward off colds. Infection frequently occurs when body resistance is low. To help keep resistance high, it is wise to get plenty of sleep and exercise, to eat a nourishing diet, and to avoid exposure to bad weather.

2 Treating a cold promptly may prevent other illnesses. Colds often lower the body's resistance to other infections such as influenza or pneumonia. The longer a cold goes unchecked, the weaker the body's defenses may become. Early treatment may help prevent such weakening, and also speed recovery from the cold itself.

3 Simple methods of treating a cold are often helpful. While there is still no quick sure cure for colds, many doctors recommend 3 things to do when you "catch a cold":

- Get as much rest as you can—in bed if possible.
- Eat lightly and drink plenty of fluids.
- Cover your coughs and sneezes, and try to avoid close contact with others so they won't get your infection.

4 If fever accompanies a cold, call a doctor at once! If temperature goes up it may be a sign of influenza, pneumonia, or some other serious condition. Getting immediate medical attention permits the prompt diagnosis and treatment that give the best chance for rapid recovery.

5 If you have frequent colds, ask your doctor about influenza vaccine. Medical science has developed a vaccine that has proved helpful in many cases against some types of influenza. If you are especially susceptible to colds, or if influenza might be more serious than normal in your case, the doctor may advise immunization.

6 Keep alert for possible warnings of pneumonia, such as fever, a persistent cough, or pain in the chest. Today, treatment with sulfa or penicillin can control most cases of pneumonia. For *virus pneumonia* there are other more recently developed drugs which often appear to be effective.

To insure the best results, however, such drugs should be given early. So, it is wise to call the doctor *at once*, if warnings of pneumonia appear.

COPYRIGHT CANADA, 1950—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Home Office: New York

Canadian Head Office: Ottawa

Please send me a copy of your free booklet, entitled "Respiratory Diseases", 30-M.

Name

Street

City Prov.



In the Editors' Confidence

EVER since John Largo first appeared in Maclean's (it was a wry trifle called "Did You Marry a Morning Paper?" and it ran in the Jan. 1 issue of 1949), appreciative readers have been plucking at our coatsleeves and asking who he really is. After his story "Brave New Wacky World" ran in the Mid-Century Review, a year later, the enquiries became more insistent. One man wrote in to say he had figured out that John Largo was Robert Benchley spelled backward.

We've always operated on the belief that a writer's pen name is his own business (we know one journalist who has a matched set of seven pen names) and have hesitated to tear the veil from Largo. However, Largo himself has voluntarily offered to give himself up. He reveals himself in the woodcut above and in the sensational literary exposé which follows:

"I'm not surprised that Maclean's readers are clamoring to know more about me, for I am indeed a fascinating fellow. Born in England while still in my formative period, I showed an early literary aptitude by falling through a bookcase. Later I fell through a greenhouse, but that only left me with a scar and a lifelong antipathy to the good earth. Having sold half a dozen pulp stories by the time I was 19, I decided to be a scientist, so I studied engineering. I've always favored the oblique, or zigzag, approach.

"In the recent war, got as far as Czechoslovakia as a captain in the Signal Corps, only to discover that the famous Pilsen beer had been watered beyond recognition. That kind of thing sours you on the military life. In Brussels I invented and edited a little rag called CQ. Best magazine I ever read; and goodness knows, I was its most faithful reader.

"Writing two or three books at present, which I don't expect to finish before 1960. The trouble with this sort of work is that it's habit-forming. And if that isn't the 200 words I promised you, add a few shrdlu etaoin."

And that man is A. B. Mc-



Largo exposed.
"I am indeed a fascinating fellow."

Fadyen, of Toronto. For more about his ancestors, see "But Who Invented the Russians?" on page 22.

●Assistant Editor Gerald Anglin reports that while Montreal construction man R. E. Chadwick has spent a lifetime remodeling the face of Canada he had to hold up when his topographical surgery threatened the tourist trade at Banff.

Anglin's story on pages 12 and 13, "Anybody Want a Mountain Moved?" mentions that among other current chores Chadwick is gouging out a 1,200-ft. power tunnel in the Rockies. This tunnel will dump the Spray River abruptly into the Bow some miles above their usual junction point, to provide more electricity for Calgary. But the Spray is that racing mountain stream which you see winding gracefully across the foreground in all those CPR photos of the Banff Springs Hotel. Think of that picture if it included an ugly dried-up river bed.

So during each July and August Chadwick's tunnel must permit enough water to escape down the Spray's original course to sparkle in the sunshine before the hotel veranda. Says so right in the contract.



FRANKLIN ARBUCKLE got the idea for this cover at least 10 years ago when he dropped into a greenhouse in North Toronto one cold January day. When he dug the idea out of the loose-leaf files of his memory for us he did his preliminary sketches in McKenna's greenhouse in Montreal, where he lives. "The man is a round version of the greenhouse employees. The cat is modeled after a porcelain figure some friends sent us from Vienna for Christmas," he tells us.

It's no trick at all to have Gleaming Floors all the time —

The back-breaking job of polishing floors by hand or with a clumsy, weighted brush is a thing of the past! The G-E Floor Polisher with counter-rotating brushes does a speedy, gleaming job on hardwood, linoleum, and tile floors . . . right up to the baseboard, deep into corners, and close to furniture. All you do is guide it over waxed floors and the two, fast-moving brushes do all the work. Ask your G-E dealer to demonstrate this great new polisher.

GENERAL ELECTRIC FLOOR POLISHER



*Brushes
are flat
on the floor*



All the Weight is on the Brushes



\$59⁵⁰

Complete with 2 polishing
brushes and 2 lamb's wool
buffing pads.



*Here's why the
G-E POLISHER
is so quick*

The two 5½-inch brushes on the G-E polisher are flat on the floor and the full weight of the machine—16 pounds—is on the brushes. An electric motor eliminates all the back-breaking labour by whirling the bristles over the floor at 600 revolutions per minute.

This rapid rotation of the bristles with 16 pounds weight on them makes floors gleam in a hurry.

You just guide...it does all the work

Easy to USE



Because the two brushes rotate in opposite directions one exactly counter-balances the other. Eliminates tendency to "run away" which is common in single brush machines.

Light to carry



Weighing 16 pounds, it is light enough to be carried easily from room to room . . . yet heavy enough to do a lovely polishing job.

Gets in corners



As the brushes rotate they flare out making it possible to polish deep into corners and close to baseboards, heavy furniture and rugs.

Snap-on brushes and buffing pads



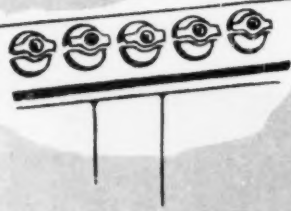
Polishing brushes have finger pull attachments for easy removal . . . lamb's wool buffing pads that snap on to brushes—give that final high-gloss finish.

**CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
LIMITED**

Head Office: Toronto — Sales Offices from Coast to Coast

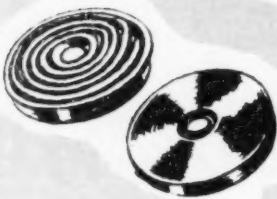
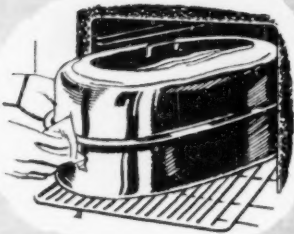
THE NEW 1950 MOFFAT

FINGERTIP
SWITCHES



SYNCHROME
OVEN HEAT
CONTROL

HIGH
HUMIDITY
OVEN



YOUR CHOICE
OF ELEMENTS



The new line of Moffat *WORK-SAVER* Ranges has **MORE use-value** features than any other range — to assure you of the finest in cooking performance! And all these use-value features are built into modern-styled ranges of outstanding beauty. No other range offers such *beauty* . . . no other range offers such *performance* — double satisfaction for every Moffat user!

Moffat Electric Ranges WITH MORE USE-VALUE FEATURES

Syncrochime Oven Heat Control — at the sound of the chime it's baking time — with easy-to-read Video-matic illuminated dial.

High Humidity Oven — heats faster, retains flavour and vitamins, less shrinkage and bakes evenly.

Fingertip Switches — at the "convenience level" and angle mounted for easy operation.

Heavier Precision Construction — will last longer.

Select-O-Matic Control Panel — provides three-way automatic cooking, with electric clock timer, minute minder and select-o-matic switch.

Beautiful Built-In Streamlite Lamp — provides even flood of light.

Super Broiler — for faster, better

grilling of steaks, chops, bacon, etc., for more nutritious and easily digested food.

Ball Bearing Rollers — on all drawers, ensure smooth, quiet operation.

Gleaming Beauty — Radically new Porcelain Enamel, a lifetime acid-resisting finish over entire range exterior.

Work-Saver Design — scientific streamlined work-saver design for ease of cleaning.

Your Choice of Elements — your choice of high speed, long-life elements — Moffat Red Spot solid type or Moffat Con-Rad tubular type.

Your Choice of Models — a range to suit your family and your kitchen requirements.



MOFFATS

WESTON

VANCOUVER



RANGES

There are models to suit every family and kitchen requirement; whether you live in town or country — whether you cook with electricity or with gas. See these magnificent new 1950 Moffat Work-Saver Ranges with more use-value features at your Moffat dealer.

Moffat Gas Ranges WITH MORE USE-VALUE FEATURES

Insta-Flame Super Heat Top Burners — "Matchless" cooking — lights automatically.

Centre Simmer Burner (Two Burners in One) — Tailored heat — fingertip control — saves fuel.

Automatic Oven Heat Control — Uniform temperature — assures perfect results.

Automatic Oven Ignition — "Matchless" performance — oven lights automatically.

Instamatic Clock Control — Set the clock — the range does the rest.

Gleaming Beauty — Radically new Porcelain Enamel, a lifetime acid-resisting finish over entire range exterior.

Air Stream Cooking Top — "Work-

Saver" design for efficiency and cleanliness.

Non-Sag Locking Oven Racks — Slide smoothly — no spilling — no waste.

Scientific Cooking Charts — "Work-Saver" cooking guide permanently on doors.

Large Three-In-One Oven — Speed — even heat — economy.

Completely Flush with the Wall — Piping connections made inside the range.

Beautiful "Streamlite" Lamp — Soft flood of light over cooking surface.

Super Insulation — Heat where it belongs — cooler kitchens.

Moffat CP Gas Ranges are built to the rigid specifications of the Canadian Gas Association.



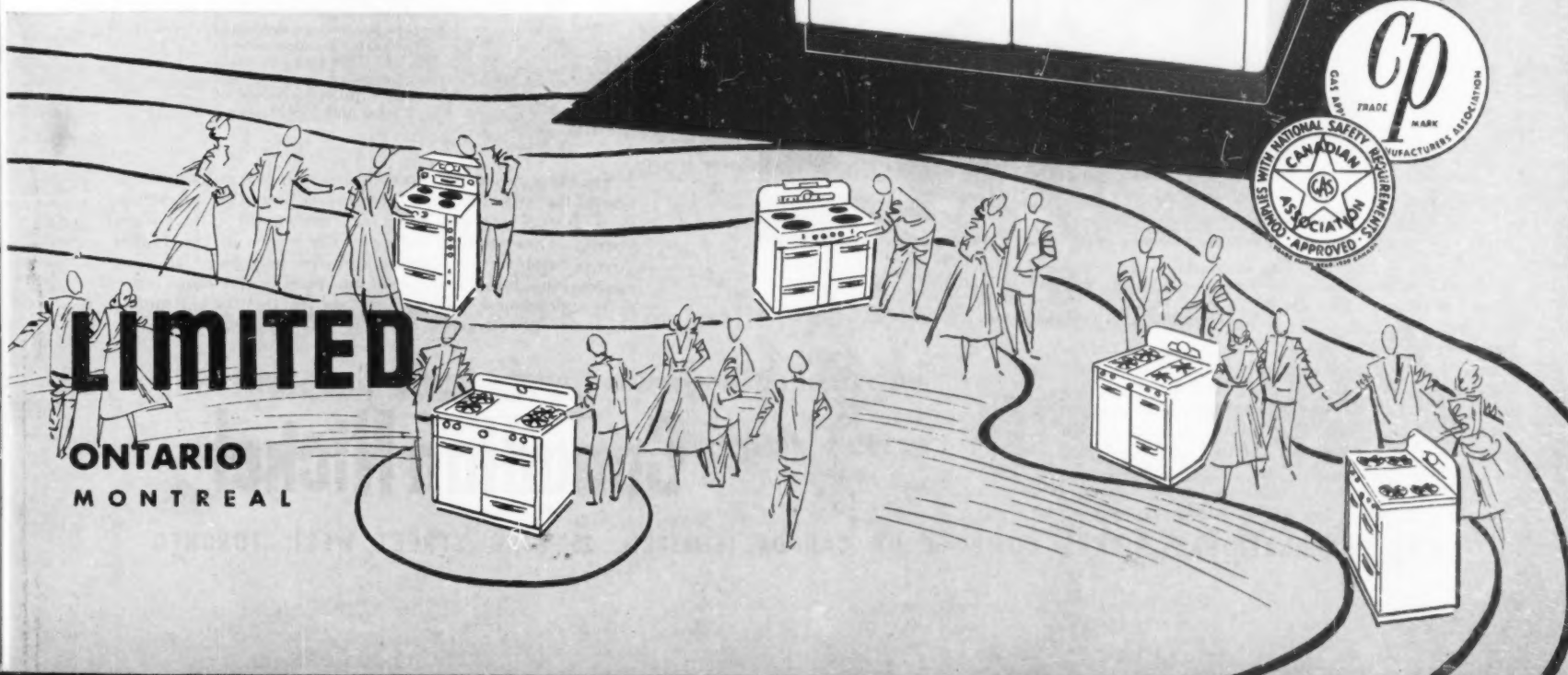
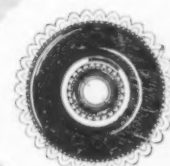
**AUTOMATIC
OVEN HEAT
CONTROL**

**INSTAMATIC
CLOCK
CONTROL**



**BROILER
COMPARTMENT**

**INSTA-FLAME
SUPER HEAT
TOP BURNERS**



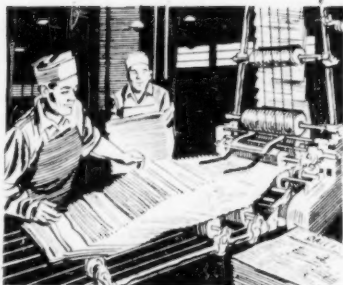
**ONTARIO
MONTREAL**



The 5-cent coin he slips in his pocket is pure Nickel. Nickel is a good metal for coins because it does not tarnish, and is so hard it wears well.

What's Nickel ... in his young life?

Just a few hours ago, the newsboy's papers came pouring from the printing press. Presses must not break down. So parts subject to unusual wear and strain are made of Nickel alloys.



To turn this pile of logs into tomorrow's newspapers, rugged machinery will be used — also acids and other corrosive chemicals. That's why so much equipment in pulp and paper plants is made of Nickel and Nickel alloys.



In the trucks, trains and planes which distribute newspapers far and wide, Nickel Steel and other Nickel alloys prevent breakdowns and give long wear.



"The Romance of Nickel" a 50-page book, fully illustrated, will be sent free on request to anyone interested.

Forty-three years of research have uncovered hundreds of uses for Nickel in the United States and other countries. Now Nickel exports bring in millions of U.S. dollars yearly. These dollars help pay the wages of the 14,000 Nickel employees in Canada and also help pay Canadian railwaymen, lumbermen, iron and steel workers and other men and women making supplies for the Nickel mines, smelters and refineries.

IN EVERY LIFE

Canadian Nickel



THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, 25 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO



Her husband was the driver. He was convicted on a charge of dangerous driving after a drunken driving charge was withdrawn. Passerby, at left, gives aid,

WHY OUR LAWS CAN'T NAIL DRUNK DRIVERS

By FRED BODSWORTH

**He is a greater killer than polio, yet our
archaic laws let him get away with murder.
Scientific tests could check highway horror**

IT WAS one of the first motor fatalities I covered as a cub reporter. They had moved the small, twisted body to the sidewalk and covered it with a clothesbasket. One fat little leg hung over the curb, a grotesque right-angle bend halfway between knee and ankle. A splinter of red-and-white bone protruded through the shin. The other leg was twisted like a Z, the kneecap upward, toes straight down. I couldn't see the boy's face. Blood cut narrow snakelike trails across the sidewalk. The police hadn't arrived yet.

In a doorway a young mother sobbed convulsively. Men and women glanced bitterly at the death car 200 feet down the street. The driver was

"The Greatest Menace We Have"

DR. JOSLYN ROGERS, Ontario provincial analyst: "The drunk driver's killings and maimings would appall the public if they could be put before people in all their horror. He is the greatest menace we have."

• • •

INSPECTOR VERNON PAGE, head of Toronto police traffic division: "The drunk driver is more dangerous than a maniac with a gun, for the weapon he wields is virtually an atom bomb on wheels."

• • •

POLICE CHIEF WALTER MULLIGAN, Vancouver: "The traffic problem is the No. 1 problem facing police today. It is more serious than crime. And the drunk driver rates as one of the worst, if not the worst menace in this situation."

• • •

CHIEF CHARLES MACIVER, Winnipeg: "Drunk driving is the No. 1 social problem today. A motorist under the influence of liquor is a potential murderer."

• • •

CHIEF DUNCAN McDougall, Regina: "It is one of the biggest problems of a social nature we have to contend with."

• • •

CANADIAN TEMPERANCE FEDERATION (in a recent brief to the Federal Government): "Liquor is a major cause of the alarming increase in highway accidents with its terrible toll of death and major injury."

• • •

CHIEF JUSTICE HOWSON, Alberta: "Hardly a day passes but what I read of a driver's drunkenness killing innocent people. We cannot permit it to continue."

still in it, hunched over the wheel. A man had taken the ignition key. "Drunk," he said. "Can't even stand up."

It is a familiar tragic story to traffic police. It is becoming more familiar every year. And each year, frustrated policemen find themselves up against the stone wall of a horse-and-buggy criminal code which makes it possible for scores of drunken potential killers to evade the law.

Early last year near Barrie, Ont., a truck carrying three men and three women roared down the highway weaving from side to side; finally it crashed head-on into a bus. One woman looped through the air, struck the pavement in front of a passing vehicle. The driver heard a muted crunch as his wheels passed over her. Glass, jagged metal and blood showered the highway. A boy looked at the smashed head of a corpse, turned white, but was able to remark: "Why do they call brains grey matter—they're red?" Five of the six in the truck died. Police found a number of freshly emptied beer bottles in the wreckage.

If our laws had teeth in them would this accident have happened? In Sweden, which takes drastic measures to stop drunken driving (see box on this page) the accident-death rate is now among the lowest in the world—only 4.3 per 100,000 of population. In Canada, the figure is 12.7 deaths per 100,000. Surveys taken in Sweden's second largest city—Gothenburg—show that after the new law came in traffic accidents, and criminal cases, too, were cut by 27%.

Horse-and-Buggy Laws

MAYBE one of these potential killers lives on your street. He may even be you. You don't regard him as a criminal, yet he kills five times as many Canadians every year as murderers. He is a social menace six times deadlier than polio.

Dr. Joslyn Rogers, Ontario provincial analyst, who in more than 30 years of medico-legal duties has probably had more experience with drunk drivers than any other Canadian, says: "Drunk driving has succeeded war as the most wasteful scourge of modern times."

And drunk drivers grow more numerous. In 1944 our courts convicted 1,155 motorists of drunk driving. Three years later the number had risen to more than 1,800.

Yet, despite the growing carnage, hundreds of potential killers go free or escape with trivial fines every year because of an archaic law which refuses to recognize scientific blood tests for drunkenness and forces police to rely on crude rule-of-thumb evidence as out-of-date as the horse and buggy. Scientific methods are available to prove indisputably whether or not a man is drunk. But Canadian police can only sing off the old phrases, "His breath smelled strongly of liquor, your worship, he staggered and had to be assisted from his car"—and

humbly hope to get a conviction with this thin story.

Says Chief Walter Mulligan, of Vancouver: "A drunk-driving charge is one of the most difficult to prove."

As a result hundreds of motorists, obviously drunk, have to be charged with minor offenses like careless or dangerous driving because police know they haven't strong enough evidence to prove intoxication.

In one Canadian city last year a driver charged with drunkenness fought in the ambulance on the way to hospital, yet he was acquitted because a lawyer proved his actions *could* have been due to concussion he suffered in the accident.

Another motorist who had an accident was described by police as "very drunk." He insisted he staggered and couldn't talk clearly because he was short of breath as a result of an asthma attack. He walked out of the court free.

About 1,800 Canadians die each year in motor accidents. How many of these deaths are due to alcohol? Toronto police traffic division says 15.5%; National Safety Council, 25%; Dr. Joslyn Rogers, 45%; temperance campaigners, "78% of highway injuries and deaths occur in 'drink' accidents"; Chief Robert Weatherup, of New Toronto, "Liquor is the leading factor in 85% of traffic accidents in this area."

Estimates vary because some include every driver with a whiff of alcohol on his breath while others include only really drunken motorists. Take 30% as a conservative medium and it means that drivers with alcohol under their belts kill 500 to 600 Canadians a year. Many a police chief and highway patrolman will say this estimate is far too low.

TORONTO, August, 1946 — Nine-year-old Richard Hofstetter is playing on the front steps of his home. A car, tires screaming, lurches around a corner, leaps the curb, crashes into the veranda. Richard is killed instantly, his mangled body pinned in the wreckage of steel and wood. The driver disappears, is captured later. He is drunk, the car stolen.

In every large municipality at Christmas and New Year, police are forced to call in reserves to cope with an epidemic of drinking drivers. Across the nation crime investigation grinds to a standstill. Police must assume the ironic responsibility of intercepting drunks and confiscating their cars before they kill themselves or others.

Vancouver ushered in the 1949 Christmas season by lining up 25 motorists on drunk-driving charges. Toronto planned to give some constables short Christmas vacations, canceled the plans and called every officer back to duty when drinking drivers flooded out of office parties and night spots.

Inspector Vernon Page, boss of Toronto police traffic division, points out that, "Drunk drivers are a greater menace every year."

In 1946 Toronto police during the Christmas-New Year season held 59 cars of drinking drivers. During the same

Continued on page 62

Here's How Sweden Licked Drunk Driving

IN SWEDEN police have power to stop a line of cars at any time on any street or highways and take blood-alcohol tests of all drivers. Wherever the alcohol percentage goes above the equivalent of one medium drink of whisky, the driver is sent to jail. The minimum sentence is two months.

If this were law in Canada would you drive after drinking?

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Gasoline and liquor mixed with blood in this fatal crash. That is a case of beer in the middle background. The man lying in the foreground is dead. ART JONES

Three people were killed in this shattering head-on collision. Two of the victims are pictured here. Traces of liquor were found in the dead driver's stomach. RAY MUNRO



By JUNE CALLWOOD

IS JOHN FISHER a flirt? Does Canada's most articulate lover get infatuated too easily? Is the CBC's passionate-voiced weekly commentator "and observer of Canadian ways" really as mad about Quebec from the parapets of the Chateau Frontenac as he is about Victoria when he's holed up in the Empress? What about Edmonton when he's in the Macdonald?

"I love them all with fervor," says this real-estate Romeo. "Each part of Canada has its own flavor, its own personality. Each place is an individual. I am merely the type of man who can find romance in a piece of bread." And the man who for six years has been mooning over his infatuation for his country over the CBC network once actually built one of his weekly 15-minute programs around a slice of bread. His voice throbbed with oratorical splendor as he told of Fife and the one stalk of wheat from which the first successful crops were grown on the Prairies. He rocketed along describing the fields of waving grain, the breadbasket of the world, in the manner of a man retracing the features of his beloved.

Fisher can do this with Pickle Crow, Ont., Ecum Secum, N.S., and Whisky Creek, B.C. His eyes glow with a lover's fire over Hamiota, Man., Malignant Cove, N.S., and Manyberries, Alta. He quivers like a twanged bow on the main streets of Frosty Hollow, N.B., Trois Pistoles, Que., and Medicine Hat, Alta.



John Fisher loves Whisky Creek, B.C., Ecum Secum, N.S., and all points between with an oratorical fervor that keeps him a CBC ace

Often regarded as our most eloquent Canadian, Fisher certainly is one of its best informed on Canadiana. He knows that "O Canada" is sung with three different sets of lyrics and that it was composed by a Canadian who found his fortune in the United States. He knows that Negro porters on our trains are often college graduates, some of them doctors. He knows that the British flag has been flying longer over Manitoba than any part of North America. He knows that four out of five newspapers in the western hemisphere get their paper from Canada, that the Cariboo gold rush was started by a man who ran away with a trader's daughter, that Canada's normal annual tourist business is only slightly larger than that of the state of Minnesota.

His phrases of love range from colorful to corny. He says that Canada is the maple leaf crisp and clean in autumn . . . it's the beaver minding his own business and working hard . . . it's the goose on a straight course . . . it's the smell of boiling sap, burning brush, sweet hay, ripe grapes and fresh sawdust . . . it's also hot pavements, gasoline, cigars and the sweat of cities . . . it's driving, wind-crazy snow dying in the warmth of an Eskimo's face . . . it's a bullfrog's throaty protest at the silence of a summer evening . . . and the rattle of freight cars following each other like frightened cattle.

Fisher, a balding, chunky, 37-year-old, who looks not unlike another great lover named Boyer, is a critical Casanova. He complains about Canada's "mental constipation" and about the "haemorrhage of brains" to the United States. He calls the food and personality of his country "dull."

He often says that the old expression about a prophet being without honor in his own land was written about Canada. When it comes to making history and pioneers live we are total flops. We excel at hiding our heads under bushel baskets. He points out that this country has no national library, but Ethiopia has.

Jolting John Fisher is sometimes the stern parent in his anxiety to hurry along the vintaging of a fine Canadian. Over the network he has on occasion advised his people to pull themselves together, organize a Freedom Train filled with Canadian treasures like the Confederation table and take it across the

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HAM, CORN AND COLOR — THAT'S JOLTING JOHN

PHOTOS BY KEN BELL



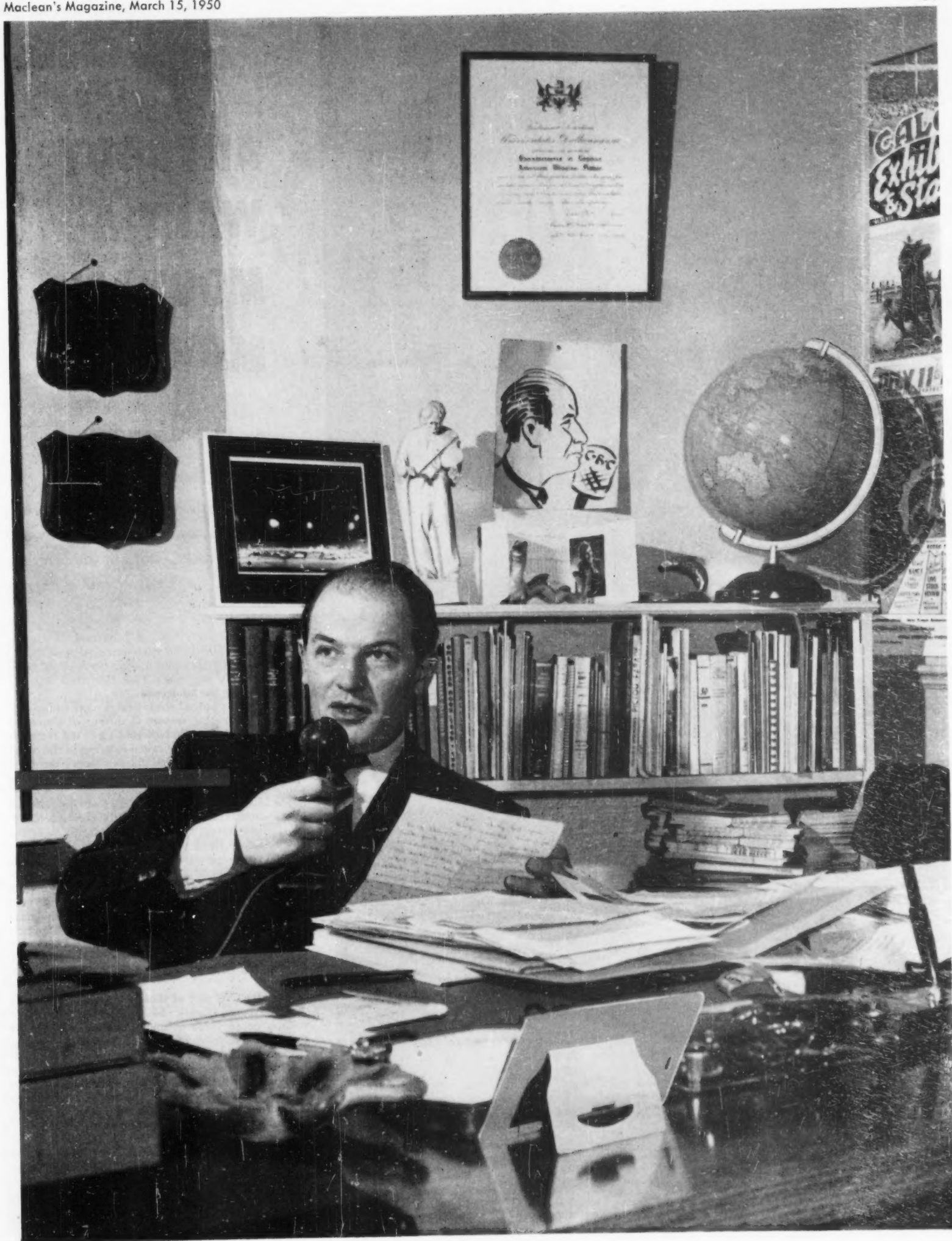
INDIAN FISHER—call him Great Chief Snowy Owl. High River added a pair of handsome tooled boots.



COWBOY FISHER has four ten-gallon hats, and he adores the West—"the country without padlocks."



TRAPPER FISHER wrings your heart with the grim battles on the frontier. That's Fort William's hat.





A finger in every pie. The Chief invents in his bathtub, once planned a new tug with hopscotch chalk.

ANYBODY WANT A MOUNTAIN MOVED?

By GERALD ANGLIN

Richard Chadwick dams raging rivers, throws skyscrapers into the heavens, salvages wrecks. But no, madam, his Foundation Co. doesn't make corsets

R. E. CHADWICK, of Montreal, is a grey-haired man of 65 with quizzical eyebrows, a stubborn chin and a slight-to-medium build which scarcely suggests a Paul Bunyan's capacity for renovating the landscape.

Yet he has plunged stout bridge piers to bedrock through the racing waters of dozens of Canadian rivers from the Bear in Nova Scotia to the Harrison in B. C. He has torn a jagged clearing in the forest at Baie Comeau, Que., and planted there a complete industrial town—paper mill, churches, movies, shops and homes for 1,500 people.

He has driven a mine shaft 920 feet through rock at Asbestos, Que., and is currently boring a 2,100-foot power tunnel through the solid granite of the Rockies near Banff.

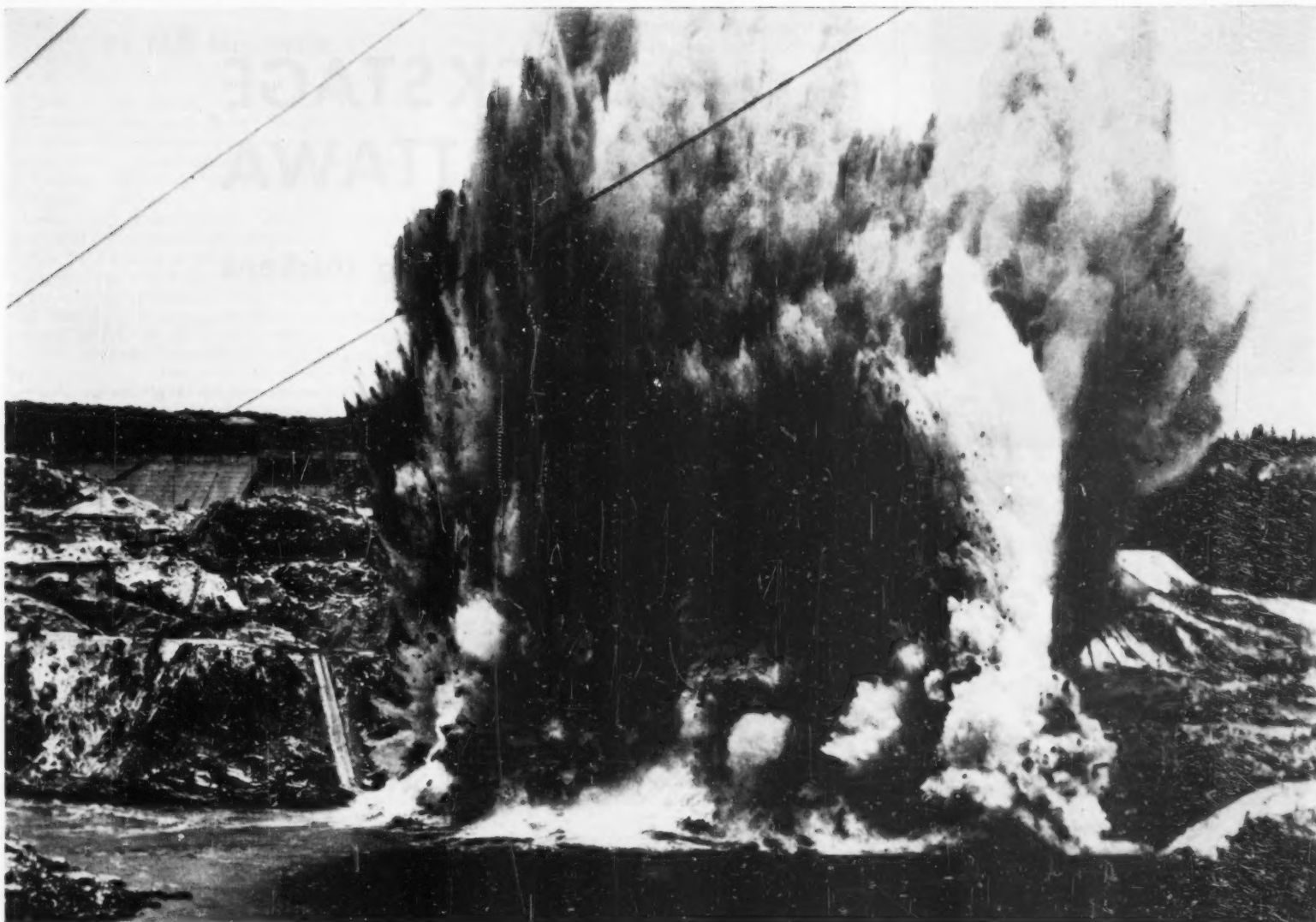
As if to compensate for such hole digging, he has erected office buildings (such as Montreal's handsome new Bank of Canada), hotels (the Nova Scotian in Halifax) and factories (Courtauld's in Cornwall, Ont., the Maclean-Hunter plant near Toronto where this magazine is printed, the sprawling munitions plant at Cherrier, Que.).

To Make an Ice Jam in July

DWARFING any of these feats, at Shipshaw in northern Quebec he blasted out nearly 6 million cubic yards of dirt and rock and poured 874,000 cubic yards of concrete to stop the rushing Saguenay River in its tracks and funnel it through the greatest single power plant in the world. He fashioned this 1,200,000-horsepower mammoth in 18 wartime months while at the same time building the world's largest single aluminum plant at nearby Arvida to use Shipshaw's power.

Chadwick has dammed the St. Lawrence from shore to shore at Beauharnois, flung two sets of bridge piers across her at Lachine, and far down in the gulf where she's broadest and stormiest he has plucked wrecked ships and mariners from her shoals and reefs.

For, in addition to building the country's largest construction company (\$300 millions in contracts in



Blowing "the plug" at Shipshaw. Up went 84,000 pounds of explosive and the Saguenay River had to change its mind. The blast was felt 300 miles away.

26 years), he has developed as a lusty sideline a salvage division which in 20 years of prowling the northwestern Atlantic has saved about 180 ships from the sea—860,000 tons of shipping at a salvaged value of \$114 millions.

Richard Chadwick has done all this as boss of the Foundation Company of Canada Limited, which, to the surprise of many people who telephone its offices in Halifax, Montreal and Toronto, does not manufacture corsets.

Foundation was a New York firm specializing in foundations for skyscrapers when the Toronto-born mechanical engineer joined it in 1911 to run its new Montreal office. U. S. subsidiaries sometimes seem to dominate the Canadian business landscape. Chadwick so expanded this one that it bought itself out of American clutches, abandoned its specialty, outgrew its parent firm and today boasts a subsidiary of its own in the United States.

Altogether Foundation now employs a permanent staff of 600 and may have 6,000 to 7,000 foremen, skilled tradesmen and laborers signed on at any time (the number rose to 16,000 during the war). Most of these junior supermen quickly learn to call Foundation's president "the Chief" and not to be surprised at the variety or oddity of jobs to which they may be assigned.

Foundation recently deposited a young engineer at Churchill, on the shores of Hudson Bay, and told him to erect a building on ground that is permanently frozen but which inconveniently melts to soggy muskeg as soon as you dig down and

expose a spot on which to place your footings. Another Foundation man at Iroquois Falls, Ont., was faced with the puzzle of parking a huge log-grinding plant for a pulp and paper outfit on soil so soft it could hardly support a construction shack. A third engineer was assigned to reproduce an exact working miniature of an ice jam which wrecked a town—and do it in July.

The Churchill man smartly evolved a method of freezing his foundation to the frozen subsoil (exact details are a fast-frozen company secret). The chap at Iroquois Falls built and floated his building like a ship (complete with keel, ribs and even ballast) on the not-so-solid earth. The ice-jam fellow built a 60-by-30-foot scale model of the St. Francis River in Quebec's Eastern Townships, complete with bridges and dam; then, using sheets of paraffin for ice, he staged jam after jam which for realism would give nightmares to residents of Bromptonville whose homes were smashed in the great St. Francis pile up of March 1948. The model is to be used in a court case to try and determine what caused the disaster.

Each of the three men triumphed in his peculiar task thanks to the old Foundation spirit, and probably thanks also to an old Foundation feeling of being watched.

The superintendent on a paper-mill job deep in the New Brunswick bush, years ago, was delighted that everything on the job was going without a hitch because he knew the Chief was arriving that morning for a personal look-see. When Chadwick

stepped off a logging train he failed to notice the super's extended hand because he was peering upward at the peak of a three-legged crane.

"You want to replace that sheared-off cotter pin up there," he advised, "or else the whole business will collapse on your next hoist."

The stunned superintendent knew the apparatus had been carefully inspected an hour before, but the eagle-eyed Chadwick was right about the sheared pin.

Chadwick likes to say today that he doesn't bother much with the actual construction side of things any more, but there are few Foundation Company pies into which he never pokes a finger.

From a Bathtub, a Reflector

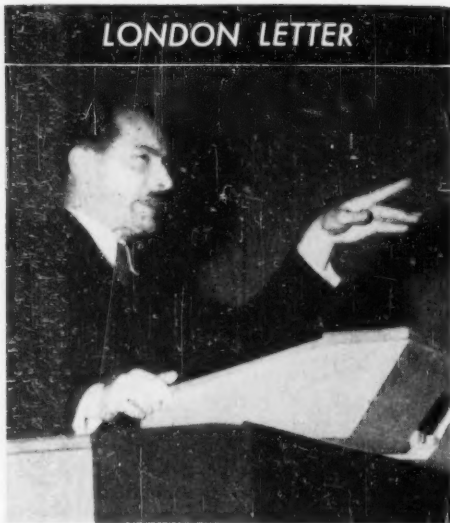
WHEN THE gigantic Shipshaw project was getting under way the Chief found vice-president V. G. Younghusband, boss of the job, held up for blueprints and storming that "nobody will take responsibility for telling me where that first cut-off dam's supposed to go."

"That looks like a good place for it right across there," offered Chadwick with a wave of his arm. "Start your shovels digging and I'll bet nobody will take the responsibility for telling you to stop." Nobody did.

One of the largest contracts Foundation is currently engaged in is a \$7½ million power dam for the Manitoba Government at Pine Falls on the Winnipeg River. Even *Continued on page 59*

The Story of Canada's Biggest Builder — Part One

LONDON LETTER



Franz Richter leads the German State Party. "From Hitler we take only the good things."

What! Give Guns To the Huns?

By BEVERLEY BAXTER

SOME of these days the Governments of France, the United States and the British Commonwealth will have to make up their minds about Germany. Nor is there any reproach or impatience intended in these words. It is a statement of fact—hard fact—and nothing more. But the decision cannot be postponed for long; the German question must be answered.

Few men speak well of Neville Chamberlain these days, not even the Liberal and Socialist M.P.'s who cheered and wept in September, 1938, when he announced that Hitler had agreed to a conference at Munich. Yet Chamberlain, lacking the usual trappings of greatness and possessing a limited imagination, saw the future so clearly that he said to some of us in private, "The first gun fired in a European war will start the challenge of Asia."

Chamberlain faced a terrible dilemma. Like most of us he wanted a Germany strong enough to be a bulwark against Russia but not so strong as to threaten the Western democracies. He believed that the ultimate threat to Western civilization and the Christian concept of life was Bolshevism.

He also saw that if Germany were given a free hand she might well defeat Russia and would then impose Fascism on Europe. Therefore he pursued a deliberate policy of preventing war—as he thought—but only succeeded in postponing it. He hoped that by such means the Western democracies would arm and unite so that Germany would not dare make war. As it happened the democracies did not arm and did not unite. Russia signed the infamous pact with Germany which cleared the way for Hitler's war and Chamberlain was denounced by millions of people in order to drown the voice of their own conscience.

It might be said that Chamberlain made the mistake of fearing Russia so much that he failed to deal firmly with Germany. That is an accusation which may well be reinforced by the verdict of history and certainly it was the view held by

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BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

The Atomic Fog Thickens

By THE MAN WITH A NOTEBOOK

CANADIAN scientists are unimpressed by the current dither about the hydrogen bomb. They say there's nothing in the H-bomb story that couldn't have been reported with equal accuracy a year ago.

They are much more concerned with the other atomic story in the news these days, the Klaus Fuchs spy case in Britain. Revelation that a man working under British auspices had been giving atomic secrets to the Russians would have been bad enough at any time; at this particular moment it's disastrous.

Atomic research in all Western countries has been impeded by the stifling blanket of secrecy imposed by the American McMahon Act. U. S. scientists dislike it as much as anyone else. As reported in the last issue of Maclean's, British, Canadian and American officials had agreed on a new deal in the sharing of atomic information. It needed only the approval of Congress, by amendment of the McMahon Act, and chances for this approval seemed pretty good.

Canadians feel dismally certain that the Fuchs case has killed this hope. They're afraid the research programs of the three nations may now pop back into sealed compartments, without even the limited exchange of knowledge that's been going on since January, 1948. A new uprush of fear and suppression is expected—and more long-term damage to atomic progress in the whole Western world.

* * *

IN EXPELLING two Czechs as reprisal for the previous expulsion of two Canadians from Prague, Canada made no charges against the individuals concerned. However, it's believed here that



Canada won by the exchange. Richard Bergmann, one of the two sent home from here, was reputed to be a secret agent of the Communist police.

Bergmann came to Canada a few months before the Communist coup in Prague. His nominal rank was bookkeeper, but the other Czech diplomats here had been warned by friends in Prague that he was a Communist Party spy. They noted that he seemed better educated, had more assurance and authority of manner than they would have expected in a bookkeeper; also, they used occasionally to find him at other people's desks running through their files. From the Czech Minister down, officials began to take confidential documents home with them at night.

When the Communist coup came Minister Frantisek Nemec and his entire staff resigned and looked for jobs in Canada—all except Richard Bergmann. He carried on.

If Prague hadn't provoked reprisal by booting out a Canadian sergeant-clerk and driver Bergmann would have remained here indefinitely. The initiative in "this new kind of reciprocity," as one External Affairs man called it, has always been with the Soviet satellites. Canada has come into it only lately, but the pattern is three years old and has affected most of the Western democracies.

The Communist pin-prick campaign began soon after ratification of peace treaties with the jackal Axis powers in 1947. American consular employees were jailed in Slovakia; Rumania arrested two Americans and two Britons; Bulgaria did the same to another group; Hungary booted out the American Minister last year; just a month ago Bulgaria requested the recall of the U. S. Minister there; in Moscow a year ago five

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A new rush of fear and suppression is expected.

By IAN McKENZIE

PRINCESS MARGARET, who nicknamed herself "Charlie's Aunt" the day the baby prince was christened and who was once called by her sister Princess Elizabeth "the Holy Terror of Buckingham Palace," will probably visit Canada this year.

As far back as last fall the "Inside Information" column of the London Daily Graphic, which is often first with the news on royal affairs, predicted such a trip for the wilful, sparkling 19-year-old sophisticate who has established herself as leader of taste and fashion to a new generation throughout the western world. From London sources of its own, Maclean's learned recently that if Margaret gets her way—and she frequently does—she'll be visiting us next spring or summer on her first major solo assignment as official representative of the King.

For many weeks now the younger princess has

been swotting up on Canadian constitutional history, seeing Canadian movie travelogues in the Buckingham Palace theatre and reading Canadian novels.

In diplomatic circles it is regarded as significant that 21-year-old Jennifer Bevan, formerly lady in waiting in Ottawa to Viscountess Alexander, wife of Canada's Governor-General, was appointed first lady in waiting to Princess Margaret in November, 1948.

Margaret's trip with her parents to South Africa in 1947 sharpened her ambition to tour the entire Commonwealth and she was bitterly disappointed when last year's royal visit to Australia and New Zealand had to be canceled on account of the King's illness.

Knowing that a North American journey would be a dazzling personal triumph, Margaret, who revels in her popularity, has been besieging the King to set a date for her first trans-Atlantic crossing. And, as one palace reporter recently remarked, "If Margaret wants something badly enough, she usually gets it."

If Margaret makes the expected trip it is rumored

that she might spend some time with the Duke and Duchess of Windsor who have announced their intention to visit the Duke's Alberta ranch for the first time since 1941.

Margaret is a close friend of Sharman Douglas, daughter of the United States Ambassador to Great Britain, and it is probable that she would also cross the border to stay a few days at the Douglas estate in Arizona.

Hundreds of American hostesses, anticipating this event, are lodging invitations with the British Embassy in Washington.

What sort of a girl would Canadians see?

During the last 12 months Margaret's gay life in London's West End has raised some eyebrows. It is now widely known that she smokes and drinks moderately, uses bright lipstick, likes nightspots and boy friends and often gets into trouble with her parents for "arriving home with the milk."

Early last year, Italian photographers with long-range cameras "shot" her on the beach at Capri in a daring two-piece bathing suit. Her escort, 31-year-old Major Thomas Cockayne Harvey, D.S.O., the Queen's

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Canada may soon get a close-up of the King's lively and lovely younger daughter.

She once said, "I don't want to be a suet pudding all my life." She hasn't

Margaret Wants to See Us



Margaret adores Danny Kaye, is fast with the wisecrack herself. She tells a joke which amuses Prince Philip, Princess Margareta of Denmark and the Queen.

A Maclean's Flashback



FRED BOOHER, 22, a bullet in the forehead. His mother died while stemming strawberries.



DR. A. M. LANGSNER, the thought-catcher from Vienna. Did he hypnotize a mass-murderer?



MRS. HENRY BOOHER, accused's mother. One July evening she, a son and two hired men met death.

THE MIND READER AND THE MURDERER

Maxmilian Langsner told the Edmonton police he was a human radio when the thought waves flowed. And when he tuned in on Vernon Booher the farmer's son was hanged for four murders

By S. TUPPER BIGELOW

WHEN Dr. Adolf Maxmilian Langsner, the eminent criminologist from Vienna, arrived in Edmonton in July, 1928, to give his attention to the mysterious Booher murders the local Press was generous in its coverage. Photographs of the doctor taken as he disembarked from the Vancouver train showed a quaint, swarthy, little man, dressed in a loud checked tweed cap and voluminous plus-fours reaching almost to his ankles, his eyes protected by an oversize pair of dark sunglasses.

In an interview at the station it was reported that Dr. Langsner described himself as "a Viennese criminologist, psychologist, hypnotist and mind reader extraordinary, who spoke 16 languages fluently, consultant and adviser to the Khedive of Egypt, the Shah of Persia and the British Foreign Office."

Another newspaper report stated what everyone in Edmonton already knew from recent dispatches. Dr. Langsner had first come to public attention when, it was said, he solved crimes which had baffled the authorities in Leipzig, Bucharest, China, and intermediate points. In 1919, for example, when Langsner was only 26, he was called in when the police confessed themselves unable to solve the murder of a jewelry salesman in a hotel room in Leipzig.

Taken to the room where the murder had been committed Langsner was able to "receive" the thought waves which were left by the murderer at the scene and, without further ado, traced him to a local jail where, when the heat had got too much for him, the guilty man had prudently managed to get himself locked up for smashing windows.

Appalled by Langsner's startling mental legerdemain the frightened murderer confessed all.

Langsner had first come to Canada with the idea of demonstrating his unusual mental powers at a series of lectures. Starting in Vancouver, he was quickly sidetracked from his original plan when the British Columbia Provincial Police retained him on two or three small matters which had been giving them some trouble. Langsner quickly and obligingly solved these problems for them and they were pleased to be able to recommend him to other police forces.

Dr. Langsner was in Edmonton, therefore, at the request of the Alberta Provincial Police, who admittedly had come to a dead end in the puzzling mystery of the Booher murders.

Who Fired The Ross Rifle?

THE BOOHER murders took place sometime in the evening of July 19, 1928, on the farm of Henry Booher, about five miles from Mannville, Alta.

The first one on the murder scene was Vernon Booher, 20, who stated that he had got back to the farm at about 8 o'clock, after mending the fence on the west field. When he found his mother and brother dead he called Dr. Heaslip, and when the doctor came on the scene he called Constable Olsen of the Alberta Provincial Police.

By the time Olsen arrived Vernon's two sisters, Dorothy, 19, and Algritha, 17, had returned home and a third victim had been discovered; the body of Gabriel Goromby, a hired man, was found by Dr. Heaslip on the threshold of the bunkhouse, shot twice in the back of the head.

Eunice Booher, Vernon's mother, was seated at the dining room table, and looked as if she had dozed off with her head on her arms. Beside her on the table was a bowl of strawberries and she had a strawberry in one hand. She had been shot once in the middle of the back.

Fred Booher, Vernon's 22-year-old brother, lay stretched out on the kitchen floor. He had been drilled neatly through the centre of the forehead.

When Henry Booher, Vernon's father, arrived home from the fields he was told what had happened. "I know who did this!" he exploded. "Rosyk! Where is Rosyk? I'll kill him with my bare hands!"

The old man ran out to the barn with Olsen and the others following along behind. By the time they got there Booher was standing just inside the barn door and in his flashlight's rays, lying on the floor, was the body of William Rosyk, the other hired man. He had been shot twice from behind; there was a bullet hole in his head and another in his back.

Vernon told the police officer that he had seen Goromby talking to two men the day before—bums, they looked like. Vernon gave very good descriptions but the police scoured the district in vain.

Olsen called Edmonton for assistance, and Inspector Hancock and Detective Sergeant Lesley, of the Criminal Investigation Bureau, arrived. With the assistance of neighbors they searched the farmhouse, the outbuildings and the farm itself with meticulous care, but were unable to find the murder gun.

But they did find a single brass cartridge case in a pan standing on the back of the stove in the kitchen. It was a .303 made to fire from a Ross military rifle, and Lesley, who had examined the murder bullets, was able to say that they could have been fired from a Ross rifle and that all bullets were fired from the same rifle.

The police found that a neighbor, Charlie Stephenson, had the only Ross in the district. But Stephenson didn't have the gun; he said he had first missed it the previous Sunday night, before the killings. The police checked Stephenson, but he

was able quickly to establish an unshakeable alibi.

A married couple nearby said they thought they had seen Vernon's sorrel pony going toward Stephenson's place on Sunday morning around church time. They couldn't be certain about the rider either.

Vernon told the police he had left for the west field right after supper, which the family had had at half past five. Another neighbor called Scott told them he had called at the Booher farmhouse at half past six, and Vernon had come to the door and told him there was no one home.

The police tackled Vernon about this, but he simply said Scott had his dates mixed up; it was the day before when Scott called. Scott, however, stuck to his story.

The police racked their brains looking for a possible motive linking Vernon with the four murders but only unearthed the flimsy fact that, according to one of Vernon's sisters, their mother had complained about a girl in Mannville to whom Vernon had paid some attention. But, the police argued, if this were the motive, why kill four people? Admittedly, if Vernon had killed his mother while the other three were on the premises he might have to kill them to cover up the first murder, but why not pick a time when he and his mother would be alone? And anyway, it didn't make sense a boy killing his mother for such a trivial reason.

However, Vernon Booher was charged with murder. As Commissioner William Bryan read his subordinates' reports he must have winced as he realized the weakness of the case against the farm boy.

It was at this point that Commissioner Bryan read of the mental jiggery-pokery performed by Dr. Langsner in Vancouver, and perhaps he thought that Langsner might at least be able to find the gun. It was the work of a minute to telephone the commissioner of the British Columbia Provincials and get Langsner on his way to Edmonton.

On Langsner's arrival he was taken direct to the commissioner who, on his first sight of the weirdly attired little man, must have regretted his hasty

action. However, he explained the problem to the mental giant.

"Well," said Langsner, "this is very simple. You see, thought waves are just the same as waves of light, or sound, or wireless waves. But you must be equipped to receive these waves, just as you must have a receiver to translate radio waves into words and music. I am, of course, so equipped."

"Quite so," the commissioner replied hastily. "Inspector Hancock will take you to the Booher farm."

On the way to the farm the inspector learned a good deal more of the methods of crime solution, as applied by Dr. Langsner.

"I hope it will not be too late when we get to the farm," he said. "You see, thought waves differ in their power and, of course, the thought waves of someone who has killed four people would be of very high intensity, and would stay around the area of the crimes for a considerable period of time. But it is nearly a week now since these murders. I shall need to feel all these waves if I can."

"Well, then, doctor," the inspector asked, "it would be proper to refer to you as a mind reader?"

"Oh, yes," Langsner replied modestly, "but it is not a term I like; I am more of a—what would you say?—a thought catcher."

"Perhaps you would care to catch my thoughts, doctor? What am I thinking of now?"

The doctor laughed for the first time. "You are very naive, my friend. That is too easy. You are thinking I will not find the gun."

The inspector started. That was precisely what he had been thinking.

"Did that surprise you, my friend?" the doctor asked gently. "Don't worry; I shall find the gun."

It was past midnight when the inspector nosed the car through the Booher gate. Langsner alighted and Hancock waited for instructions. Langsner sniffed the air like a hound on a scent and crawled back into the car.

"Now we go back to Edmonton," he said. "I have received an impression of the thought waves that are left here. They are not very powerful, after so

long a time, naturally, but they will help."

"Back to Edmonton!" Hancock echoed.

"Yes," Langsner said blandly. "All I must do now is see young Booher."

The commissioner was none too pleased with the night's work. He explained carefully to Langsner the next morning that he must not speak to Booher. He had begun to think that it would be dangerous if it could be suggested that Langsner had hypnotized Booher.

"I do not need to speak to him, or have him speak to me," Langsner explained. "You see, the thought waves—"

"Oh, quite, quite. The thought waves. The inspector will take you to Booher's cell."

The Wordless Seance

IN THE guardroom of the Edmonton jail, on one side of a long table, sat Langsner; facing him was the sullen farm boy, Vernon Booher. Off in the shadows were Inspector Hancock and Detective Sergeant Lesley.

Booher looked out of the corner of his eyes at the police officers, and then at Langsner, sitting there inscrutable, with his eyes hidden behind his dark glasses. Booher squirmed restlessly in his chair and finally said to Langsner: "What do you want with me?" They were the only words Langsner ever heard Booher utter. There was no answer.

The ticking of the clock in the desk sergeant's office, though separated from the guardroom by a two-foot brick wall, could be heard plainly in the eerie silence. Hancock said later that toward the end of the vigil each tick sounded like gunfire.

Precisely 30 minutes after Langsner had entered the room he strode toward the door. Booher was returned to his cell.

"Very well, gentlemen, I am ready," Langsner said to the police. "Take me back to the farm. I know where the gun is."

At the Booher farm the little doctor slowly got out of the car and ambled unhurriedly around the yard. He hummed the

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The silent drama in the Edmonton guardroom. Vernon Booher, steel-nerved farm boy, faced the mental giant from Vienna. Thought waves flowed strongly.



Affairs of the heart aren't usually associated with young professors. Henry had no intention of stealing



Red Skene

By JAMES CARVER

another man's girl — or a million dollar mine. Not at first that is —

THE Golden Pheasant



Henry registered his disapproval — violently on the point of Bill's chin.

ILLUSTRATED BY REX WOODS

THE SOUND of the train whistle curved high in the piny air, then dropped shimmering like the heat along the rails and among the big rocks that flanked them. An Indian and his two small sons stirred where they sat in the shade of the station platform under the sign that read: HARD-ROCK.

In the waiting room restaurant the counterman lifted one of the glass bells and riffled a new deal of wrapped ham sandwiches on an almost empty plate. A slim blond girl said for the third time to the dark young man on the stool next to hers: "I'm not going out with you tonight—or any other night."

She felt a little sorry for him as she said it. Not much, just a little because he had accepted her refusal with slightly arrogant calm. The heavy brackets of his eyebrows raised only slightly, his small good-looking features were composed in patient understanding as he nodded.

"That's all right, Julie. You've been away for a while. Wait until you've been back here for a couple of weeks. You'll be glad to go out with me again." He paused. "Besides, we used to be pretty fond of each other. Remember?"

Julie Cooper remembered. That had been last summer when she was a girl of nineteen. This year, a woman of twenty, she felt differently. And it was hard to explain just as it was hard to convince Bill Dakin.

"Here she comes," said the counterman as the train's whistle sounded a nearer, urgent summons.

Julie rose quickly and swept together a pair of dark glasses, a notebook and pencil and her shoulder bag. Bill rose with her, stayed behind at the counter. She went through the screen door to the platform alone.

SHE WAS suddenly grateful to her father for this job of reporting for the Enterprise. If it had done nothing else it had given her another excuse to get away from Bill Dakin.

Meeting the trains was her own idea. Often she caught an interview with a celebrity on the way through. And she had met former university classmates once or twice. They had been on their way through, too.

That was the only thing about Hardrock, aside from Bill Dakin, that she didn't like. Now that it was no longer a big busy mining town, everyone went through.

The locomotive thundered past, slamming its noise against the wall of the station and making a dusty dim cavern of the platform. By the time she reached the first sleeping car the porters had swung out the yellow portable steps and the first passengers were walking briskly down the platform. Most of them seemed to be schoolteachers or tourists, with the occasional mining man dressed in the rough livery of his profession giving evidence of his wealth only in the richness of his cigar smoke or the glitter of the rings on his fingers.

She walked to the end of the train and turned. Bill Dakin had apparently taken her rebuff, for he was nowhere to be seen. Nor was there anyone else in sight who looked as though he might be worth a paragraph for the Enterprise. Then Julie stopped. No one except the tall man in that brilliant tweed jacket who was just now getting off the train with his luggage. A jacket like that must surely have burgeoned in Hollywood. She walked quickly after the jacket.

As she passed the jacket she turned to look at its wearer. Over her shoulder her own blue-eyed gaze met a pair of friendly grey eyes behind heavy straight-barred glasses belonging to a tall young man with brown hair and a large assortment of luggage that included

Continued on page 38

By **BRUCE HUTCHISON**

THE TOTAL ANATOMY of the hockey player—Canada's unique addition to the human species—is more complicated than you might think. The physical anatomy, though disguised by padding, is obvious enough and a very agreeable sight. But the mental anatomy and, behind that again, the anatomy of the spirit—these are invisible, incalculable and decisive. They finally make the master of hockey.

In the opinion of its oldest and most successful master, Lester Patrick, hockey is as much a mental and spiritual as it is a physical phenomenon. Whatever success he has had, Lester says—and his success has no parallel—came less from physique than psychology. The physique could be hired. The problem always was to harness the mind and the spirit behind it.

"Hockey is so fast," Lester says, "a man's whole constitution, physical and mental, must be in such perfect balance to play in the big league that the tiniest thing can upset it. His body may be in the pink but if he's carrying some little weight

of worry he will still play but he won't play up to his capacity."

He recalled one of the greatest centre-ice men of three decades ago. "The man went to pieces suddenly for a whole season though he was still in his prime. I didn't find out till near the end of the season that he was having trouble with his wife. Once divorced, he came back next year to play as well as ever.

"The manager's job is to find out what's wrong as soon as he sees a man cracking, and cure it, if he can."

A manager is lucky if he can find a great player who is gifted with a powerful body and a weak imagination.

"As a rule, if there are any rules in this business," Lester says, "you don't want them to be too bright at anything but hockey. If they have little outside interest, and their minds aren't occupied elsewhere, they're more likely to concentrate on the game.

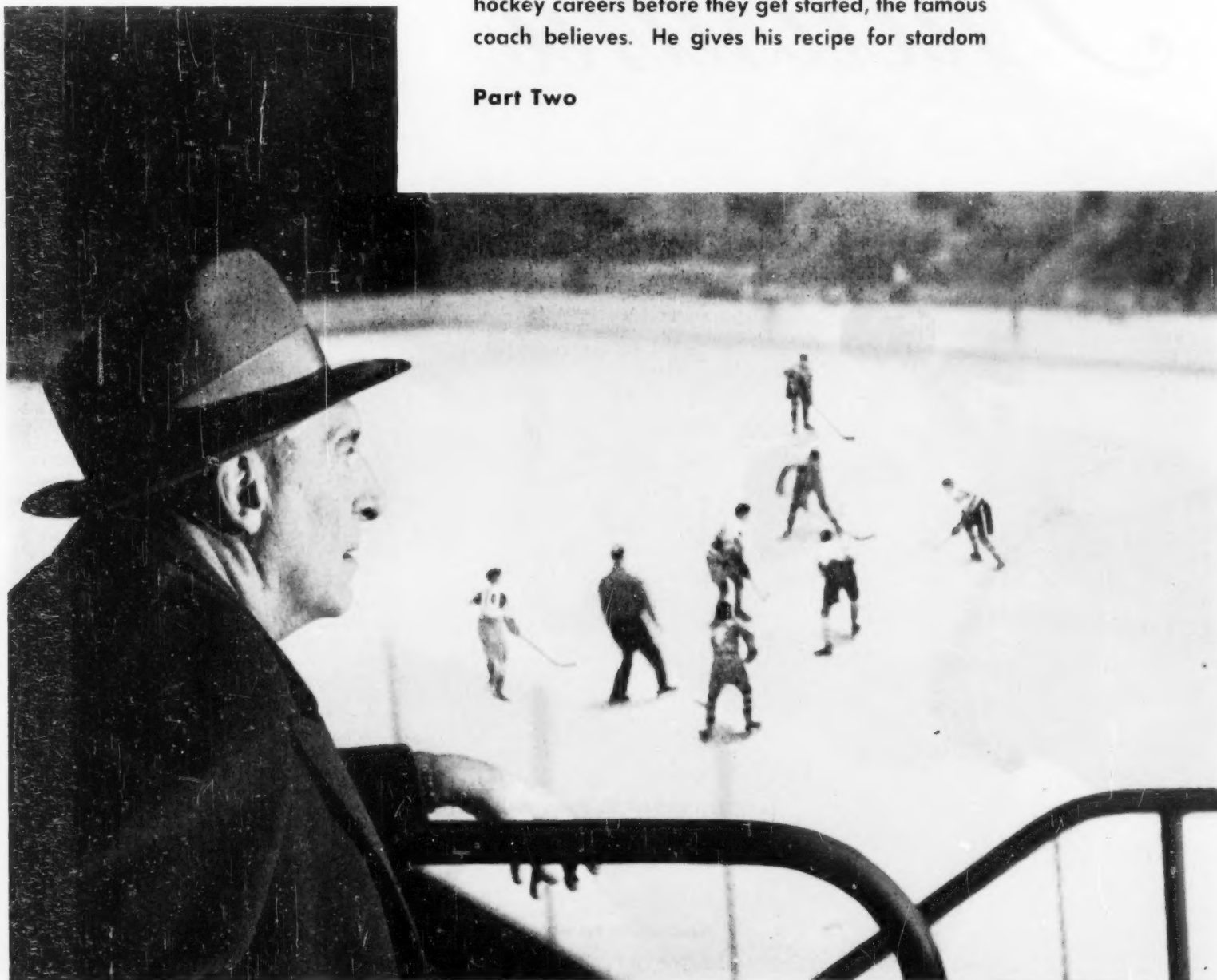
They play, eat and sleep hockey. That makes stars, usually, though not always. A man may be almost illiterate, he may be unable to hold a responsible job, but by some queer quirk that I can't understand he may have the best hockey brains in the game. But what makes hockey brains, where they come from or how they work, no one knows."

Mr. Patrick Goes to Town

LESTER speaks with authority as a manager. Managing the Victoria and Seattle teams, his family's own property, was relatively simple—apart from the fact that in those early days of professional hockey he was constantly on the edge of bankruptcy, simply because the coast cities could not support the kind of hockey Lester was giving them. But when he had sold his teams to the National League and thought *Continued on page 53*

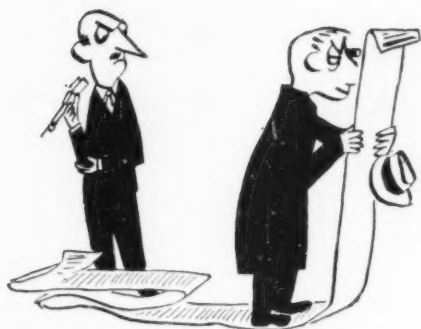
Lester Patrick's 50 Years on Ice

Today's bad coaching blights hundreds of young hockey careers before they get started, the famous coach believes. He gives his recipe for stardom

Part Two

The Silver Fox is looking for a poor kid with strong legs, quick reactions and not too much imagination. Lester says they usually make the best hockey players.

SIX EASY WAYS TO GET IN DEBT — AND OUT AGAIN



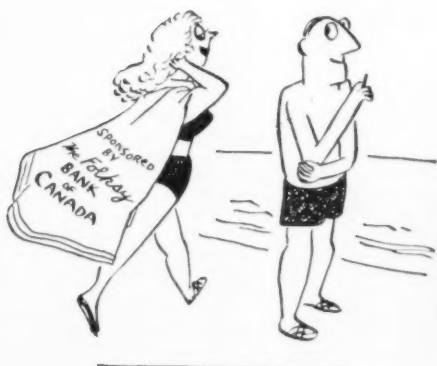
Make the moneyman wait while you read the fine type — and check the interest.



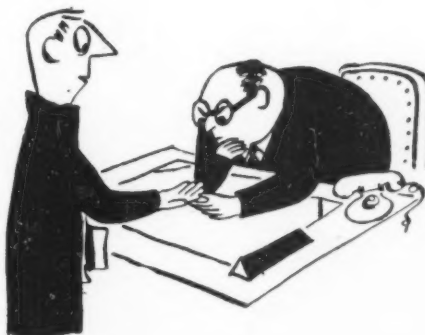
A loan will save you from the avalanche — but you must pay the life-saver's fee.



Borrow money this cheap, easy way — from your own savings.



Banks are the cheapest place to borrow and they're eager for your business.



You can borrow from a bank without a co-signer, if you pass a character reading.



"No down payment" is no bargain. Every extra cent you pay down saves you dough.

CARTOONS BY PETER WHALLEY

HOW TO BORROW MONEY

Need \$5 till Friday? Or enough to buy your wife and baby back from the hospital?
Almost everyone has to float a loan sometime — and it pays to know how in advance

By SYDNEY MARGOLIUS

ALMOST everybody, it seems, wants a loan these days—and curiously almost everybody wants to lend money. If you've got a steady job or some furniture, you can borrow money easily.

There's only one catch: you've got to pay back more than you get.

This fact has produced plenty of headaches for people who didn't understand how much they had to repay when they borrowed a few hundred dollars because Junior's appendix had to come out or father needed a good set of store teeth.

The number of loans made each year by small loan companies has mushroomed 88% in the past five years. Credit unions loaned out 60% more cash in 1948 than they did the year before. Personal-loan departments at the banks are stepping up family loans at a noticeably faster rate than

their loans to business. Although their total loans have jumped 24% since 1947, their personal loans have shot up 40%.

And we're on an installment-buying binge, too. Installment purchases jumped 20% last year, cash purchases only 6%.

Two out of three families now buy house furnishings on credit. Most furs are sold that way, too, and a quarter of all ordinary clothing purchases go on charge accounts. Many people buy coal, hardware—even wallpaper—on credit plans. About half the jewelry bought each year is paid for sometime later, not to mention half the cars. Except for food, 37% of all goods bought last year was paid for later on the installment plan.

More and more people are going into hock for homes, too. The number of mortgages approved under the National Housing Act in 1948 was 72% more than in '47. And the size of the individual mortgage is increasing as well.

All this isn't necessarily a bad thing. For some people credit is a boon. It helps them over illnesses and sudden emergencies, allows a student to finish his education, lets a tired housewife buy her washer earlier than otherwise.

You can even save money by borrowing it. Some women borrow money to buy fur coats. They nurse the cash—then watch for bargain sales.

Don't Swim Near the Loan Shark

BUT easy payments can also mean 14-carat woe. Borrowing and installment buying are beset with perils for those who don't know the facts about where to get a loan at least cost and risk.

Fortunately organized usury has almost vanished. Before 1940, illegal money lending flourished at huge rates of interest. Interest charges of 100% were common. (One man paid back a loan shark almost eight times

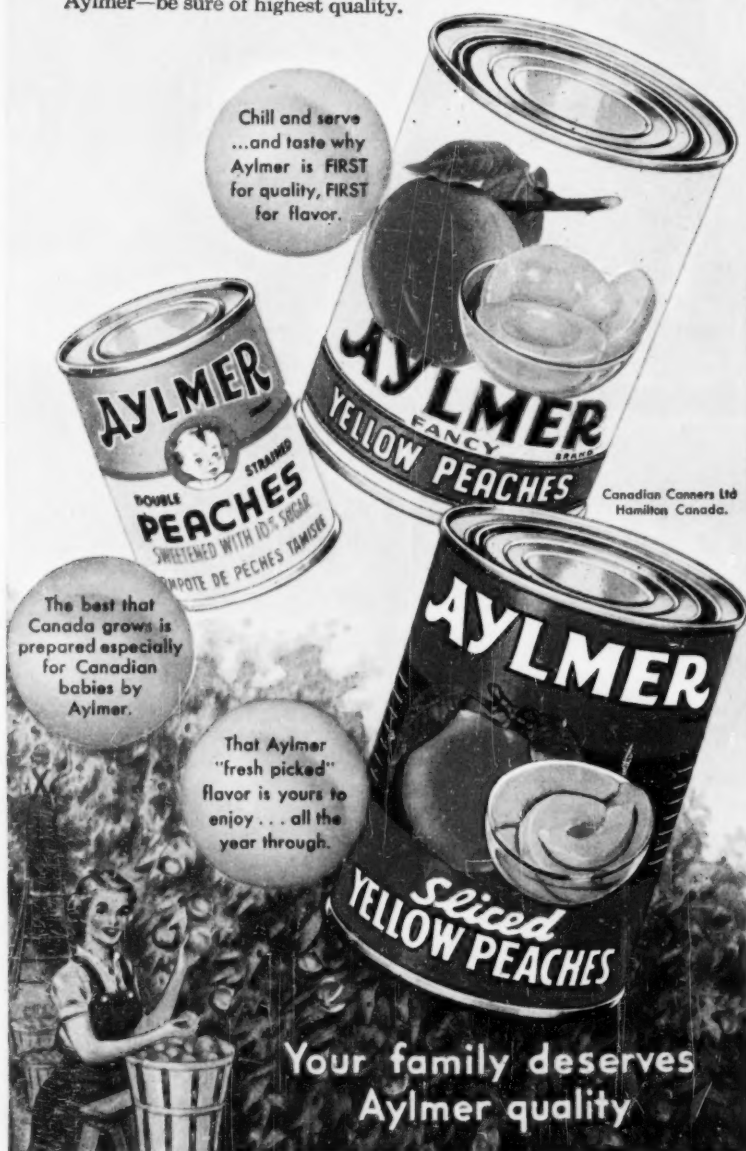
Continued on page 42

THE BEST GO TO AYLNER!



**Fresh, juicy and full of flavor
...that's an Aylmer peach!**

Yes, Aylmer captures the juicy-ripe sweetness of Canada's finest peaches—for every member of the family to enjoy. Aylmer world-famous Canadian foods are made by the largest canners of fruits and vegetables in the British Empire. Always choose Aylmer—be sure of highest quality.



JOHN RICHMOND



But Who Invented the Russians?

By JOHN LARGO

ACCORDING to a newspaper which I received wrapped around a dead fish the Russians claim to have invented airplanes, radio, electric lights, telephones, parachutes, rockets, flashlights, penicillin—and a few other items I couldn't make out because some of the print had come off on the fish. (Ever try to read a brown trout?)

However, I read enough to make my blood boil and my blood doesn't boil easily. (Sometimes it won't even circulate.) In the interests of justice and the right I must speak out. The plain fact is that almost every invention claimed by the Russians was first developed by one of us Largos.

Naturally I am prepared to prove this statement. I shall support my claims simply by citing the original family records, and I hereby challenge the Russians to produce records which are more original.

Take penicillin. The Russians say their lads discovered penicillin in 1868. This is sheer nonsense. Actually, penicillin was discovered by one Jock Largo, in 1867, while rooting in the medicine cabinet for some mouth wash. "Hey, ma," young Jock is reported to have said, "I just found penicillin."

"Looks more like some moldy old cheese," his mother replied. "Give it to me and I'll put it in the lodger's lunch."

The lodger, of course, was a character named Ivan. He took the cheese and its precious mold back to Moscow the following year. When he showed it to the scientists they fell on it with loud shouts. They hadn't seen a good piece of cheese in years.

Those are the facts. Can the Russians deny them?

So much for that. The case of the telephone is not quite so straightforward. The Russians claim their Mr. Pavel Schilling invented this particular gadget back in 1832. As stated, this is quite true. He did. But what the Russians don't know is that Schilling was not a Russian. Furthermore, his name wasn't even Schilling.

It so happens that in 1831 an ancestor of mine named Alec Largo (Jock's father, in fact) was convalescing in Moscow from a slight flesh wound received while hunting the wild haggis in the Scottish Highlands.

At this time, of course, Moscow was

the only part of Russia which had houses. Indeed, the whole misunderstanding arose when Alec Largo applied for a room at the hotel.

In 1831 nobody in Moscow could speak the Scottish language. (A lot of them still have trouble with it.) The room clerk looked at my great-great-grandfather's kilts doubtfully and asked, "Nameski?"

Thinking that the fellow had said, "No vacancy," my ancestor reluctantly produced a small silver coin and spun it on the counter. "I pay well," he said. "Shilling."

Naturally, the clerk took this as an answer to his question. Translating into Russian, he scribbled, "Pavel Schilling," snatched the coin and called for a bell hop.

The rest of the story is soon told. Time hung heavily on Alec Largo's hands, so one day about a year later he invented the telephone, just before tea. Inevitably the device was ascribed to "Pavel Schilling."

This same ancestor, Alec Largo, also invented borsch, cabbages, black bread and a game called "Stop the Moujik." However, these are all rather minor inventions and we Largos seldom boast about them.

But I think my favorite of all the Inventive Largos is a character named Bobo Largo. Old Bobo has been dead these past 12,000 years but his diary, chiseled on a dog-eared stone tablet, is still preserved in the Family Archives.

Bobo wrote in English, in case you're wondering, for this was before the family moved to Scotland. Indeed, the English language was probably the first of his inventions. (He had some unpronounceable words left over and made them into Russian.)

Of course, in all fairness to the Russians, I must admit that Bobo had one great advantage over all later inventors: in his day almost nothing had been invented. He had a clear field. Still, only a man of Bobo's intellectual stature would have tackled some of the problems Bobo set himself. He was a true Largo.

A glance at his diary will show what I mean:

"Wednesday, 10,000 B.C.," Bobo writes thoughtfully. "Today I invented the wheel . . . Tomorrow, I shall discover fire."

Then, later, he adds: "No. Better leave fire till Friday. No matches."

Now, there was an inventor! ★

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Fender skirts, chrome wheel trim rings and white sidewall tires optional at extra cost when available.

Ride like a King in a **1950 Monarch**



To her second husband, Antony Beauchamp, Winston Churchill's third child is a woman with many faces and many moods. He's a society photographer.

Churchill's Stage-Struck Daughter

By MCKENZIE PORTER

Green-eyed Sarah Churchill finds that being her famous father's daughter is both a help and a handicap in her checkered career behind the footlights

TOWARD the end of 1945, just when everybody thought she was cured, red-haired, green-eyed, 35-year-old Sarah, third child of Britain's Winston Churchill, caught that old foot-light fever again.

During four years in uniform, for between 12 and 20 hours a day, she had pored over aerial pictures in the secret headquarters of the RAF Photo-Intelligence Wing, and the only breaks she'd had from her slide rule, her microscope and her columns of figures were two flights, one to Teheran, one to Yalta, as one of her father's aides at those historic conferences.

People said that at last she was really behaving like her father's daughter.

In 1936, when she was 21, she had scandalized

half Britain by wagging her legs in the chorus of a London revue and pained her parents by a runaway marriage in New York to its star, Vic Oliver, a Vienna-born comedian 16 years older than herself. For three years she played with third-rate repertory companies in the English provinces while her husband remained a smash hit in the West End.

In 1941 she had left the comedian forever and vanished—friends say thankfully—into the vast anonymous ranks of the Women's Auxiliary Air Force. It seemed as if during the war Sarah Churchill had developed a new stability and was ready, like her sisters Diana and Mary, to settle with some eligible young man in the quiet dignity of English upper-class domesticity.

But when the war ended, and she had nothing

better to do while awaiting demobilization, she produced an amateur play in the officers' mess. Bingo!

Off she whirled again on the old routine, seeking auditions, shivering in dingy dressing rooms, yawning on Sunday train rides, kidding reporters and mingling with the ragtag and bobtail of a profession which many still associate with rogues and vagabonds.

Winston Churchill chewed his cigar and sardonically christened her "The Mule." But he didn't disapprove . . . much.

Her public was divided. There were prudes who had acquired from the newspapers the completely wrong idea that she was a fast woman. There were cynics who

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I AM THE LUCKIEST GUY ALIVE



He was thrown into the next county when his plane hit an English mountain



The Gestapo threatened to shoot him after he jumped from a flaming bomber



He's crashed half-a-dozen times by plane, train and car. He's fine, thanks

By RAY SILVER

SINCE the night of May 30, 1942, when I bailed out of a flaming aircraft over Cologne, I have flown only once.

That was two days after the war ended in Europe. I had just survived a head-on train collision and I wasn't travel-minded. But I was heading back to England after three years in a prison camp. I put my forebodings behind me and climbed aboard a Dakota transport at Brussels airport.

The Dakota ahead of ours nosed onto the run-

way, revved up, hurtled down the take-off strip, blew a tire, burst into flames and burned at the end of the field. Moments later our own aircraft began to rev up for the take-off. I tensed myself—in a few seconds we'd be racing into the airstream.

But we didn't. We blew a tire too and rolled to a safe but bumpy stop.

"That sure was lucky," a crew member said as we climbed out. "If that had happened a few seconds later down the runway we'd have ground-looped like that other kite."

"I know," I said wearily. "It's always like that." He looked at me curiously. There was no use

explaining. Things just seemed to happen when I was aboard.

Somehow, aircraft and trains and cars and things are allergic to me. Half my squadron mates would have preferred court-martial to traveling in the same aircraft with me. The other half figured I was the luckiest guy in the world. I'll buy that. I figure I'm the most fortunate man alive.

As a flier I have been thrown 600 feet over a mountain top by the impact of a crash—literally knocked into the next county.

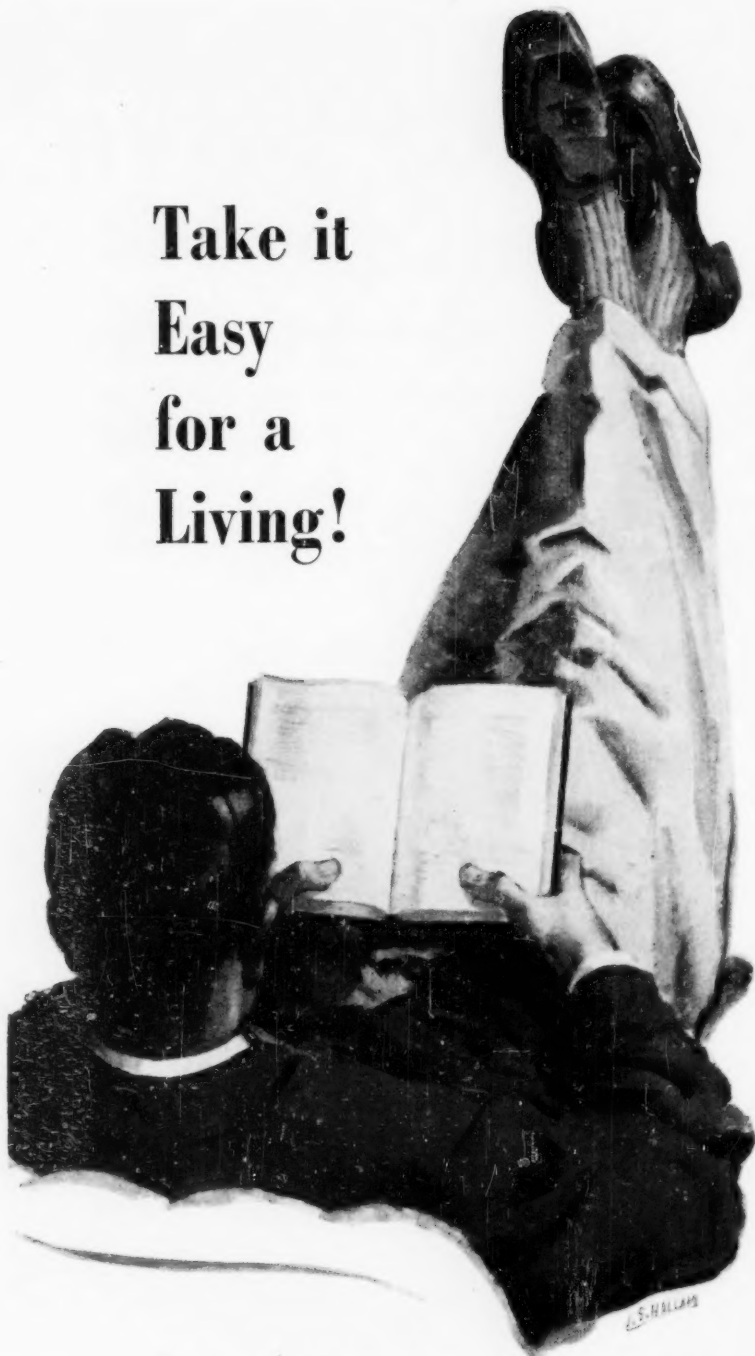
I have smashed, at 80 miles an hour through a fence and two tin huts in a

GILBERT A. MILNE



Jonah was a good luck charm compared to Ray. His son sits on his knee and listens while Mrs. Silver reads them the amazing story that Ray's logbook tells.

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The Mind Reader and The Murderer

Continued from page 17

air of a gay Vienna waltz. The Booher murders seemed to be a million light years away.

But suddenly, like a bird dog attracted by a pheasant's scent and traveling downwind, Langsner turned quickly and broke into a dogtrot, heading for the barn. He ran past it, came to a field of pasture land, dotted with small clumps of willow. Past the willows the doctor trotted with Hancock breathing hard at his heels, the bulkier Lesley lumbering along behind. Langsner entered a marshy section of the pasture, luxuriant with tough marsh grass.

"About 140 yards from the barn," Inspector Hancock said at the trial, "we both saw the gun about the same time. Once you came upon it, it was in plain sight and no effort had been made to hide it. It was plainly visible from a distance of several yards."

"Well, gentlemen," Langsner said, "there is your gun. You will find it is the murder weapon, of course. The thought waves are always reliable."

It was a Ross rifle, easily identified as Charles Stephenson's, but the police could get no fingerprints from it. Lesley quickly determined that it was the one from which the lethal shots had been fired.

Hancock and Lesley reported the finding of the gun to Commissioner Bryan with understandable jubilation, but the commissioner was not wholly satisfied.

"How could our own men have missed the gun?" he asked. "The defense will argue it was planted there, of course. But who could have planted it? Langsner? Maybe, but where did he get it in the first place?"

Langsner made subsequent visits to Vernon Booher in the guardroom, but still no word was exchanged between the prisoner and the thought catcher. After the last visit Langsner went straight to the police and told them that they might expect a confession in a short time.

He Didn't Look a Killer

Within a matter of minutes Booher called for Detective Sergeant Lesley and said he wanted to make a confession. It was a simple one: "I want to get it all over with. I don't care if I'm hanged tomorrow. I killed Mother as she sat at the table and then my brother Fred as he rushed into the house. I killed Gabriel Goromby in the bunkhouse and Bill when he came in from the field. It was Mother's and Fred's constant nagging at me about a girl I was crazy about that was the cause of it all. I had it planned out for some time . . ."

This appeared to solve the perplexing mystery of the four murders and, so far as the police were concerned, their job was done. It remained only to produce in court the evidence they had gathered and let the law take its course.

On Sept. 25, 1928, a little over two months after the killings, Vernon Booher went on trial for murder in the crowded Edmonton Courthouse before Chief Justice Simmons and a jury.

The Crown was represented by E. B. Cogswell, K.C., a prosecutor noted for his fairness, though admittedly colorless and phlegmatic, while Booher was defended by Neil D. Maclean, K.C., then and now a skilful defense lawyer with a remarkable ability to bring to the most commonplace case a vividness of color which adds tremendous dra-

matic impact to the simplest question or the most elementary argument.

Vernon Booher, in court, appeared to be an ordinary farm boy, tall, lithe and clean-cut. The last thing he looked like was a four-time killer.

The first day of the trial passed in routine evidence, but on the morning of the second day, before the trial resumed, the passages of the Edmonton Courthouse buzzed with the rumor that Booher had confessed the murders to a Salvation Army officer.

Just before noon Prosecutor Cogswell mumbled something to the court crier who dutifully bellowed, "Adjutant Thomas Sutherland Stewart. Adjutant Thomas Sutherland Stewart." No answer.

A police officer echoed the crier's words in the courthouse corridors. "Adjutant Thomas Sutherland Stewart doesn't answer, my lord," he informed the court.

Cogswell asked Chief Justice Simmons for a bench warrant ordering Stewart's immediate arrest.

Stewart, arrested at his office at Salvation Army headquarters, was placed in the witness box. Cogswell gently told him, "Adjutant, it has been said that the accused has told you something having to do with the matters in issue here. If that is so, it is your duty under the law to tell us what the accused has told you. Is that clear?"

"It is perfectly clear, sir," the mild little grey-haired man replied boldly, "but I am refusing to answer any such questions."

"After What I Have Done—"

Cogswell tried it again, coming in on another tack, but again Stewart refused, stating that he was, as he saw it, conforming to the law of God which transcended man-made laws.

Chief Justice Simmons then took a hand, pointed out to Stewart that his refusal to answer was contempt of court.

"My lord," said the adjutant theatrically, "in fairness to Vernon Booher and to my vows and covenants taken 16 years ago I cannot tell. Judas Iscariot betrayed Christ Jesus, his Master, and if I betray Booher, I betray my Lord and the covenant given that 'all of Stewart is the Lord's.'"

There was a hush in the court; all eyes were fixed on the judge. Booher had flushed and turned pale alternately during Stewart's ordeal, and finally it was Booher who broke the silence by signaling for his counsel.

After a few whispered words Maclean stepped forward. "My lord, if it will help any, the accused has told me that he releases Adjutant Stewart from any vows or covenants which fetter him, and that he permits him, as the accused's spiritual adviser, to tell of the conversation at the jail."

A hum of relief was heard throughout the courtroom, and Booher relaxed in the prisoner's box with a pleased and contented expression.

Stewart then stated simply that Booher had once said to him in his cell, "Do you think God can forgive me after what I have done?"

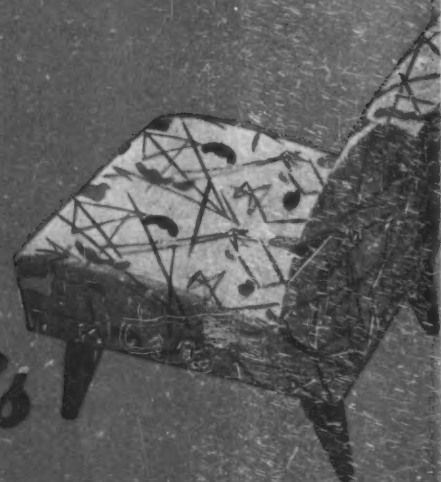
Done what? Maclean wanted to know of the jury later. Could that be construed as a confession of quadruple murder? It might have meant anything.

Cogswell's next step was to try to introduce the confession made to Lesley. For this purpose he moved for the exclusion of the jury, since the admission or rejection of a confession is a matter of law, something to be decided by the judge alone.

When the jury was excluded Cogswell called Langsner to the stand. The

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Two Convenient Forms: Bon Ami Powder in the sifter-top can, and handy, long-lasting Bon Ami Cake.

BON AMI
"hasn't
scratched yet!"



Continued from page 26

doctor made a favorable impression with the public from the first: he had abandoned the weird clothes; his manner was quiet; and one newspaper report of the time referred to his "clear, friendly eyes and gentlemanly appearance."

Langsner simply stated what we already know, added that among his other mental powers was the ability to exercise hypnotic effects upon a subject by feeling and directing his thoughts, but denied that he had hypnotized Booher.

Maclean took every advantage of this admission and silkily asked Langsner if he had not hypnotized Booher or tried to hypnotize him, why did he visit Booher in his cell after the gun had been found?

Langsner frankly admitted he was trying to induce Booher to confess, but repeated he had not hypnotized Booher or attempted to do so.

Maclean then called to the stand a Dr. Gessner, who somehow had been hunted up in San Francisco and brought to Edmonton. Gessner said he had been a pupil of Langsner's some years before and that, undoubtedly, Langsner was one of the world's greatest hypnotists.

This was enough for Chief Justice Simmons who ruled the confession inadmissible on the ground that Langsner had hypnotized Booher—the only occasion in Canada's history of jurisprudence when such a reason has been assigned for the rejection of a confession of the commission of a criminal offense.

The Host Ejects a Drunk

When the jury returned to the courtroom the Crown proceeded with its case; for the second time Langsner was called to the witness box.

Langsner stated that he was born in Austria in 1893 and received his preliminary education in the schools of that country. Later he studied at the universities of Vienna, Leipzig, Gatz, Upsala (Sweden) and Trinivily (India). He served in the Austrian Army in World War I.

Urged by Cogswell, Langsner then told of his two visits to the Booher farm and his silent communion with Vernon Booher in the guardroom of the jail. He explained that he did it all by thought waves.

Then Maclean took over, but he was unable to get anywhere with the redoubtable doctor. He led the little thought catcher up to the garden path many times, but never down it. He asked a number of suggestive questions but Langsner always answered simply.

"Dr. Langsner," Maclean said finally, "you stated earlier that you had never been convicted of a criminal offense." He waved a yellow sheet of paper. "Let me read this cable to you. It is from the chief of police of Vienna.

"Dr. Maximilian Langsner of Vienna convicted here of common assault March 20, 1922." Now, Dr. Langsner, what have you to say about that? Did the great mental giant lose his memory?"

Langsner's face broke into smiles. "Common assault a crime? I had never entertained such a thought, but if that is so in Canada you must forgive me; I had not intended to deceive the court. You see, my lord,"—and here he turned to the judge, speaking almost confidentially—"on this occasion in 1922 I was entertaining at my home in Vienna the celebrated Ganna Walska, the opera singer. Your lordship would know her well. One of my guests became a little, ah, intemperate, and quite offensive to my guest of honor. I asked him to apologize, and he re-

fused. I asked him to leave my house, and he refused. No other course was left open for me but to eject him forcibly. When he laid a charge against me I did not dignify the man by contesting the matter, but paid a small fine out of court.

"Your lordship," he added brightly, "being a gentleman, would have done the same." He turned to face Maclean. "That's all," Maclean snapped.

Only Static on His Radio

But there was some re-examination, and the judge could not resist, any more than Hancock could earlier, asking the criminologist the \$64 question.

"You say, doctor," the judge asked, "that you are a mind reader?"

He got the same answer the doctor had given Hancock.

"Well now, doctor," the judge went on, "you have told us of a number of events in your life today. I am thinking of one of them. Can you tell me what it is I am thinking of?"

There was a short pause. Any spectator would have guessed that the judge was thinking of the time Langsner ejected the drunk from his house in Vienna, but would Langsner take the chance? Or was it a chance? Would Langsner read the judge's mind right in his own courtroom? The silence as the judge waited for Langsner's answer was oppressive.

Finally Langsner spoke. "My lord, in this crowded courtroom, where the life of a man is hanging in the balance, the thought waves are of great power and intensity and there are many of them. If that part of me which receives these waves were compared to a radio receiver it would be as if nothing were coming out of the radio but static, and that very loud and quite incomprehensible."

"Thank you, Dr. Langsner." The Chief Justice smiled pleasantly. "I was thinking of the time you were obliged to speed your parting guest on his way from your home in Vienna. You may step down."

Maclean's address to the jury was a masterly forensic effort. He hammered home relentlessly the fact that there was no motive, and certainly, with Booher's confession excluded, none was apparent to the jury.

Turning his attention to Langsner he pulled out all the stops, referring to the doctor as "snake-eyes," "a disreputable Vienna convict," "a foreign hypnotist who fought against us and our gallant allies scarcely more than 10 years ago," and "an Austrian charlatan." He alleged that he had hypnotized Booher in the guardroom. He dismissed the mind reading or thought catching by saying that Langsner had merely made a lucky guess. He insisted that mind reading was scientifically preposterous and that all theatrical mind-reading acts were flummery of the first rank.

The Judge Was in Tears

But for all Maclean's argument the jury found Vernon Booher guilty after a retirement of 1 hour 40 minutes.

The Chief Justice gazed on the 20-year-old impassive youth with infinite compassion. In tones not quite steady he sentenced him to hang on December 15. Before the Chief Justice had finished intoning the sentence of death tears came to his eyes and streamed down both sides of his cheeks. Obviously overcome with emotion he hurriedly left the courtroom.

But Maclean did not give up. He entered an appeal for a new trial and argued strenuously before the Court of Appeal that, since Cogswell had mentioned the existence of a confession,

and that the confession had been rejected by the trial judge, a new trial should be ordered. The appeal judges agreed and Booher went on trial for his life for the second time.

The second trial had none of the color or drama of the first. Langsner had gone; there was no trouble with Adjutant Stewart; the confession angle had been settled in the first trial; and the judge, Mr. Justice Walsh, later Lieutenant-Governor of Alberta, did not seem to be the slightest bit overcome by the fact that he was obliged to sentence a four-time killer to be hanged.

One or two incidents at the second trial, however, are worth recording. Even the lay spectators were astonished at the vehemence, indeed the violence, of Maclean's language in his address to the jury—

"The unfairness of the way this case has been conducted by the police and the attorney-general is the most damnable thing that has occurred in the British Empire in the last hundred years. The attorney-general responsible (J. F. Lymburn, K.C., of the then United Farmers of Alberta Government) for bringing Langsner into the case is not fit to be an attorney-general and the head of the police force who authorized it is not fit to be the head of a police force."

"The Evidence is Against Me!"

The judge commented on Langsner's connection with the case in more temperate language. "It is unfortunate," said Mr. Justice Walsh, "that this man came into the case at all. No doubt those who brought him into it regret it as bitterly as I do myself. It is foreign to our system of justice and I hope it will not be repeated in this country."

The jury in the second trial was out for five hours before it returned with a verdict of "Guilty."

When the second death sentence had been pronounced on him, Vernon Booher paled suddenly and cried, "The evidence is against me! I am not guilty!"

This was the only occasion when the steely nerve of Booher broke, from the time Dr. Heaslip arrived at the Booher farm until the gallows trap sprung under the youth's feet at the Fort Saskatchewan jail on April 26, 1929.

As an encore to his sterling performance in the Edmonton witness box Dr. Langsner hired a hall in the MacDonald Hotel and advertised he would put on a mind-reading exhibition at the somewhat exorbitant (in those days) charge of \$3 a ticket. The show was a sell-out.

Langsner was conventionally attired in white tie and tails. The equally conventional glamorous blonde acted as his assistant.

The Bloodhound Wore a Mask

Most of the acts were strictly second-class vaudeville, but one was different. Two men came from the wings, each holding a burlap sack, and Langsner explained that each sack contained a fighting cock which would act only on the snap of his fingers.

The owner of the birds, a local man, confirmed that Langsner had never seen them before.

The handlers released the birds at Langsner's signal, and he snapped his fingers. Instantly the two game cocks tore into each other, savagely intent on destruction. At the height of the combat Langsner appeared to snap his fingers—though no one could hear the snapping for the noise. At once the birds stopped fighting, virtually in mid-air; and when they hit the floor they stood frozen gazing off into space.

Langsner then delivered a short lecture on the power of mind over matter, but no one was listening; the crowd's attention was riveted on the motionless cocks. Someone said later they didn't even bat an eyelash.

Another snap of the magic fingers brought them to instant life and they flew at each other with renewed frenzy. The fight was a little one-sided when the doctor's fingers snapped again—the birds froze, the handlers gathered them up and put them back in the sacks. Perhaps they're still frozen.

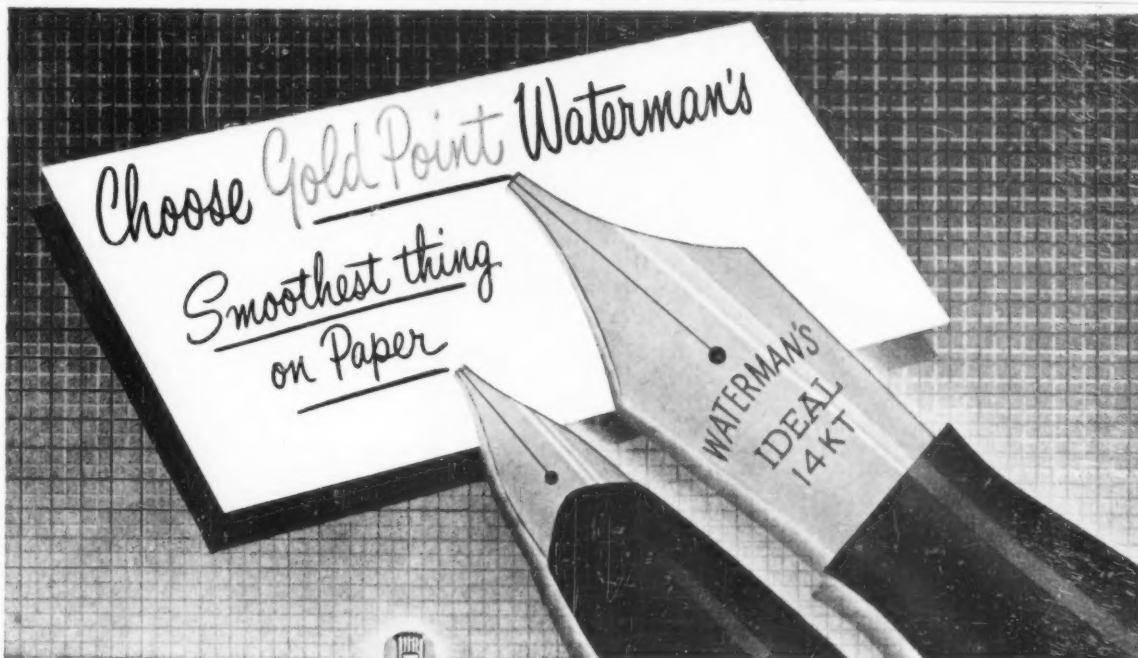
Langsner was next heard of in Calgary a few days later. He announced that he had been retained by "some Toronto interests" to solve the mysterious murder of Ambrose J. Small and had, indeed, made considerable headway with the matter by remote control, as he had already determined the identity of Small's killer and the precise location of Small's body. He proposed to leave for Toronto soon and these things would be divulged in due time.

When Langsner arrived in Toronto the Press of that city was as generous

in its coverage of the great thought catcher as the Edmonton papers had been. Endless reports were published of the great man going around and about Toronto, masked, scenting out Small's burial place.

Yes, that's right—masked. In Toronto Langsner wore a mask wherever he went. But the Small murder—if murder it was—remains unsolved.

Nobody seems to know what happened to Dr. Langsner after that and the best the Alberta Provincial Police can do is report that in 1931 he had been heard of in Poland. ★



Waterman's
Crusader

\$5.25

with pencil, \$8.45

What a grand "gold buy"!
In man's or lady's model.
Choice of gold points.
Golden Lock-Slip Cap.
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YOUR BIGGEST INK VALUE
2 oz. Tip-Fill bottle 15¢.
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No other pen writes like a Gold Point

Waterman's

Frosty fruit loaf!



So light and luscious—made with
marvellous new fast DRY yeast!

● This is the kind of treat that makes men-folks wave their arms and say: "When will you bake some more?"

And you can plan plenty more sumptuous yeast bakings, once you have in your pantry a supply of the wonderful new Fleischmann's DRY Yeast!

Yes, this grand new yeast keeps fresh and full-strength on your pantry shelf. Unlike old-fashioned perishable yeast, it never lets you down through loss of

strength. Keeps vital and active, till you're ready to bake!

If you bake at home, you can really go to town now with hot rolls, buns, desserts, and bread! No change in recipes: one envelope of the new Dry yeast equals one cake of fresh yeast. Get several weeks' supply of Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast and make this tempting Frosty Fruit Loaf tomorrow sure!

FROSTY FRUIT LOAF

Makes 3 Loaves

Measure into large bowl

2/3 cup lukewarm water
2 teaspoons granulated sugar
and stir until sugar is dissolved.
Sprinkle with contents of

2 envelopes Fleischmann's
Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast
Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well.
In the meantime, scald

2/3 cup milk
Remove from heat and stir in
1/2 cup granulated sugar
1-1/4 teaspoons salt
6 tablespoons shortening

Cool to lukewarm and add to yeast mixture. Stir in

3 well-beaten eggs
Stir in
3 cups once-sifted bread flour
and beat until smooth; stir in

3 cups mixture of washed and dried seedless raisins, quartered candied cherries and slivered mixed candied peels

Work in
3 cups more once-sifted bread flour

Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in greased bowl, brush top with melted butter or shortening. Cover and set

dough in warm place, free from draught. Let rise until doubled in bulk. Punch down dough and divide into 3 equal portions; form into smooth balls. Shape into loaves; place in well-greased bread pans (4 1/2" x 8 1/2", top inside measure and 2 3/4" deep). Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderate oven, 350°, 45-50 minutes. Cool and ice with Plain Icing.

PLAIN ICING

Combine 1/2 cup sifted icing sugar
2 teaspoons milk
1/8 teaspoon vanilla
and beat until smooth.



John Loves Canada

Continued from page 10

country. He suggests that high schools sponsor Canadian appreciation contests.

In the meantime Fisher is a one-man Freedom Train, a packaged coast-to-coast tour. He brings to Canadians every Sunday evening warmly worded descriptions of the Fathers of Confederation chatting together over their documents. His listeners have flinched as the muskets cracked on the Plains of Abraham and have smelled the fishing schooners of Digby, N.S., and the roses blooming at Christmas in Victoria. Fisher fills the air with dramatic adjectives which occur to some people when they are deeply moved, but which they rarely utter for fear of ridicule.

"You're a circus barker," accused one listener.

"Forgive me, madam" answered Fisher softly, "I am carried away by my subject."

Fisher's critics fall into two classes, those who complain about his fondness for ballyhoo and those who are disturbed because they feel he is anti-British or pro-American.

Fisher is never upset by these charges; he is a natural debater and when he receives some warmly worded blasts he takes to the air delightedly.

"You boys have missed the boat," he announces cheerfully. "If I am wrong about jolting people out of their apathetic rut, then why are there five million people of Canadian origin living in the United States? . . . I am neither anti-British nor desirous of imitating the United States. I am a Canadian trying to develop a strong Canadian spirit so we can show the world a beautiful new way of life, the Canadian way."

William Arthur Deacon, dean of Canadian critics, comments: "He is doing this in the only possible way it can be done. Canada is a mindless giant. The only way to pierce the apathy is to be a bit of a ham, use sensationalism. How else can you get anyone in this country to turn off Roy Rogers?"

Fisher's antisensationalism critics had a barn-size target when he went on the air following the recent Grey Cup games lauding the showmanship of the Calgary supporters and deploring the ennui of their adversaries. "You're wrong," he told them. "If that spirit Calgary showed will catch on, some day every boy in Canada will be dreaming of playing in the great Grey Cup game. Right now no Canadian boy would swap a Rose Bowl game for three in Varsity Stadium."

A Death Threat Was Delivered

That Fisher is sincere cannot be doubted. He has abandoned almost all social and family life for cross-country trips punctuated every few hours with speeches in factories, hotel dining rooms, schools, theatres, skating rinks, drill halls, bandstands and, once, the Winnipeg Grain Exchange. His most casual conversations are studded with Canadian trivia, his ambition is not to become richer but to reach more people with his message, his concern is how much progress he can make in his one-man effort to inspire a nation.

It even pains Fisher to be reminded that he is making a living selling Canada to Canadians. "If you mention my income people are apt to think that I'm just a professional Canadian," he complains. "I am on good terms with trappers and fishermen who see about \$300 cash a year. My income would seem colossal to them." Fisher averages about \$10,000 a year, after

expenses which average \$3,000 or \$4,000.

His listeners were shocked recently when he announced, in the course of an unusually impassioned plea for more Canadian spirit, that a woman had attacked his wife in their hotel room in Montreal and had threatened to kill the Fishers and their four-year-old son for their "ideas." Fisher didn't mention what ideas the woman resented, but her attack followed a visit by a wild-eyed man who stood in the hall outside the room and denounced Fisher for his friendship with Jews and Catholics.

Fisher's wife, the former Audrey Paynter, whom he married in New Brunswick in 1937, is almost an invalid and this attack caused her to have a serious breakdown. Fisher drove her to Florida, stayed three days himself (two of which it rained) and drove back in time to address a home and school club meeting in Burlington.

Fisher's red flag is the subject of fees paid to speakers. He complains that British and American speakers, regardless of the obscurity of their topic, haul down enormous fees and are applauded by packed halls, while Canadians are given next to nothing and very rarely attract a big attendance. "And we wonder why Canadians go to the United States," he fumes. "They would have gone to Great Britain or France too, if those countries had been as handy as the U. S."

Fisher has had some nebulous offers to go to the States himself. One advertising agency toyed with the idea of having him do the vocal on movie travelogues, after the James Fitzpatrick, or "as we leave beautiful Trinidad," pattern. Fisher's lack of interest has cooled a number of proposals like these.

But his lectures are popular there and he could possibly make a comfortable living on the rubber peas circuit if he chose to emigrate. An agent handles his U. S. engagements.

Kids Get a Free Fisher

In the past few years he has become Canada's most persistent after-dinner speaker. This year he estimates he will receive 2,000 requests to address meetings and he has bookings 10 months in advance. He will accept about 300 of these. He handles his Canadian bookings himself, with the assistance of his secretary, Pat Sutton.

His favorite audiences are children and Americans, in that order, because of their enthusiasm. "The reaction of Canadian adults is pallid next to the reception I get from their children and their neighbors from the south," he comments.

Fees enter into the picture to only a limited degree, he insists. When Fisher speaks in the U. S. he draws as much as \$500, pays his own expenses. When he speaks in Canada before a professional audience he asks for from \$75 to \$200 plus his expenses. He asks no money for addresses to home and school groups, school children and similar noncommercial groups. The CBC pays his expenses when he travels on a rare speaking assignment for the corporation.

The CBC's program director, Ernest Bushnell, has not after six years been able to classify Fisher's job there. He was hired as a talks producer, a man who hires speakers and gives them coaching. In the confusion which followed Fisher's first broadcasts, when 27,000 letters were received, the CBC entirely lost track of the man. He is still listed as a talks producer.

To some extent this is a legitimate title, because Fisher has the only network broadcast without a producer in the control room giving signals to

indicate when to start the show, when to stretch the material to fill an unexpected gap, when to hurry it up to beat the sign-off. He does all this himself, to the discomfort of new announcers, holding a stop watch beside his script, editing and rephrasing as he goes along and always ending right on the nose.

Bill Byles, of the Young and Rubicam advertising agency, which has had some dealings with Fisher, speaks in awe of his lack of temperament.

"One time he got to Ottawa just before he was to go on the air for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company," Byles relates. "He sat down in the studio in his overcoat and started typing. He typed his script right up until time to go on the air and then moved over to the mike and started to read it. The timing was perfect and the script was beautifully written."

Another time the sponsor liked a certain recording of a Fisher broadcast so well that they wore it out. Fisher heard of this and made them a new record free. "He never even asks me what his fee will be when I talk to him about a new show," says Byles in wonder.

In One Day, Nine Deliveries

Two years ago when Ken MacTaggart, a Toronto newspaperman, became seriously ill while in England, his mother was working with Fisher on a series for a flour company. Margaret MacTaggart decided on a Sunday that she would fly to England, made her reservations for the following Thursday and then contacted Fisher to find out what they could do about the broadcasts. Fisher sat down and wrote 17 broadcasts, worked all one day and until 4 o'clock the next morning recording them so Mrs. MacTaggart could go with no loss of income.

Fisher speaks with ease and without notes. He enjoys his dinner thoroughly without a thought in his head about what he will say, while the big businessman beside him who is to make the introduction writhes and fusses.

A few week ends ago he addressed the National Welfare Council in Ottawa and an international meeting of more than 2,000 insurance underwriters in Montreal. On his return to his office in Toronto he was horrified to discover multiple requests for copies of his speeches.

"I not only haven't got copies of those addresses," moaned Fisher, "but I haven't a clue about what I said."

Nevertheless, he agreed to supply copies and within the next few days wrote out two speeches he hoped would approximate the ones he had given. To avoid this in the future Fisher bought himself a \$500 recording machine and all his addresses now are recorded as he makes them.

This will run into a ceiling-high collection of records if Fisher continues to make speeches at the clip he has

maintained for the past few years. About a year ago he arranged to appear at the winter carnival in Fort William—one day and one speech. His train arrived at 3 a.m. and the reception committee jovially informed him that they had arranged for him to speak to some school children, people like that.

By 8 o'clock that night he had given nine addresses, two at schools, one over the radio, one at a luncheon, another when some Indians made him an honorary chief, another in the armories before 2,000 women, two more to pulp and paper company employees, and finally at the banquet which he had been scheduled to address in the first place.

Two years ago, when he returned from a tour of Europe sponsored by the Canadian Appeal for Children, he went across the country in 19 days and made 65 speeches and broadcasts, almost all ad lib.

Only occasionally does Fisher do any advance work on his talks. Once he has been told that 31 of the highest mountain peaks in the Rockies are in Alberta that fact is irrevocably his. His mental notebook fails him only rarely.

This year the Faculty of Dentistry of the University of Toronto asked him to talk on "Seventy-Five Years of Progress in Dental Education." Fisher protested that his dental knowledge was confined to the reactions of the victim at the business end of the drill, but the faculty insisted. Fisher did some research and henceforth he will have fascinating bits of information about dentistry that he can slide into any of his addresses.

Fisher never forgets his audience in the process of getting off a well-polished metaphor. He reaches his listeners by lauding the local terrain before he slips into Canada's place in world affairs. This latter theme is his native habitat; here you find the John Fisher most at home. Excerpts from his addresses across the country can be fitted together in one smooth paragraph, so uniform are his sentiments.

"We should get away from the smallness of one part of the country knocking another," he said once in Brantford. "How can we in Canada ever think about aiding the cause of world peace when we cannot stop bickering between provinces?" he asked in Halifax. "The friction between the French and the English is over-emphasized," he added in Saint John. "We are not sufficiently aware of the potentialities of our country," he told a woman's club in Montreal. "The best way to assert Canada to the world is to fascinate Canadians with their own country," he continued in Guelph.

"In the United States," he reiterates everywhere, "men who rise to prominence are heroes, they are worshipped. They are mobbed for autographs, deluged with fan mail. In England such people receive enormous respect, their names are spoken with reverence. In Canada, what happens? The attitude is 'How the hell did he get there?'"

A Loyalist on Both Sides

Sometimes Fisher's eloquence gets him upstream with no paddle. In Halifax he remarked that Toronto was the "problem city of Canada." Two days and 50 indignant telegrams later, in Moncton, he hedged with "there are two sides to Toronto," and on his return to Toronto he was in full retreat. "Toronto is a shy, friendly Canadian town," he told bemused newspapermen.

One of five children of a prosperous manufacturer, John Fisher was born in Sackville, N.B., and pointed at an early age in the direction of law school.



DID YOU RECEIVE A NOTICE?

It is our policy to notify all subscribers well in advance of the expiration of their subscriptions.

The ever-increasing demand for Maclean's means that most issues are practically sold out before the printing is completed; and that copies are seldom available for mailing to subscribers who are even one issue in arrears.

Subscribers receiving "expiration" notification are reminded that, to make certain of continued receipt of their favorite Maclean's, it is necessary to send us their renewal orders promptly.

CREAM of WHEAT
MADE IN CANADA
from the best Canadian wheat

Today he is so insistent about the abolishing of privilege for members of "the charmed British circle" that people find it hard to believe he is a genuine United Empire Loyalist descendant on both sides of his family.

The Prairies Had No Padlocks

Upon his graduation as a lawyer from Dalhousie, Fisher was one of the researchers employed by the Rowell-Sirois Commission to re-examine Confederation and the rights of the provinces. ("It was dull as the dickens," he says.)

He got in newspapers via the Saint John Citizen and the Halifax Herald. The Herald also owned a radio station and Fisher began veering between the two mediums.

His interest in the Nova Scotia Co-Operative Movement brought him an offer to do a CBC broadcast on the subject. He was so nervous that he could hardly hold his script, but he decided that radio was just the place for a growing boy.

He applied for a job with the CBC and it took him four years to get himself hired as a talks producer in Toronto.

In the winter of 1943 he went West for the first time with Gerald Noxon, who was preparing a BBC documentary on Canada. Fisher was electrified, a typical Fisher state. "It was so big, so friendly, no suspicion of strangers. It is a country without padlocks," he says, getting in stride. "I couldn't wait to tell Canadians who hadn't seen them about the Prairies."

He persuaded the CBC to let him get it off his chest over its regular travel and adventure series. He titled his talks with a flourish: "Dust But Never Despair" (Saskatchewan), "In the Heart of a Continent" (Winnipeg), and "This Is It" (Vancouver). The response won him steady employment—Canadians wanted 27,000 copies of the 13 addresses in the series.

Why Leave It to Leonard?

His eloquence made him a natural for an after-dinner speaker. He has been presented the key to Baie Comeau, Galt, Port Arthur and Fort William, Kenora and Thorold. He is an honorary citizen of the Republic of Madawaska in New Brunswick, and of St. Catharines, where he asked the mayor if this meant he could park all night in front of the hotel.

He is Great Chief Snowy Owl of the Ojibway tribe and possesses an enormous headdress to remind him. High River, Alta., has sent him handsome leather boots and Fort William gave him a silver fox hat with a Daniel Boone tail down the back. He has four ten-gallon hats, a complete ensemble of deerskins, another outfit suitable for Arctic exploration and a lavish cowboy costume. He has numerous ash trays, cigarette lighters and plaques engraved with expressions of good will from cities across the country and he has been given several Maple Leaf lapel pins by wet-eyed admirers.

Fisher speaks a French that is short on vocabulary and grammatically ghastly, but impeccable in accent. He has accepted many offers to make addresses in French in Quebec and has scored with the Canadiennes.

"You're only half a Canadian unless you speak both languages," comments Fisher smugly.

His most successful broadcast to date has been "Don't Leave It to Leonard," a caustic discourse on the plight of a Montreal youngster who fell in love with history during his school days in Boston—Paul Revere, the Declaration

of Independence, Custer's Last Stand, Plymouth's Pilgrims—and could find nothing to match this in Canadian history books.

"The poor kid . . . jumped from rich cultivated fields to a dry, dull desert . . . yet Cartier and Champlain were no sissies, neither were Joliet nor La Salle. What do we know about the lives of Galt, Brown, Tilley, Laurier and Macdonald? Ask most Canadian schoolboys who D'Arcy McGee was and they'll probably say he was a hockey player! Where is the Confederation Table? Where are the pens

they used? Where are the Confederation documents?"

Fisher told how the boy's father tried to find narrative history books in Montreal and Toronto which would satisfy his son's thirst for historical drama. He discovered the only books for children available in Canada were about Lincoln's boyhood, General Washington, Pitt and Disraeli. One book, about the Mounties, was published in Chicago and written for American students.

The father, Leonard Knott, then wrote two books himself, one about the

Saguenay and the other about the Great Lakes. Both are selling well in the States, but poorly in Canada.

"Admittedly the enormous cultural forces in Great Britain and the United States slow our efforts," comments Fisher. "Yet for that very reason we in Canada should work harder at selling our own story."

Fisher claims he isn't a nationalist, but an internationalist bent on arousing a backward relative. "My job is to hit at this strange Canadian disease of apology and nonsupport for things Canadian. The field isn't crowded." ★

Leave it to Tooke to put color into your life . . .



CANADA BEIGE

Canada Colors
by TOOKE

Priced low . . . for such
high quality and style . . .

\$5⁰⁰

Choice of 3 collar styles
Windsor
Marvel
Casual

Canada ColorTies

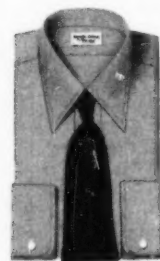
Especially designed to harmonize with
the new shades — are available in \$1⁵⁰
fine crease-resisting English fabric.



CANADA HEATHER



CANADA TAN



CANADA BLUE



CANADA GREY

✱ See them soon at department stores or better specialty shops.

Sarah's Still Stage-Struck

Continued from page 24

said she was trading her father's name for money or notoriety. There were gallants who regarded her adventures as stirring escapades of a high-born, high-spirited, rebellious sprite. And there were the serious critics who are still far from sure that Sarah Churchill will ever be another Mrs. Siddons.

It is these last Sarah is out to impress. By 1946 a clever little film industry was mushrooming in Rome in carefree

poverty. One day a director called Mario Soldati swept from a table a heap of pictures of beautiful girls, raised his arms to heaven and sobbed:

"But I want a complicated woman, a twisted woman, a tortured, tragic, haunted woman, not one of these ripe plums of Italian women, but a lean woman, a strange woman, a mystical woman, if need be a foreign woman..."

"What about this one?" asked an agent, producing another portrait.

Soldati slapped his forehead and sang: "Mama Mia! It is she! Bring her to me!"

They brought Sarah Churchill from London. She was very glad of the job having once had to sell a fur coat to keep up appearances.

A Confusion Over Coins

Soldati saw no chocolate-box beauty. Sarah has inherited from her father a straight nose that is a fraction too short and a chin that juts too much, and from her mother a generous mouth that spreads itself too wide. But her pale skin is perfect and her face crowned by finespun hair curling off

a high forehead. Her eyes are brilliant and she has a habit of ensnaring attention by a compelling sideways look.

She calls herself "the most restless person in the world" and gives the impression of constant and exhausting self-control over a wildly impulsive nature.

She is obviously determined to go her own way, yet almost pathetically anxious not to hurt anyone in the process. One of her close friends says: "She is always letting herself be put upon by people to save giving offense. She says 'yes' too lightly. Because she is her father's daughter everybody seeks her company to bolster their own prestige. She commits herself to engagements too easily and then has a dreadful, suffering time getting out of them."

Her sensitivity is electric. Recently she was giving a reporter an interview in a hotel room when she found herself without cigarettes. Rather than go on smoking she insisted on ringing for a pack. When the bellboy delivered them she fumbled so long and anxiously with unfamiliar Canadian coins in her purse that the reporter said: "Let me pay, please." Almost passionately she swung around on him and said: "No! No! Don't mortify me."

The wear and tear of nervous animation has stripped her of flesh. She is as thin as a fawn and moves like one. In the street nobody would recognize her for an actress because she wears sober, simple clothes.

She is courageous, resolute and ambitious, but free from snobbery.

In Rome Sarah made a heavy romantic costume picture called "Daniele Cortes." One of the scenes had to be shot at Montecitorio, where the Italian House of Commons sits. Communist leader Palmiro Togliatti, who owed his return from exile during earlier days to Winston Churchill, howled: "Such traffic! Such goings on in the Parliament!"

When his beautiful picture was finished Mario Soldati looked sadly at Sarah and said: "All the world will believe that I only put you in it because you are your father's daughter." As it happens the world won't care because the film is too highbrow to be shown outside Italy.

Tallulah Had Some Tips

Sarah returned to England and made for J. Arthur Rank a newspaper movie called "All Over the Town." It was this film that brought Sarah to Canada last year, to the opening of the new Odeon at Brampton, Ont., after a triumphal ride up Main Street in an open car behind the town band; to the Toronto newspapermen's Byline Ball in the Royal York Hotel; to the Kinsmen's Club; to the English Speaking Union; and into the homes of Governor-General Viscount Alexander, Lieut.-Governor of Ontario Ray Lawson, publisher George McCullagh, Lady Eaton, and many other abodes where, in spite of her career, it was so well remembered she is her father's daughter.

Then she was unemployed.

She went to New York and signed up to tour with a mediocre stock company in a dated drawing-room comedy, "The Philadelphia Story." Recently it folded. Before it opened at Princeton, N.J., last June tired Tallulah Bankhead breezed in, attended a rehearsal, told Sarah, "I knew your father in the twenties," and offered some acting tips, the best of which was "Don't go too near the footlights, darling."

Tallulah rattled on: "But it doesn't really matter here, because you are just bound to drop into the lap of some handsome Princeton boy and wouldn't

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MAGIC MOCHA CHIFFON CAKE

2¼ cups sifted cake flour
3 tsps. Magic Baking Powder
1 tsp. salt
1½ cups fine granulated sugar
½ cup salad oil
5 unbeaten egg yolks

Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder, salt and sugar into mixing bowl. Make a well in the centre of flour mixture and add salad oil, egg yolks, coffee and vanilla; mix these liquids a little with mixing spoon, then combine with flour mixture and beat until smooth. Add chocolate and beat to combine (a potato peeler shaves chocolate thinly). Sprinkle cream of tartar over the egg whites and beat until very, very stiff (much stiffer than for a meringue). Gradually fold

¾ cup cold strong coffee
1 tsp. vanilla
3 ounces chilled semi-sweet chocolate, thinly shaved
½ tsp. cream of tartar
1 cup egg whites

egg-yolk mixture into the egg-white mixture. Turn into ungreased 10" deep tube pan (top inside measure). Bake in rather slow oven, 325°, 1½ to 1½ hours. Immediately cake is baked, invert pan and allow cake to hang, suspended, until cold. (To "hang" cake, rest tube of inverted pan on a funnel or rest rim of pan on 3 inverted small cups.) Remove cake carefully from pan and cover with a brown-sugar 7-minute frosting in which strong coffee is used in place of the usual water.

that be marvelous?" Sarah's nose wrinkled.

About the same time Sarah was rumored engaged to a dozen different men, one being Colonel Frank Clarke, the Quebec pulp and shipping magnate who was Winston Churchill's host in Florida. Sarah said: "Well at least I've met that one."

She continued playing theatres large and small—in one place so small the house lights had to be doused to let the actors get through the audience to the dressing rooms; in another Sarah put her fingers into the mouth of a man who was sitting on the front row.

At Sea Island, Ga., last October she fell in love again and married a 31-year-old English photographer with grey eyes, long lashes, black hair and a lithe carriage. He had been extremely successful on American magazine assignments. His Christian name is Anthony, but when he was 21 he changed his surname by deed poll to Beauchamp.

This should be pronounced "Bee-cham." But in the United States Sarah is often addressed as Mrs. Bowshong or Mrs. Bewcamp, the second of which makes her wince. Beauchamp's father, who before retirement was a well-known artist, had much less trouble with his genuine appellation, Entwistle.

A Churchill in the Chorus

Last December Sarah moved to Toronto with "The Philadelphia Story," played at least twice to half-empty houses and got half-hearted notices. But in the news columns and the women's columns she was splashed as a good subject for interviews because she was her father's daughter.

Stories of her odyssey continued to spread across the world. Even in Moscow the periodical Soviet Art had to acknowledge her tour with the sour remark: "It is significant that American papers say nothing about Sarah Churchill's acting ability but much more about her salary which is \$1,000 a week."

In Washington a columnist cracked, "Now that President Truman has seen Sarah act, 'Winnie' will have to hear Margaret sing."

Whenever Sarah's name appears in lights minds go back to the smoking chimney pots of London in 1936 when Sarah jumped from obscurity into the limelight of a revue called "Follow the Sun," and, as a mere dancer, amazed even those of her own fashionable young set whose philosophy was "eat, drink and be merry."

It was a heretical step for a girl descended from the Dukes of Marlborough and the Earls of Airlie, educated expensively at a Broadstairs boarding school and "finished" in Paris at the Ozane.

She caught footlight fever when her parents let her learn acrobatic tap and ballet at the de Voss school in London. She was much too old and set and the rigorous curriculum nearly broke her back. But Sir Charles Cochran, then London's prince of impresarios, was impressed by her persistence, and after a long siege gave Sarah a place in his chorus line.

When she distracted attention from the principals Cochran disguised the entire line in huge blond wigs so nobody could spot her.

Backstage everybody treated Sarah with the respect they thought due to her father's daughter—save one, Vic Oliver, the star. Sixteen years older than Sarah, three years out of the divorce court in St. Louis, Oliver, when pressed for his real name would say "Joe Blotz." In fact it was Victor Samek.

Born humbly in Vienna with much talent, he failed as a concert pianist and in black disillusion hit the big chips by sauntering onto the American vaudeville stage, lean, haggard and droll, with a violin tucked under his chin, a violin he rarely played because he was so occupied telling brittle, witty, bitter, smutty little stories.

"Sarah likes me," he said, "because I treat her like anybody else." Sarah loved him.

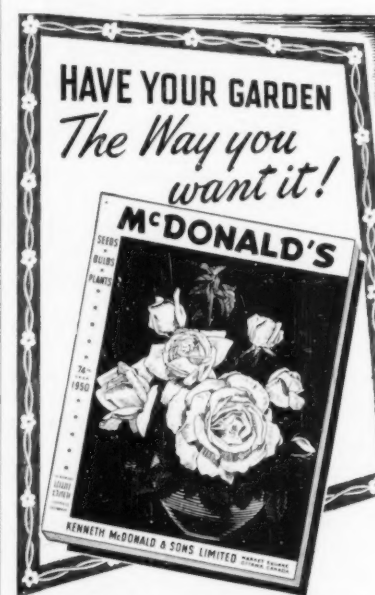
In the fall of 1936 Oliver sailed for New York to complete his qualifications for American citizenship. Suddenly Sarah drew all her money out of the bank (\$20) and followed in the Bremen at Oliver's expense.

"Our Love Can Never Change"

On both sides of the Atlantic headlines were black and deep as Winston sent his son Randolph in pursuit by the Queen Mary. Randolph radioed Lady Astor, who also happened to be in the Bremen, to hang onto Sarah until he could catch up. Because Sarah was her father's daughter Lady Astor complied, but with no effect.

Waiting for Sarah among reporters on New York quay Vic Oliver said: "I shall be very honored to become connected with the name of Churchill. Miss Churchill is tired of the life she is leading . . ." Then he chuckled under the chin an American girl reporter who said, "Do that again and I'll smack your face."

Randolph failed to dissuade Sarah, and for two months Sarah and Vic toured vaudeville theatres in the U. S. together. On December 23, 1936, Oliver got his American papers. Two days later they were married at City Hall, New York. Two hours later they sailed for England.



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What Winston Churchill thought of Vic Oliver is a family secret. Oliver would win a laugh on the English stage by sly allusions to his father-in-law. The compliment was never returned from the political rostrum. Stories that Churchill found Oliver amusing company at dinner are said to be untrue.

On Cochran's advice Sarah gave up dancing and set her sights on legitimate stage. She went into small-town repertory at Brighton, Southampton, Northampton and Canterbury "to keep away from the London critics." Meanwhile Oliver continued to triumph in the West End. Their last public appearance together was in 1941 in a radio show with the old silent film star Bebe Daniels.

Sarah sang a torch song which Oliver claimed she had composed:

*Some day windows will light again
Street lights twinkle by night again
Though now times are strange
Our love can never change.*

But almost immediately afterward Sarah left Vic. Four years later when he divorced her on the grounds of desertion, Oliver testified: "The marriage was blissfully happy for the first two years. Then small rifts appeared because we were both self-willed."

Sarah's next performance was given at Photo-Intelligence Headquarters, in Medenham, Buckinghamshire. As a Waaf section officer she learned to chart the course of German ships, interpret enemy front-line movements, and for two years she watched the V1 and V2 sites grow. Her unit provided 80% of Allied intelligence on the enemy.

Sarah's mathematics were weak but the fact she passed the rugged tests was testimony to her power of concentration. More than 25% of the 300

British Commonwealth and 200 American officers of the unit were professors. Sarah worked alongside Dorothy Garrod, Professor of Archaeology at Cambridge.

The commanding officer was Wing Commander Douglas Kendall, an Englishman now managing director of Photographic Survey Co. Ltd., of Toronto, which, with 20 aircraft, is mapping and surveying Canada from the air.

"The standard of conversation at dinner was probably the highest of any unit in the allied forces," says Kendall. "Sarah was always brilliant."

To Learn . . . by Mistakes

Dining at Chequers with her parents and Eleanor Roosevelt one night Sarah grinned when her father, with his love for drama, said, "I can now tell you that at this moment our troops are landing in North Africa." He was sharply deflated when Sarah chipped in, "I know. I've been working on the beach maps for months."

"Why didn't you tell me?" Winston asked almost petulantly.

"We were sworn to secrecy," Sarah grinned.

Sarah says the theatre bug bit her again when she produced in the Medenham mess a play called "Squaring the Circle." And five years later she was telling "The Philadelphia Story" on the Toronto boards. She won't be drawn into discussing her chances of real success on the stage.

"I hate being analytical," she says. "When you are in the middle of a battle you don't start taking your temperature."

"It would be foolish to say my father's name hasn't helped me," she adds. "On the other hand it has also been awkward. One's professional weaknesses become all the more apparent when one is the centre of considerable attention and curiosity. Sometimes I am quite conscious that it takes an audience 10 or 15 minutes to settle down after I've made my entry."

"Everybody has to make their first stumbling footsteps. Everybody has to learn by making mistakes. Sometimes I wish I could learn my job in greater obscurity. When thinking of my work I try to put my father's name out of my head. I wish others would do the same."

One incident which indicates Sarah's character occurred soon after she was commissioned in the Waaf. She was in the same mess as another red-headed, green-eyed officer, but this girl was really flamboyant. The hectic lass got tight one night and kept her comrades awake for hours by singing in her room which was next to Sarah's.

The following morning Sarah was carpeted. The C.O. said icily: "Churchill, our ideas of behavior in the Waaf differ widely from those prevailing in the theatre. I shall say no more. You may go."

Section Officer Sarah Spencer Churchill, daughter of "the greatest living Englishman," saluted, turned about, and withdrew without a word. ★

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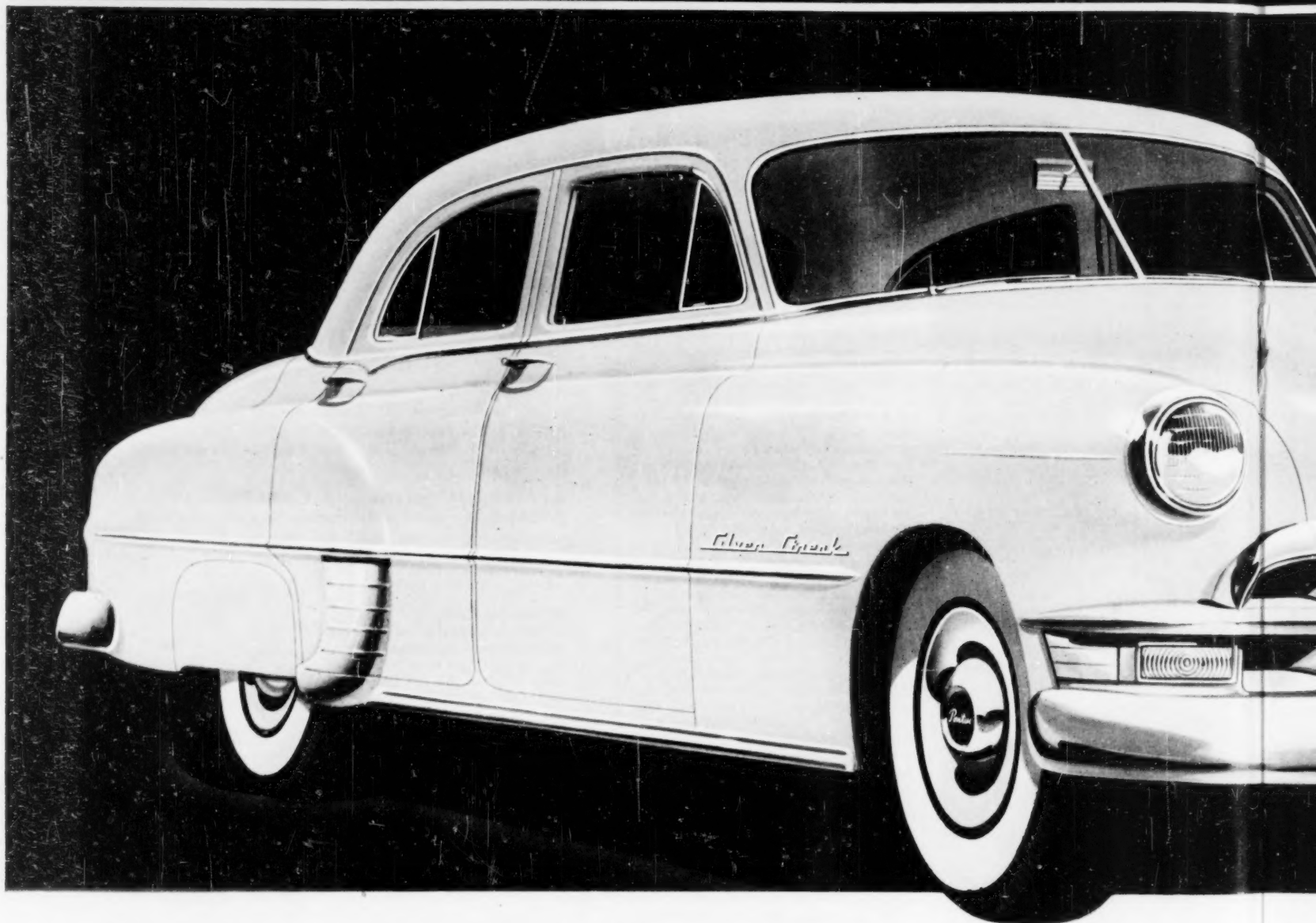


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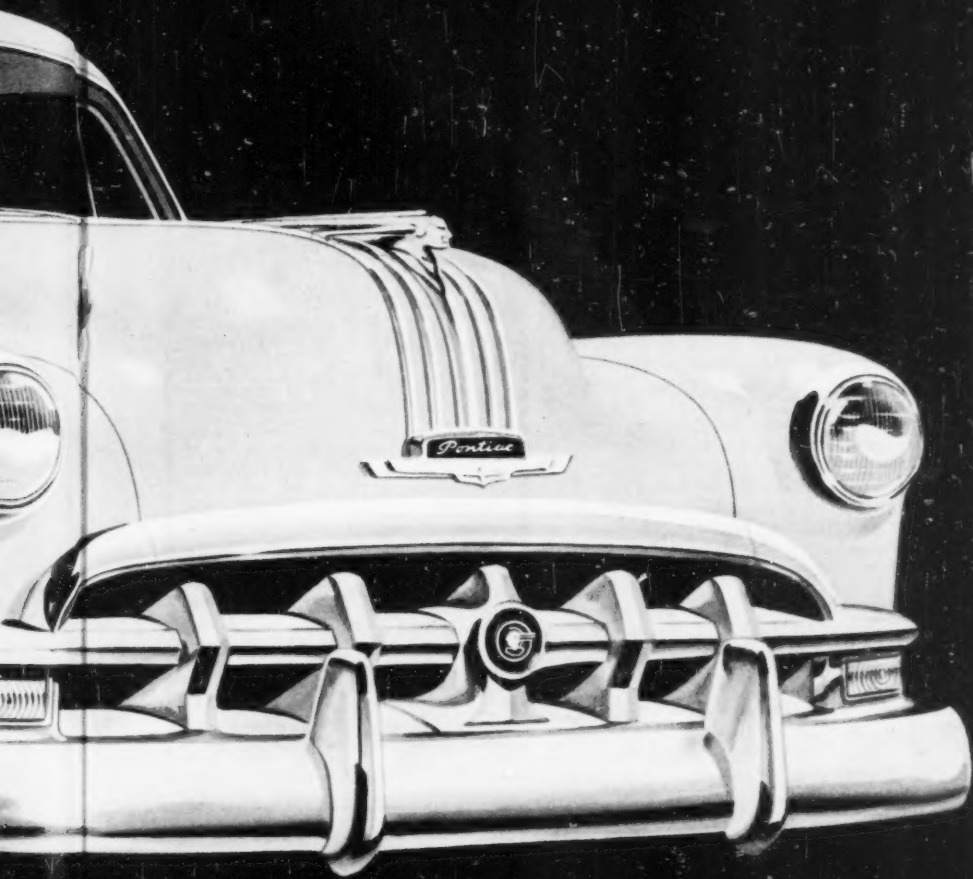
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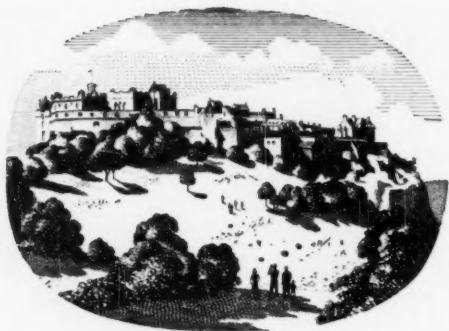
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The Golden Pheasant

Continued from page 19

a khaki case slung by a strap over his shoulder. She saw all this in the instant before she stumbled. He reached out and steadied her.

Julie flushed.

"I'm sorry. I shouldn't have stared at you like that but I thought you might have been someone else."

"And I'm not," he said. He sounded sorry.

Julie shook her head. "At least I don't think so."

"Well, I'm Henry Fowler. Will that do?" he said. He took off his glasses and settled them again in place.

She shook her head.

"I'm afraid not. You see I thought..." She paused and looked down at the canvas case. "A Geiger counter," she said.

He hoisted it and they both looked at it. "That's right," he said. "How did you know?"

"Oh, I've seen a lot of them this year. People have been coming through here by the hundreds all looking for uranium mines. At the newspaper where I work we got a letter the other day from a man who wrote that he only had two weeks' holiday and could we help him to locate an atom bomb mine because he didn't have much time to waste."

"Well, did you tell him?"

Julie laughed. "No one has ever found any of it around Hardrock. There has been a good claim staked at Porterville near here. This used to be a great mining town, though. The Golden Pheasant mine, before it ran out of gold, looked as though it would become one of the biggest producers in Northern Ontario, I guess in all Canada."

They stopped walking as they reached the station and the parking lot. Henry put down his luggage.

"Well, as a matter of fact, I'm not looking for a mine. I'll be happy to find a few chunks of ore, pitchblende. It doesn't even have to be very rich, to help me with some experiments I'm doing."

"Experiments?" said Julie.

"When I'm not being an amateur prospector I'm a professor of physics. At least I will be next year."

Julie looked over her shoulder to the Enterprise station wagon parked by the platform.

"Could I drive you to the hotel?"

"That's nice of you."

THE Hardrock House was a sprawling frame building on the main street. On its broad shady porch three old men tilted back on the hotel chairs.

"That's what happens to old prospectors," Julie said as she stopped the car. "They'll spend the rest of their days in those chairs swapping stories about the big mines that got away. I'd stick with teaching if I were you."

"You sound as though you knew a lot about it," said Henry.

"Sam told me. That's my father. He knows everything," she smiled. "And he tells me. You should meet him before you start tramping around looking for uranium among the black flies."

"You've been very kind, but will you do one more thing for me?"

"What's that?" asked Julie.

"Have lunch with me here at the hotel. Perhaps you can tell me more about that mine. What was the name of it? It sounds like a good place for me to have a look for some samples."

Julie hesitated. Then she swung around. "I'd love to have lunch with you."

She waited in the lobby while Henry accepted a pen from Bill Dakin

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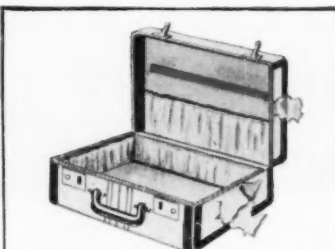
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behind the desk and signed the register. While he went up with his luggage, Julie leaned back against the cool black leather of the worn lobby armchair and waited for Bill to come over and speak to her.

"Friend of yours?" he asked.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"What's wrong? I like to know who I have to beat. I made up my mind when we were kids that we were going to get married some day, Julie. We will."

Bill looked sharply away at a freshly combed Henry Fowler descending the stairs, then back at Julie. "What is this guy—a prospector? That was a Geiger counter he had with—"

She rose and swept past him without speaking and joined Henry at the swinging screen door to the dining room.

Shortly after she and Henry were seated, the Dakins, father and son, entered and took a table near the window across the dining room.

Dakin senior gave the impression of being deliberately small, as though through some fundamental parsimony in himself. Even the cigars he customarily smoked, short, wizened Indian rat-tail stogies, looked as though they had been specially designed to harmonize with this smallness. He laid one of these unpleasant-looking cigars on the saucer beside him, Julie saw his son lean across the table to whisper something to him.

She swung her chair around so she wouldn't see them, even inadvertently, and shook her head as though she could break up the irritation that was building up in her.

"I'm sorry," she said to Henry as she saw the mild question on his face.

"That's all right." He offered her a cigarette. "Tell me more about this mine."

"Well, it's just at the end of the street. You can walk there very easily. Only . . ." She paused. "Only I wouldn't talk about what you're doing." She straightened up and spoke louder. "In a small town everyone seems to make your business their own. Hardrock is no worse than most small towns. But it's no better that way either."

Henry grinned. "I've got nothing to hide. I'm not going to make bombs with this stuff. I want it for a long dull experiment."

"Just the same . . ." Julie began and then stopped. It was none of her business, after all, what he did and whom he talked with.

WHEN Henry walked to the car with her after lunch, Bill Dakin strolled in their wake, pausing well within earshot to lean against the veranda railing. Julie looked angrily at him. Well, she would give him something to listen to. She turned and faced Henry.

"I'll call for you at six tonight. We'll drive out to our place at the lake and have supper with my father and mother. Hardrock hasn't any more gold but it's a wonderful place for camping. The Enterprise office is right across the street. Anything I can do to help you . . ."

"You are very kind," said Henry showing no surprise. "I think I'll see what I can find this afternoon. But, I'll be back here at six waiting for you."

Looking in the rear-view mirror as she drove the short distance across the street and parked, Julie could see Bill Dakin slouch into the hotel after Henry.

HENRY was waiting for her on the hotel porch, talking to the two old-timers who had squatters' rights along the rail on the right side. He walked to the car and held out his hands. They

were nicked and scratched; his face was red from the afternoon in the sun. "I'm a prospector—see," he said.

"Find anything?" asked Julie as he climbed in.

"Nothing I can use."

"That's too bad. Maybe my father can help you. He knows the man who made the find at Porterville. Wrote a story about it for the Enterprise just last week."

Out of the town and on the winding highway that had been slashed through the bush and the rock, Julie glanced at Henry.

"I want to thank you, Professor, for accepting my invitation at noon about coming out here like this and . . ."

"Oh, that's all right," said Henry.

"Of course, you know you're being used, don't you?" said Julie.

"Like a pawn," said Henry.

"Exactly. It's all very silly but I was angry and well—thanks again."

They were silent for half a mile. Henry spoke again.

"Bill Dakin came out to see me at the mine this afternoon."

The car swerved as Julie jerked her head round to him. Henry reached over and steadied the wheel with one hand. "Take it easy."

"But the nerve! You didn't tell him anything did you?"

Henry shrugged. "What was there to tell him? He came along when I was working over a pile of tailings near the old mill on the mine property. He was right beside me before I knew he was there. I was wearing the headset of the Geiger counter and I didn't hear him come up. He pointed to the Geiger counter," Henry explained, then went on to describe the meeting in more detail.

YOU a prospector?" Bill had said to him.

Henry had eased the Geiger counter off his shoulder by the strap that supported it. "Fifteen pounds can get pretty heavy," he said. "No, I'm no prospector. I'm a physicist looking for some samples of pitchblende to use in some experiments. Of course if I find a lot of the stuff I might suddenly become a prospector."

Dakin's gaze was riveted on the canvas box containing the Geiger counter.

"Like here, for instance," he said.

Henry blew a plume of smoke into the soft air and shook his head.

"Not here, I'm afraid. At least there's no indication of it. I've just worked over this refuse. I haven't been underground yet. But this would give you some action if there were a lot of stuff around," he said.

"Mind if I listen on that thing?" asked Dakin.

"Go ahead," said Henry. "Ever worked one?"

"A little," said the other slinging the box over his shoulder. He turned on the counter and walked a few paces. He stopped and looked back at Henry. "It sounds pretty busy to me," he said.

"Oh that. Just granite with a high content of potassium. Makes the box jump like a bebop band but it doesn't mean a thing. There's no uranium in them hills, pardner."

Dakin had walked on slowly and then had retraced his steps, looking at Henry as he approached.

"It's really jumping."

"Doesn't mean a thing. Not a thing," Henry had said.

AS HENRY finished telling Julie, the car came to the end of a rutted bush trail. They stopped behind a log cabin.

"He didn't seem to believe me," said Henry as he turned to Julie. "He also



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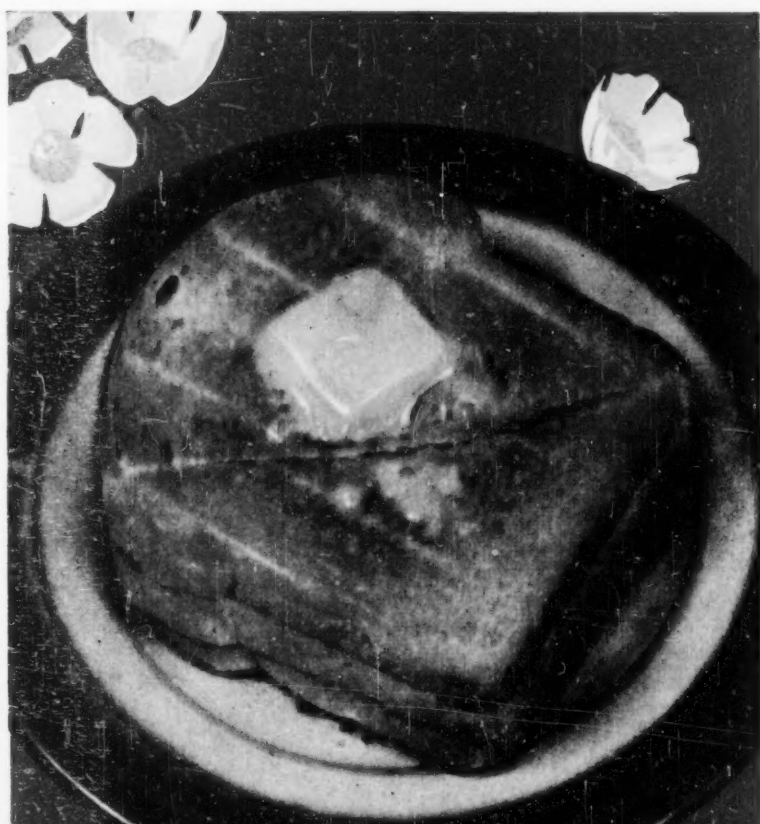
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seemed a little put out that I was coming out here tonight."

Julie opened the door of the car.

"Up to now I merely disliked Bill Dakin. Now, I loathe him," she said firmly.

"That's not a very nice thing to say, Julie," said the big grey-haired man who had approached the car from the backdoor of the cabin.

"I don't care whether it's nice or not, Dad. I meant it," said Julie. She introduced Henry. They went into the cabin through the kitchen, where they stopped to speak to Julie's mother, then out to the broad screened-in veranda overlooking the small lake.

"I've got Mr. Fowler all mixed up in my running battle with unspeakable Bill Dakin," Julie told her father. She told him about the meeting at the Golden Pheasant.

"He was just interested, that's all," said Henry.

"That isn't all," said Julie. "The Dakins stole the mine once and if they thought there was anything in it for them they'd steal it back."

"Now Julie . . ." said her father.

"Dad insists on finding good in everyone. Even Dakins," said Julie. "You tell Mr. Fowler about the Golden Pheasant. I'm going to help in the kitchen."

Sam looked across the lake for a moment before he began to speak. "It's got quite a history. The property was prospected by an old fellow, a friend of mine, called Jimmy Wilson, a real old bush rat. It was his first real strike and when he didn't have the money to develop it he got some help from Dakin—that's T. J."

"Bill's father?"

"That's him. They worked along together as partners for about ten years and they took a lot of money out of the ground. T. J. built the Hardrock House, invested in a lot of other properties and today I guess he's worth plenty," said Sam Cooper.

"Your daughter said they ran out of gold," said Henry.

Sam nodded. "That's where Old Jimmy lost his shirt. T. J. sold out to him just before they lost the vein. Jimmy spent every cent he had trying to pick it up again. When he was broke, and still hadn't found it, he pulled out. Toronto."

"Dakin was lucky to get out when he did," said Henry.

It was a long moment before Sam spoke. "That's right. He was lucky."

Julie was back standing in the doorway. "You left out the part about how Dakin withheld an engineer's report which said the mine was just about finished. He sold out to your pal Jimmy before the report was disclosed."

"That was never proved, Julie," said Sam. He turned to Henry. "If you want some samples of pitchblende for your experiment, I can give you some. They gave me a sack of the stuff over at Porterville the other day. I wanted a picture of it. I also wanted to have a look at it. After all if this is going to be the atomic age I'd like to see what it's made of."

"Well, thanks Mr. Cooper," said Henry. "It's a little like stopping in at the meat market to get something for dinner on the way home from fishing though, isn't it?"

"Speaking of dinner, gentlemen . . ." said Julie.

JULIE drove Henry back to the hotel later that night. The headlights cut a path through the crouching shadows of the big rocks around which the road swung. For several minutes, after Julie had stopped the car before the hotel, they sat and talked.

"Now that I have my pitchblende," said Henry nodding in the direction of

the trunk. "I think I should take a holiday. I'm going to rent a car—I should have done it today so you wouldn't have to drive me in—and have a look at some of the country. For instance, I want to go to Falcon Inn for dinner, tomorrow night and I want you to go with me, Julie."

"You don't have to feel . . ." Julie began.

Henry said, smiling, "You'll have dinner with me tomorrow, won't you?"

Through the window of the brightly lit lobby, Julie could see Bill Dakin at the desk. She saw him rise and walk to the screen door. He stood there looking out toward the car. Her mind was made up.

"I'd love to. And if you like fishing Sam has shown me some of the best streams in the country."

Henry flicked a glance at the screen door and Bill Dakin. His smile had become a grin now, thought Julie. He's laughing at me.

"I'll pick you up tomorrow at the office," said Henry. "I have an idea it's going to take me some time to see all I want to—of Hardrock."

He went to tie back of the car and picked up the sack of ore and walked up the hotel steps. Julie saw Bill step forward and say something to him as he entered.

THE next night as they drove out to the lodge for dinner, Henry told Julie that Bill had asked him what was in the sack.

"What did you say?" asked Julie. Bill Dakin was jealous, he was angry. Knowing him as she did, she had no doubt that in this mood he would like to hurt.

"I told him, of course," said Henry. "What else?" he looked at her. "Are you afraid of this fellow?"

Julie nodded.

"Well, I think I'd do a little hating myself if you were my girl and someone else was going out with you," said Henry.

"He'll try to hurt," said Julie.

"I don't see what he can do to me. Relax."

She relaxed but not completely. In the week that followed the fear that Bill was plotting against Henry plucked insistently at her consciousness. But there were other times during the week when it was easy to forget. There were times when she and Henry were fishing or dancing at one of the nearby lodges or just sitting on the porch of the Cooper cottage in the purple dusk, listening to Sam tell stories of the early days.

Henry planned to take the train Sunday noon. It was time to go back to university, he said. He had asked Julie to dine with him on the Saturday, and she was cleaning up some work at the office early that afternoon when he walked across the street from the hotel.

"Julie," he said. "You were right. Something is happening. Take a look at this." He held out a telegram.

Julie took it from his hand. It was addressed to "Henry Baker, Acme Mining Corporation, Hardrock House, Hardrock, Ont."

"Henry," she said. "Are you . . .?"

"No, I'm not," he said. "Read the rest of it."

Julie read aloud: "On basis your excellent report Golden Pheasant pitchblende showing have decided to ask James Wilson for option. Unable to get his address here. Can you supply soonest—Palmer."

She looked up.

"Henry, what does this mean? Is there uranium ore in the Golden Pheasant?"

"Of course not. I didn't make any report. As far as I know the mine is no more radioactive than the number nine

on an alarm clock. What do you suppose this means, Julie?"

"It probably means the Dakins are in it somewhere. And here's the answer crossing the street now," said Julie.

Bill Dakin's air was jaunty as he walked into the office. He nodded to Henry.

"Want a scoop, Julie? The Dakins are back in the mining business. We've bought the Golden Pheasant back from Wilson. Closed the deal just a few minutes ago by wire. I hurried over to let you know," he said grinning.

Julie looked at Henry without speaking. He took off his glasses and looked at Bill and then replaced them and peered closer.

"What did you pay for it?" he asked. "That's if you don't mind if I ask a few rude questions for a change."

Dakin's grin was immense. "Just what we sold it to him for. Why, would Acme have paid more, Mr. Baker?"

"So you figured it all out by yourself," said Henry. He looked at the wire in Julie's hand. "You must have seen this wire."

"Sure. You had to be Baker. Who else. You almost had me fooled, with your talk about university experiments. I almost believed you when you said there was nothing in the old Golden Pheasant. Shouldn't leave samples lying around your room, Baker. I had some of that stuff assayed yesterday and the Golden Pheasant is as hot as a pistol. That ore will run \$30 to the ton. This is the biggest thing since the Eldorado mine was discovered."

"But that ore didn't come from the mine, Dakin," said Henry patiently.

"I almost believed that one, too. That is until your firm sent you that wire yesterday. What if I did take a peek at it. You've got to be fast on your feet in this business, Baker. A little faster and a little smarter than you've been. The whole deal is sewed up, Mac. You can tell them back in Toronto that you missed by a mile. Perhaps if you had attended to business a little closer and hadn't spent so much time stealing other men's girls you would have done better," said Bill. The look of triumph in his dark face was clouded over with anger now.

Henry took off his glasses and folded them carefully and put them on the counter.

"We don't like guys who steal mines and girls up here, Baker," Bill added.

"Dakin," said Henry, "I am baffled by all this. However, one thing is clear. I am extremely fond of Julie and I must register my disapproval of that last remark."

Julie gasped as Henry registered his disapproval—a fine short right disapproval that ended on Bill Dakin's chin. Dakin sagged into a loose V and would have gone through the plate-glass door if Sam Cooper hadn't opened it at that moment. Dakin landed on the sidewalk and roughly on the point of the V.

"Henry," gasped Julie. "Are you all right?"

"I'd say he was just about perfect. That was a nice punch for a physicist," said Sam.

Henry replaced his glasses. "I'm not sure whether or not the remark justified such drastic action but it was something I have been wanting to do ever since I came to Hardrock."

"Here comes T. J.," said Julie. The elder Dakin was scampering across the street to his son.

"Maybe he's found out," said Sam.

"Found out what?" asked Henry.

"Well, you see," said Sam. "The Dakins have been taken for a ride."

"With the help of a guy called Baker and the Dakins themselves," said Henry.

"That's right. Except there isn't anyone called Baker. Jimmy—that's Jimmy Wilson—was gambling on the Dakins being slightly crooked—"

"Sam," said Julie. "How much did you have to do with this?"

"All I did was tell Jimmy that Henry was going to look for uranium in the mine. I telephoned him the other night and he said sure he could do anything he wanted to the mine, it wasn't any good anyway. Then he said he had an idea. I told him I didn't want to hear it," said Sam.

"Jimmy rigged this whole thing to

get his money back from the Dakins, then," said Henry. "He let them think that I was a mining man. He even sent that wire to an imaginary Baker hoping they would think I was here under an assumed name." He turned to Julie. "That makes me . . . What does that make me?"

Julie laughed.

"I've been used," said Henry.

"Like a pawn," said Julie.

"Like a pawn," said Henry.

Sam coughed. "I'm going up the street to the barber shop," he said. "Why don't you close the office, Julie?"

And—well, why don't you just close the office."

When he was gone Henry closed the door and pulled down the blinds. First the little one on the door which read "Closed" to anyone on the street and then the big one over the window which said in big gold letters what a fine newspaper the Enterprise was.

Then Henry picked up his glasses and adjusted them deliberately before he walked around the counter to where Julie was waiting and wondering when he was going to stop fiddling with the blinds and those glasses. ★

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Brush *outsides* of sandwiches with melted butter or Parkay Margarine and toast on both sides under low broiler heat.

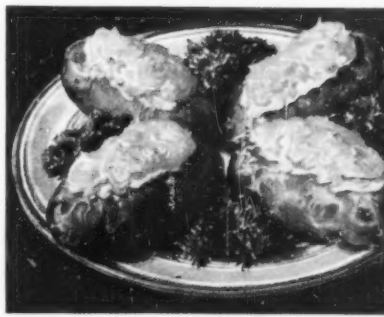
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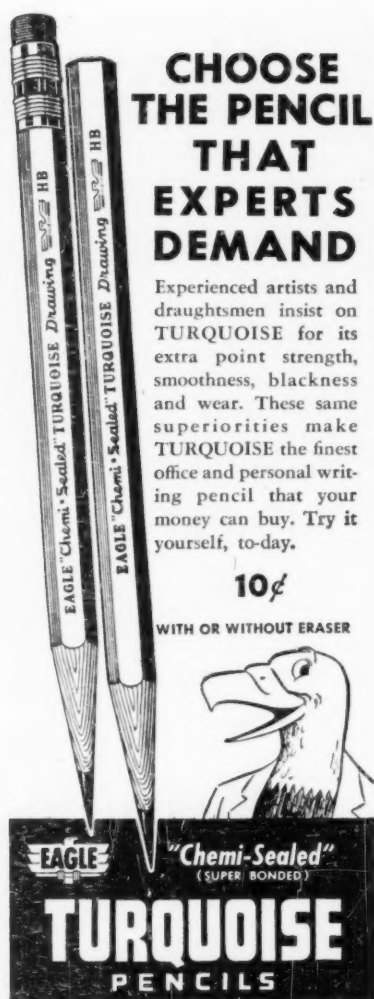
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How to Borrow Money

Continued from page 21

the original amount he borrowed.) But the Canadian Small Loans Act of 1940 sets maximum rates for loans; it also requires moneylenders to be licensed by the Government (if they charge more than 12% a year) and submit detailed reports on their operations.

But there still exist in most factories and many offices, pants-pocket lenders who collect 10% a week for a loan. These part-timers do a considerable business at an interest rate that actually totals up to 520% a year.

Sometimes unofficial lenders get into higher-bracket loans too. A credit union in Hamilton, Ont., recently had to rescue a wage earner who had borrowed \$500 from a local businessman and agreed to pay back \$750 in monthly installments over a year. That was a true interest rate of 100%—illegal under the small-loan law. The unhappy borrower's fellow employees advanced him the \$500 at a charge of \$30.

Four Ways to Borrow

Here are the chief legal sources for small loans and installment credit, and their true annual interest charges:

Commercial banks: Maximum effective legal rate, 12% a year. Prevailing rates charged by different banks, 6 to 12%.

Credit Unions: Maximum legal rate, 12% a year. Prevailing rates charged by different credit unions, 5 to 12%.

Small-loan companies: Maximum effective legal rate, 24% a year. Prevailing rates charged by different companies, 21 to 24%.

Installment companies: No maximum legal rate except in Quebec. Prevailing rates range from 6 to 24% a year effective interest charge. Quebec maximum is 9% ($\frac{3}{4}$ of 1 per cent a month).

It's amazing how many families fall into paying higher interest charges than they need to. Many people don't realize they can shop for the best rate on cash or installment credit, just as they shop for a used car. You can pay anywhere from \$9 to \$40 a year for the same \$300 loan, and both rates are legal. Trouble is, most people just can't figure out how much interest they're being charged.

Another reason why many borrowers fail to take advantage of reasonably priced loan sources is shame. The small-loan companies know that many people who could get money from their own credit unions come to them because they're embarrassed to let friends know they're in financial hot water.

Experienced loan-company men regard human beings as fairly evenly divided into two classes: the borrowers and the savers. Whichever you are, they believe, you'll rarely change. Of course, at some moment you may be neither, but in the words of one wise old credit man, you don't sit on the fence long. If you're a borrower, "the first emergency or business opportunity, you'll be on the borrowing side."

Don't think that only poor people borrow. Demand for cash loans is as great among middle-income people as among industrial workers in large towns. One large loan company finds more than half its clients sport white collars.

Why do people borrow? For more than any other single reason to pay other debts.

Obviously the cheapest solution for a family pressed by creditors is to arrange with each to make small but regular payments, meanwhile reducing living expenses to the essentials until

the debts are paid off. Most creditors will accept such an arrangement as long as the debtor at least gets in touch with them if he must skip a payment. Sometimes a creditor is unwilling to wait; a doctor or merchant may suggest that a family borrow from a money-lender to pay his bill. But it saves you money to resist that suggestion if possible.

Borrowing for medical bills is a close runner-up to borrowing to consolidate other debts. Loans to buy furniture and clothing and repair homes are other leading reasons. People also frequently borrow to educate their children, and sometimes to marry them off. One woman has been coming to a Montreal bank for three summers for a loan to ship her daughter to a resort to meet new men.

Figuring Interest

The average person finds it hard to figure interest rates. A college professor in upper New York State not long ago posed this puzzler to a number of people:

Suppose you borrow \$100 and pay back \$9.17 a month for 12 months. What rate of interest are you paying?

The variety of the guesses was staggering. Some thought it was nine per cent, some 12, 10, 6. What's your answer?

Actually, you would be paying a rate of about 20% a year. You pay back \$110 for the \$100 you got, but that doesn't make the rate 10%. Because you are paying back a part of the loan every month, your average debt during the year is only about \$50. The \$10 interest charge is thus 20% of your average debt of about \$50.

There's something else you ought to understand. Suppose you're told the interest rate is figured on "the outstanding balance." For example, you are expected to pay interest of two per cent a month on what remains of your debt. That doesn't mean the rate is two per cent a year. It's 24%. Nor is it 48%, as you might assume from our first example, since in this case the interest is figured only on the remaining balance, not on the original sum.

These same two simple rules are useful when buying on installments too. Suppose you owe \$100 on a sofa. The man says, "The credit charge is one per cent a month; that's 12% a year on \$100 so you owe me \$112. You pay me back \$9.33 a month for 12 months, and we send you a full-color calendar for Christmas." Then you should say, "That's 24% interest. If it were only 12 I'd pay you back about \$106, not \$112. I'll use last year's calendar."

If the period of repayment is less than a year, the number of dollars you pay ought to be correspondingly less. If the seller charged you \$12 extra on a debt of \$100 to be repaid in six monthly installments, you'd actually be paying an interest rate of 48% a year.

As already indicated, the main sources you can shop for a cash loan, in order of ascending cost, are commercial banks, credit unions and small-loan companies.

Bank Costs Differ

Commercial banks are not allowed to charge you more than six per cent a year, but different banks interpret this differently. Some figure it on the remaining balance; you'd pay them only about \$3 for a loan of \$100 to be repaid in 12 monthly installments, or, as the Bank of Montreal advertises, \$100 costs you 27 cents a month.

But you'll find other banks using the "discount" system. They charge you



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six per cent on the entire loan, even though you will repay monthly. So their six per cent rate on loans really comes to a true rate of about 12% a year, and a loan of \$100 will cost you approximately \$6 if repaid in 12 monthly installments.

Since 1944, when a House of Commons Committee urged them to make more personal loans, Canada's banks have become increasingly interested in the possibilities of financing Mama's new teeth as well as the nation's new oil fields. But they must still be more cautious than lenders allowed to charge higher interest. Nor are the banks permitted to take a chattel mortgage on your belongings as security. They could take wage assignments, but usually don't.

When the banks first got into the personal-loan business about 10 years ago, they generally required one or two guarantors. Nowadays, a leading bank recently reported, fully half its personal loans are granted just on borrowers' own signatures.

What commercial bankers primarily scrutinize before okaying a loan is your "character." That's a definite but indefinable impression compounded of such ingredients as your general reputation, record of paying past debts, steadiness of employment, mode of living (do you stagger or walk home nights), how much debt you're already carrying, and the purpose of the loan.

You can rely on a minimum of red tape in seeking a bank loan. Branch managers make 99% of such decisions on the spot. And you don't have to have an account at a bank to borrow from it as many people still seem to think. If you're turned down by one bank, try others before you resort to a more expensive place to borrow.

From 1945 to 1948, Canadian banks increased their personal loans 140%; a much greater expansion than that of the small-loan companies. More people are turning to commercial banks for cash to buy cars and household furnishings instead of buying them on the installment plan.

For a loan to enlarge your home, by all means go to the commercial banks. The Federal Government's Central Mortgage and Housing Corp. has an arrangement with the banks to make such loans at comparatively low interest—not more than a true rate of five per cent.

The Credit Union Way

Besides commercial banks, there are also the trust companies. They have low rates on loans but generally require that you deposit security with them, so can't be considered a source of loans for most people. They are, however, a source of mortgage loans, as are

insurance companies, but not banks.

Credit unions—co-operative banks—are the next most economical place to borrow cash. Their rates are generally one per cent a month on the remaining balance, a true rate of 12% a year (although some of the credit unions have reduced their charges to as low as five per cent). If you borrow \$100 from a credit union to be repaid over 12 months your cost would be about \$6.

You have to be a member to borrow. But the way credit unions are breeding in Canada—faster than anywhere in the Western hemisphere including the U. S.—one out of every three or four families already belongs to one in their factory or office, church or fraternal society. Since 1941 their membership has increased 600% to a total of almost 900,000. People in rural areas, especially Saskatchewan, draw heavily on credit unions to finance farm equipment, and city people, especially in Quebec, use them to finance furniture, clothing and other large family costs. Actually, Canadians introduced credit unions to North America. A group of Canadians at Levis, Quebec, started the whole thing in 1900 with the deposit of one dime.

In a credit union members pool their savings which—along with borrowings from banks—provide the capital for loans. The profits earned by loaning money to some members are divided among all members as interest on their deposits.

Small-Loan Firms

Small-loan companies and other licensed lenders charge higher rates but lend more freely. A little shopping around among the loan companies helps too. They're not permitted to charge you more than two per cent a month on the outstanding balance, a true rate of 24% a year, including all fees. And don't let lenders charge you extra sums as recording fees, late penalties, etc. It's illegal.

That maximum charge for \$100 paid back over 12 months comes to a little over \$12. But some of the more competitive loan companies are charging 13% a month—21% a year, or a little over \$10 for \$100.

A bank frequently will be reluctant to give you a loan if your personal debts exceed 15% of your annual income, but a small-loan company may let you have money if your debts total as much as 25% of your income.

A loan company will generally ask you to sign a chattel mortgage, or else get someone to endorse your note. A chattel mortgage means the company can seize and sell your household goods if you don't pay up. In actual practice, however, Household Finance Corp., the largest loan company, reports that in 17 years it never had to seize furniture or garnishee wages of a single Canadian family. The loan companies really consider a chattel mortgage more "a strong incentive to prompt payment" than very tangible security.

Installment Buying

Most families could save additional sums—and Canadian industry would benefit too—if they would also do a little "rate-shopping" when they buy on installments. Except in Quebec, charges for installment credit are not regulated as are cash loans, and they vary from one half of one per cent a month (a true yearly rate of six per cent), to two per cent a month (24% a year). Sometimes more, too.

But besides the size of the credit charge, you also have to compare the purchase price of the merchandise

Continued on page 45



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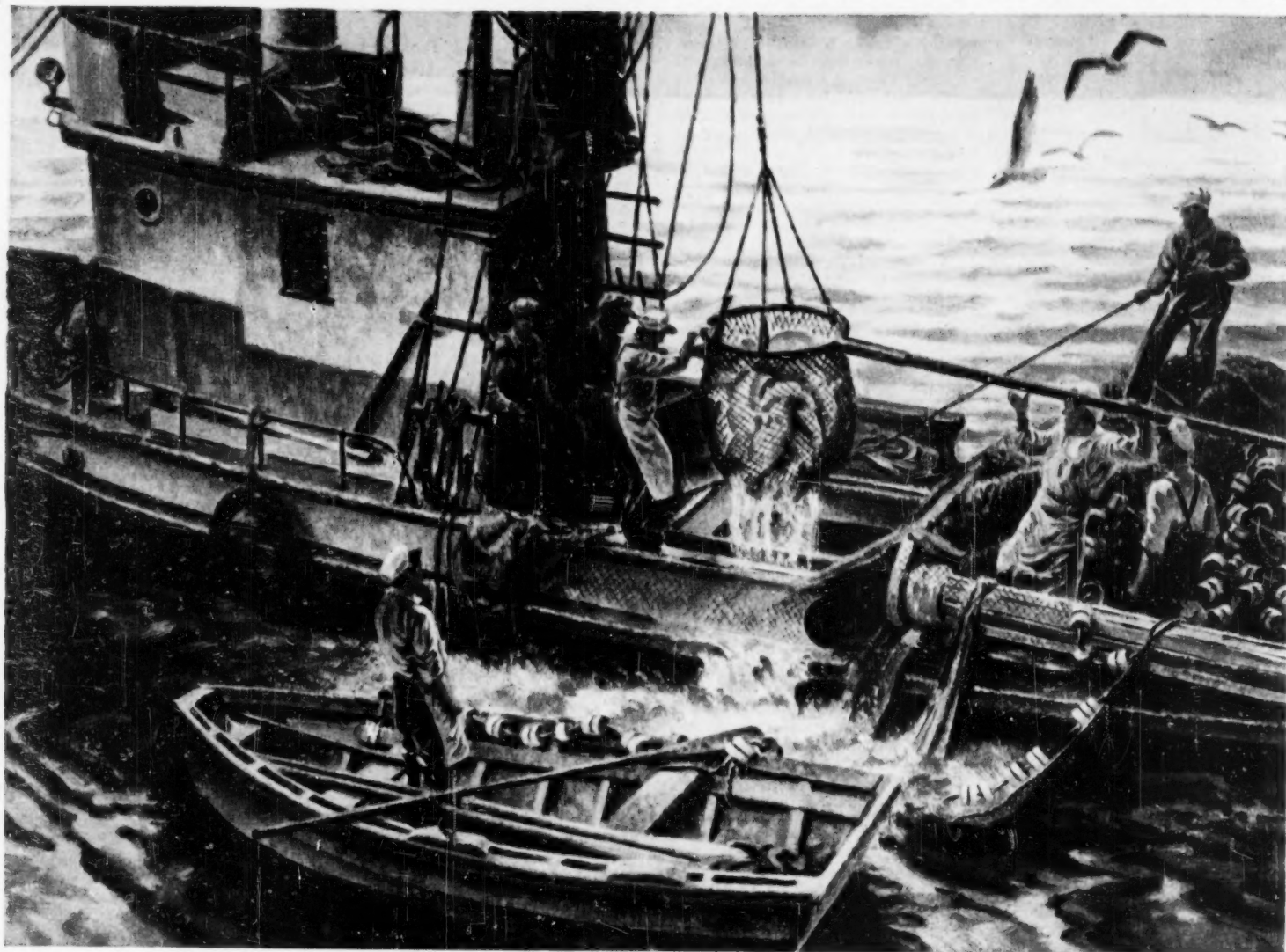
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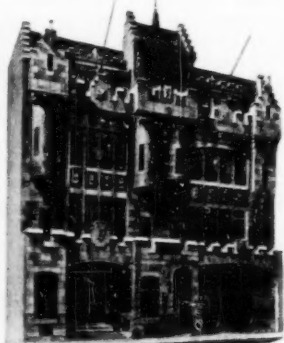
The campaign is appearing in magazines and newspapers published in various languages and circulated throughout the world. The peoples of many lands are told about the quality of Canadian products and see Canadian scenes illustrating these products.

The advertisements are in keeping with the belief of The House of Seagram that the future of each business enterprise in Canada is inextricably bound up in the future of Canada itself; and that it is in

the interest of every Canadian manufacturer to help the sale of all Canadian products in foreign markets.

❖ ❖ ❖

A campaign such as this not only helps Canadian industries but also puts money in the pocket of every Canadian citizen. One dollar out of every three we earn comes to us as a result of foreign trade. The more we can sell abroad the more prosperous we will be at home. We can sell more and we will sell more when the peoples of the world are told of the quality and availability of our Canadian products. It is with this objective that these advertisements are being produced and published throughout the world.



The House of Seagram

Continued from page 43

itself. A store may offer a low carrying charge, or even none, but may water the price tag correspondingly.

Always see whether you can borrow from a bank and buy for cash for less than the installment seller who insists you must finance through him. A reliable seller doesn't care who puts up the cash. Also, if your credit record is good, you can always get up to 90 days to pay for goods without any cost, through a charge account.

When you buy on installments, it's smart to get an itemized breakdown of the separate costs of the merchandise and the credit charge, and any other costs—such as insurance on a car. Perturbed car buyers have recently been hollering to the various Better Business Bureaus that they have been charged excessive interest in buying used cars on deferred payments. In many instances, the sellers lumped all charges together, including the price of the car, the credit charge and cost of insurance. The buyers thus had no idea how much they actually paid for credit.

Don Smith, manager of the Montreal Credit Bureau, points out that one of the fine things about the Quebec installment law, on which social welfare agencies and leading merchants collaborated, is that it limits a seller to repossessing only the item he sold you in case of default. Nor can he charge you extra penalties if you're late in paying for the new bedroom set. And if he does take back the goods purchased, you still have 20 days to dig up the balance you owe and get it back. Furthermore, in Quebec you're allowed to pay up your installments ahead of time if you can, and the seller must allow you a proportionate reduction in interest. Failure to make such refund is one of the most frequent dodges for charging the borrower more than he should pay.

Even in provinces where there is no legislative umbrella for the installment buyer, reputable stores will grant you all or most of these safeguards. But it's notorious that many people don't read installment contracts before they sign. They're usually long, legalistic and the print is discouragingly small. But a reliable merchant will not discourage you from mulling over the contract all you want.

Probably the best system of all, of course, is to borrow from yourself. A family with the moral strength to build

its own loan fund will find it can save thousands of dollars in interest over the years. All you do is lend yourself the money; no charge; cordial service; complete privacy. You can pay yourself back in convenient installments.

Finance Yourself

I know a man who has his own savings but often borrows. "I need my backlog in case of emergency," he explains. Well, a family will always have emergencies if it borrows instead of using its own cash, because part of its income is always being sluiced off by interest charges.

It's also a temptation to borrow a little more than you urgently need. But folks who do that are likely to find it takes 18 months to pay off the \$150 they borrowed while they could have paid off the \$100 they actually needed in a year. Instead of paying \$10 for the use of \$100 for 12 months, they pay \$22 for \$150 for 18 months. Their interest cost has more than doubled, thanks to sheer extravagance.

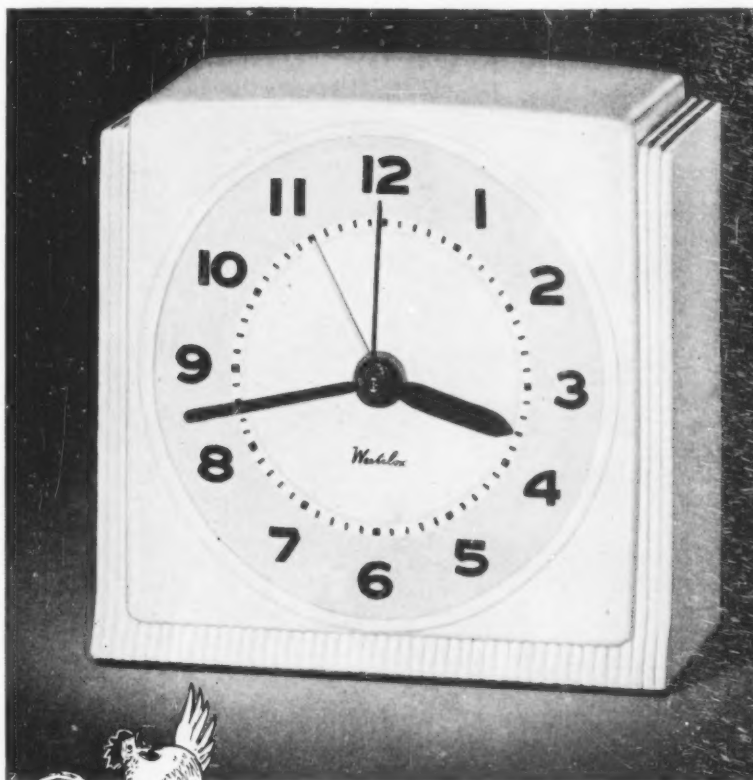
You'll always save, too, if you put down as much as you can on a purchase, instead of as little as the seller will permit. "No down payment" is no great favor. Nor are long terms. Interest charges pile up faster than most families realize. Even at the low NHA home mortgage rate of 4½% a year, it costs \$10,600 to pay off a 25-year mortgage of \$6,400. But if you cleared the \$6,400 mortgage in 15 years, you'd pay back only \$8,790.

In fact, Central Mortgage and Housing Corp. has warned that the postwar trend to smaller down payments on houses is loading families with king-size debt. CMHC's present experience is that longer amortization has raised price tags on houses, so finally buyers have to put down as many dollars as before.

Many families lean heavily on credit, but dead beats are rare. One leading Canadian Bank reports its losses on personal loans in 1948 were just over one quarter of one per cent. Nor is that just because banks lend to the better risks. A loan company with many branches also says its clients may lag now and then but complete losses are few.

That's a proud record. But you'll ensure your family has an even better one, and a larger share of the abundant life, if you know how to keep your credit costs down. ★

WESTCLOX ANNOUNCES NEW SMALL ELECTRIC ALARM AT A LOW PRICE!



The Beautiful Bantam Electric Alarm

Really something to crow about!

Small (only 3½" high) Bantam is beautifully designed—traditional Westclox quality.

Alert—he'll challenge you (and win) if you try to sleep through his cheerful, clear-toned bell alarm!

Bantam's smart moulded plastic case has lustrous ivory finish. Clean-cut brown numerals and hands, unusually easy to read. Both 25- and 60-cycle models. Here's an exceptional value in an electric alarm at a low price.

A handsome Westclox electric at only \$5.95
With luminous dial a dollar more.

WESTCLOX*
SELF-STARTING
Electrics
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF BIG BEN*

WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY LIMITED, Peterborough, Ontario

*Trade Marks Reg'd.



FOR THE BEST IN BABY FOODS

Look for Canada's Best-Known Baby!



● For almost five years the smiling Heinz baby has marked the spot in most good stores where mothers can find everything in the way of foods for their infants. No other baby's face has been so widely publicized. Mothers are guided by it at once to the shelves where 26 delicious varieties of Heinz Strained Baby Food (blue label) and 17 varieties of Heinz Junior Foods (red label) are grouped with the two new Heinz Baby Cereals—Pre-Cooked Cereal Food and Pre-Cooked Oatmeal Mixture.

Heinz reputation for quality and purity of ingredients is a safeguard that has made these foods for babies the most sought for on the market, so that today 7 out of 10 Canadian babies are brought up on them.

Heinz Baby Foods

Send 3 Heinz Baby Food labels and 10c in coin for three plastic tin covers and two plastic baby food scoops, available in pink or blue. Write H. J. Heinz Company of Canada Ltd., Dept. SPM, 420 Dupont St., Toronto.



Margaret Wants to See Us

Continued from page 15

private secretary, earned the wrath of a business paper, *The Tailor and Cutter*, for having his shirt hanging outside his shorts.

Not long afterward Margaret showed off her long shapely legs in black silk hose, garters and frilly pants dancing the cancan with Sharman Douglas at a private party in the United States Embassy.

When the New Look was considered extreme and controversial the King urged Margaret to be more moderate in her choice of clothes. The Queen told her with some asperity that she had never been a leader of fashion and did not wish to be. Margaret replied: "Well I do!"

Once when she was rebuked for overdressing she said: "I'm not going to remain a suet pudding all my life!" On another occasion she told the American Ambassador that life at Buckingham Palace was "like living in a goldfish bowl."

Here and there in the United Kingdom people say that Margaret is moving with a "fast set," is too much like her "Uncle David," the Duke of Windsor, and should not be showing off exquisite gowns and drinking champagne when the rest of the country is breaking its back to bridge the dollar gap and living in doleful austerity.

She Wants to Marry

But the great majority watch her escapades indulgently and rush to "Who's Who" in the reference libraries whenever she appears with a new escort. She satisfies a universal longing for escape from frustration, frugality, political acrimony and all the other black legacies of war. Her admirers, both young and old, feast their eyes on her frail beauty, charged with such vivacity, wit and informality and see in her romantic, carefree youth with all its promise of a brighter future.

If she makes it, her trip to Canada this year will probably be her last great occasion as a single woman. She is determined to get married soon.

Princess Elizabeth at Windsor once called Margaret "a flirt" because she was so anxious to get the names of young officers of the guard on duty.

On her frequent jaunts to restaurants, night clubs and parties Margaret has been escorted by dozens of officers from all services, many eligible peers and plenty of plain "misters."

Prince George of Denmark, the Earl of Dalkeith, the Marquess of Blandford, Lord Porchester and Thomas Egerton are considered among the most likely to win her hand. Of these Denmark and Dalkeith are believed to be her favorites.

Whoever she marries will be granted a royal dukedom, a rank that can be conferred only by the King with Cabinet consent. The choice will probably be made between the vacant dukedoms of Sussex and Essex.

Twenty-nine-year-old Prince George of Denmark is the tall, blond, handsome son of Prince Axel of Denmark. He is descended from King Christian IX of Denmark, one of whose daughters was Queen Alexandra of England, Margaret's great-grandmother.

When Princess Elizabeth was married, Prince George danced several times with Margaret during the celebrations at the palace. At the time he was a lieutenant in the Danish Royal Life Guards. Later he became military attaché to the Danish Embassy in London. He is a frequent guest at all the royal homes. One evening at Balmoral in Scotland he

danced every dance with Margaret and they didn't separate until the band played the National Anthem.

He is a broad-shouldered, cheerful young man who speaks English perfectly. He lives at a small hotel in Knightsbridge and is not overkeen on high life. Several times a week he sits in a local pub and talks to lawyers, stockbrokers, salesmen, taxi drivers or butchers over pints of beer.

The Earl of Dalkeith, 26, is heir of the Scottish Duke of Buccleuch and a nephew of the Duchess of Gloucester. He is an immaculate dresser but no stuffed shirt. He has laughing eyes, a high intelligent forehead and is fond of theatrical people.

It was Dalkeith who took Margaret to see Danny Kaye's movie "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty." After the show he took the Princess round backstage and introduced her to Danny Kaye, who was making a personal appearance. Margaret thinks Danny Kaye is the best variety artist she has ever seen.

Dalkeith is president of a new organization called Orpheus which he promoted to take grand opera round small suburban theatres. During the war he enlisted in the Royal Navy as an ordinary seaman.

The tall, fair-haired, 23-year-old, chubby-faced Marquess of Blandford, who is a lieutenant in the Life Guards, has been one of Margaret's most frequent escorts. He is heir to the Duke of Marlborough which explains his slight resemblance to Winston Churchill. Margaret has often been a guest at Blenheim Palace, the beautiful historic home of the Marlboroughs. Blandford was educated at Eton and Sandhurst, and is a stickler for military etiquette and discipline. He's not brilliant but quite pleasing. His friends call him "Sonny."

Sometimes he lets his hair down. Margaret delights in telling how he once appeared at a party masquerading as an enormous middle-aged woman. But he'd got his dates mixed. Everybody else was in evening dress.

At a dance at Blenheim Blandford once crooned for Margaret while his father, the Duke, played the drums in the band.

Lord Porchester is a dark handsome escort of 26. He is the son of the Welsh Earl of Carnarvon. Two years ago he quit the Horse Guards for farming after an intensive course in agriculture. He is Margaret's partner frequently at West End supper dances and was one of the guests at Balmoral for the shooting in 1948.

To Her Suitors She's "Ma'am"

The best-looking of Margaret's escorts is Tom Egerton, dark, tall, lithe, intelligent, 31-year-old son of Commander Hugh Egerton, a Sussex landowner. Margaret was a guest at the Egerton home last February.

During the week end Margaret accompanied Tom Egerton to Lingfield Races and sat in the family pew at All Saints Church, Mountfield. On the Sunday evening she sat with the Egertons around a big log fire and entertained them with stories of her South African tour.

The fact that Egerton is a commoner doesn't lessen his chances, friends say. If Margaret wanted him she would accept him.

Margaret entertains close friends regularly, generally to tea in the Bow Room at Buckingham Palace. It is here suitors make most of their dates. They ask her frankly and naturally whether she would care to dine out with them and just like any other girl Margaret consults her diary and accepts if she is free.

If she is particularly anxious to visit a certain play or movie two or more suitable young guards officers are "detailed" to accompany her and other young society girls are invited to join the party. But for all this apparent informality, it is a strict rule that Margaret's lady in waiting or a chaperon is always present when men are about. And she is in the constant shadow of a detective bodyguard.

All her suitors address her as "Ma'am."

People seeking Margaret's company at birthday parties, weddings, christenings and other formal events send her an invitation card in the orthodox way and the Queen's secretary accepts or "regrets" according to Margaret's engagement book and the desirability of the occasion.

Margaret, who boasts that it was she who "engineered" the wedding of Elizabeth and Philip, has watched with interest and envy the furnishing of their London home, Clarence House.

Every day she looks over advertisements of country homes for sale in the Times and society magazines. She has made a large number of sketches of the interior styles she will have when she marries. She files these in her study, a high double-windowed room on the second floor of Buckingham Palace overlooking Constitution Hill. The furniture is Victorian but not stodgy. It is upholstered in cream satin and decorated with posies.

In the centre of the room is a businesslike desk on which there are two telephones, a number of reference books and a leather-bound embossed engagements book bearing the royal cypher "M." Margaret is inundated with invitations to official functions but it is the Queen, in consultation with her Secretary, Major Harvey, who decides which she should accept.

Major Harvey, known as "Tom" to the Royal Family, attends to Margaret's correspondence after he has finished with the Queen's. Margaret writes personal letters in her own neat feminine hand. In writing to close friends she makes many allusions to wisecracks in new plays, movies and novels. She always signs letters with the capital "M" and in accordance with court custom they are always sealed and sent registered mail.

Margaret's "shadow" is Detective Sergeant Richard Green, a sturdy, soberly dressed man in his middle thirties who contrives always to be a few feet away from the Princess without being obtrusive. When she is driving, Green rides with Margaret's chauffeur. When she flies, he precedes her in a second Viking of the King's Flight.

Green would precede Margaret to Canada by a couple of weeks and make security arrangements for her protection with the RCMP.

Her Wardrobe Stretches

At a ball in Rome, during Margaret's Mediterranean holiday last year, the pressure of moon-struck young Italians who wanted to dance with her grew so great that Green was forced to emerge from his quiet corner and organize a human hand-linking barrier of British Embassy personnel round her table.

He's had this job for the last nine months and sometimes his heart misses a beat because Margaret's favorite game is trying to give him the slip. On such occasions he usually gives her a reproachful look; once she winked at him saucily.

Two years ago Margaret discarded the Queen's ideas on how she should dress and began to go her own way.

Her admiration for her aunt, that

beautiful fashionable war widow the Duchess of Kent, is well known. Looking at the Duchess once, Margaret observed ruefully: "I'm still too young to be really smart. But you wait until I'm 30!"

Although she has no official income, Margaret is not without money. She receives pocket money from the King and is allowed a limited measure of control over \$600,000 left to her by the late Mrs. Ronald Greville, an old friend of the family.

Occasionally Margaret gets into hot

water for overspending on her wardrobe. She patronizes the Queen's dressmaker, Norman Hartnell, and also Captain Molyneux, a dignified English couturier with a famous Paris salon. But most of her more fanciful clothes are now being made by a Miss Avis Ford, who has a little gown shop in ritzy Albemarle Street. Miss Ford, a tall grey-haired woman, in private life Mrs. Avis Lolette, made some of Margaret's clothes for the South African tour. She says her client has perfect taste. Miss Ford used to make

rompers for both Princesses when they were children. Margaret, remembering and liking her, returned to her. Often Miss Ford makes clothes to Margaret's own designs.

In view of the number of public engagements she has to fulfill, Margaret's wardrobe is not elaborate. Frequently she has suits, dresses and coats altered and rings the changes with hats, accessories and muffs, in order to disguise old outfits.

Despite her original and unconventional tastes Margaret has to stick to

Here's why you need FIVE in ONE

ZONES OF COLD



REFRIGERATOR

COLDER COLD

for frozen foods and ice cubes... in faster, colder Westinghouse Sanalloy Super Freezer.

DAIRY COLD

for milk, cream and beverages. Extra space for the tallest bottles.

MEAT-KEEPING COLD.

Perfect protection for 15 lbs. of fresh meat, fish and poultry.

CONSTANT COLD

for general shelf storage, keeps foods at safe, steady temperature.

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in Glass-topped Humidrawer keeps a quarter bushel of fruits and vegetables garden fresh.



MODEL
MSD 7
\$359.

Five zones of cold and humidity are needed for complete food protection. ALL are maintained automatically in the new Westinghouse refrigerator, with exclusive, positive TRUE-TEMP cold control. Models from \$329.

You get MORE in a Westinghouse

CANADIAN WESTINGHOUSE COMPANY LIMITED • HAMILTON, CANADA



**Don't be
a die-hard
on the subject of
monthly protection**

You certainly can't modernize your good-grooming habits if you just close your mind while others are getting the benefit of new ideas and discoveries. It is no secret at this date that Tampax has only one-ninth the bulk of the outside pad . . . and needs no belts or pins to fasten it, because doctor-invented Tampax is worn internally. Also it causes no chafing, no odor and no bulges, bumps or ridges under a dress or skirt.

Tampax is made of safety-stitched absorbent cotton contained in dainty white disposable applicators. Your hands need not touch the Tampax and when it's in place the wearer cannot feel it. It's really the last word! Millions of women and girls now use Tampax in more than 75 countries—and that's the truth.

You can change Tampax quickly, dispose of it readily. Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Average month's supply slips into purse. Act now—prepare for next month. Canadian Tampax Corporation Ltd., Brampton, Ontario.



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Please send me in plain wrapper a trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

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the rules which govern dress of all royal ladies with public duties to perform. Hats must always be off the face. Hair styles must be simple enough to remain tidy for hours. Shoes must be suitable to lengthy walks and much standing.

She shares the Queen's love for fresh pastel colors, particularly pink, and therefore contrasts charmingly with Princess Elizabeth who goes in for blues, browns, greys, and greens.

In Buckingham Palace during her leisure Margaret often wears a worn beige sweater and an old tweed skirt. If she takes a walk in the Palace grounds she ties a yellow scarf over her head and when it is chilly puts on a serviceable macintosh.

Frequently she forgets she is grown up and runs along the scarlet-carpeted, white-painted corridors of the Palace with Johnnie, her Sealyham, at her heels.

She is a most wicked mockingbird and one of her best party pieces is an impersonation of Clement Attlee, feet up on the table, head sunk in gloom, silencing an Opposition member with one of his acid remarks. Among others she impersonates are Winston Churchill, Danny Kaye and a famous British music-hall comic called Bud Flanagan.

Margaret was a great fan of the late Tommy Handley's top-rating radio show, ITMA (It's That Man Again), which was utterly incomprehensible to North American audiences. One of the recurring gags in this war-born piece of nonsense was a sepulchral voice through a telephone in a thick German accent: "This is Funf spikking!" Funf "spikking" many times through the Buckingham Palace Exchange via the lips of Princess Margaret. The King loved it.

She is an excellent dancer, a delightful singer in clear flutelike tones and a deft if slightly brittle pianist. One of her friends says: "If Margaret ever lost her job she could always make a living on the stage."

Like nine tenths of Londoners she is crazy at the moment about "The Harry Lime Theme," an extraordinary tune played on a zither as background to the new British movie "The Third Man." Anton Karas, a mousy, shy little Austrian, who composed the tune and played it on his zither, was unknown until the film appeared. Today he is the most highly paid artist in London cabaret. A few weeks ago Princess Elizabeth went with a party to hear his 20-minute show. She was so enthralled that Karas played to her for four hours.

Margaret has a tiny income from the theatre. When she was three the Queen invited J. M. Barrie, author of "Peter Pan," to tea at Glamis Castle in Scotland. Margaret took a shine to him. Some days later Barrie's name cropped up in royal conversation. Margaret said: "I know that man. He is my greatest friend. And I am his greatest friend."

Barrie was so touched and flattered, that he promised to make Margaret's remark a line in his play "The Boy David." He also said he would pay Margaret a penny every time the sentence was uttered on the stage. Margaret received a legally phrased royalties agreement. Today Barrie's trustees send Margaret her earnings every year. She receives a bag of newly minted pennies.

Despite her appetite for light entertainment Margaret is the only member of the Royal Family with highbrow tastes. She loves classical music, particularly the piano works of Chopin and Debussy. She is a regular visitor to the Sadler's Wells Ballet.

In restaurants she likes fancy cook-

ing. She'll take a glass of sherry before dinner and two glasses of champagne with her meal. Once when her father refused her a second glass of sherry at a cocktail party she said: "All right, I won't launch any more of your old ships!" Margaret smokes lightly when alone, never in public.

She is a dunce at mathematics. Her line of talk is animated and full of popular new generation English colloquialisms. She has been known to use "wizard" "super" and "marvellous" in exclamations of pleasure. She has always regarded the more formal mannerisms of Elizabeth with affectionate amusement. Recently after hearing Elizabeth speaking she said, "Jolly good show old girl!" A few minutes later Elizabeth dropped a packet of 10 cigarettes—the cheap popular Gold Flake—out of her handbag and Margaret made a delighted moo of mock horror.

When she is dancing Margaret keeps up a running commentary of amusing chatter and always thaws the fright out of young men whirling her round for the first time. Last year she commanded a certain young man with whom she was dancing to look into her eyes. He flushed with confusion and said, "I'm doing so, ma'am." Margaret smiled and said: "Well do you know that you are looking into the

most beautiful eyes in Britain?"

Her partner swallowed hard but before he could make a gallant rejoinder Margaret went on, "The Duchess of Kent has the most beautiful nose, the Duchess of Windsor has the best chin, and I have the most beautiful eyes."

There was a short embarrassed silence and Margaret chuckled, "It says so in the newspapers! Don't you believe what you read in the press?"

Seldom if ever has a girl of 19 exercised such an influence on the young people of so many countries. No glamorous film star with all her regiments of high-powered publicity men can match Margaret's acreage in print. Margaret might so easily have been overshadowed by the much greater official importance of Princess Elizabeth—and now the young Prince Charles. But she has fired the imagination of half the world by being wholeheartedly herself, by blowing out of Buckingham Palace the last cobwebs of Victorianism and by giving to royalty a touch that is in tune with the times.

She is the blood daughter of the King and Queen but the spiritual daughter of the Commonwealth. If she comes to Canada this year, Margaret will show that a princess is not necessarily an anachronism. ★

CANADIAN ECDOTE



Broomsticks Bluffed the Yanks

ONE DAY in 1782 three American privateers stood boldly in toward the little harbor of Chester, N.S., bent on pillage. Captain Prescott, commander of the blockhouse garrison, fired his cannon, a ball struck one of the vessels, and they withdrew behind a point.

Soon afterward, however, a land party advanced on the village. Prescott went down to meet them.

After the parley, Prescott, acknowledging the inability of the garrison to defend itself against so large an invading force, invited the captains to tea that afternoon to discuss terms.

The Americans, believing themselves already masters of the place, agreed.

Prescott proved to be an excellent host, and the time passed pleasantly until, as darkness came, his son suddenly entered the room. In audible tones the young man asked where he could billet 100 troops who had arrived from Lunenburg, 20 miles away.

"Billet them," replied his fa-

ther, "in Houghton's barn." Then, turning to the guests, he said, "Gentlemen, I will be ready for you in the morning."

Hastily the guests withdrew and put to sea at once.


At dawn, however, the privateers were still within sight of the village. Fearing that the absence of the redcoats would be noticed, for the arrival of the Lunenburg men was just a ruse, Prescott devised a further plot.

All the women in the district were ordered without delay to a high hill inland from the town, taking with them the scarlet-lined grey cloaks that were the fashion at that time and whatever broomsticks or muskets they could pick up in a hurry.

The women obeyed, and, turning their cloaks inside out, put them on. Then, shouldering their broomsticks, they paraded two and two on the hilltop.

When the wind rose the privateers, convinced of the presence of a formidable number of troops, crowded on all sail and vanished.—H. Shirley Fowke.

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past, Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.



*It beats...
as it sweeps...
as it cleans*

**Another great new
HOOVER**

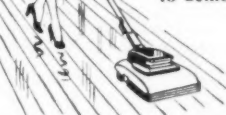
Finest of its type . . . with many special features to help you clean more quickly, more easily, more thoroughly. And it's the *only* cleaner with the famous triple-action cleaning principle that gently removes *all* the dirt . . . keeps rugs looking better, longer. And it's yours for reasonably low terms from any Hoover Dealer. Simply ask him to show you the new Hoover 616 in your home . . . or at his showroom.



Full complement of lightweight, efficient cleaning tools for above-the-floor dusting are included in a handy-to-carry kit; and special Mothimixer Attachment makes light work of moth control.

**Keep floors sparkling too
... with your HOOVER**

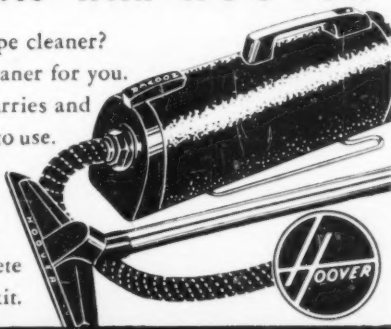
You banish floor polishing's toil and trouble the moment a Hoover Polisher Attachment is snapped into your Hoover Cleaner. So easy to install or remove . . . so easy to use. Costs but slightly more. Your Hoover Dealer will be happy to demonstrate!



You have a Choice with HOOVER

Perhaps you prefer a tank-type cleaner? Then the Hoover 406 is the cleaner for you. Cleans by powerful suction . . . carries and stores easily . . . most convenient to use.

New idea in dirt disposal—the Dirt Ejector—conveniently shakes out accumulated dirt without muss or fuss. Complete with cleaning tools in sturdy kit.



THE HOOVER COMPANY LIMITED • HAMILTON, ONTARIO

I Am the Luckiest Guy Alive

Continued from page 25

bomb- and fuel-laden aircraft, and walked away from it.

I have hung in a parachute harness over burning Cologne with the sound of an aircraft out of control whistling in my ears and another one coming at me in the dark. They missed me.

I have waited breathless in an aircraft over Mannheim while a crewman battled a high explosive flare. He got it out.

I sat as navigator over Hamburg while the Germans pumped 38 holes in our Whitley and brought us screaming down over the rooftops.

I fought to get aboard an aircraft once and they wouldn't let me go. The aircraft went missing.

Then as a prisoner of war I had a 7-hour session with the Gestapo who shackled me and planned to shoot me. Inexplicably, they changed their minds.

I drew lots for a chance to escape from Stalag Luft III. I lost my chance. Fifty of the "lucky" escapees were murdered by the S.S.

After liberation I climbed aboard a Belgian train which hit another head on. I sailed home to Canada and the next year emerged unscathed from two car accidents. Let mathematicians calculate the law of averages; let philosophers probe the vagaries of fate. I'm just thankful to be alive and quite happy to settle down, at 32, with my wife and young son.

Since I write for my living I'm going to set down some of the highlights:

I was an air observer—the navigator and bomb-aimer of a bomber aircraft. Duke Schiller, daddy of the bush pilots, and Danny Dugan, a wild Irishman off the cotton-dusting circuit, were among the pilots who survived my practice navigation. The three of us had a fair-thee-well do in Montreal before I went overseas. They were on the Atlantic Ferry run.

"We've got it soft, but you, kid, are in for a time of it," Duke Schiller said.

That was in March, 1941. Two years later Duke and Danny were dead. So were half the men I trained with. We numbered 501 in training. There are 48 of us living today.

I arrived at 10 Squadron, RAF, on the morning of August 20, 1941. The following morning I was called for a night operation to Le Havre. Twenty-four hours later, two of our crew were dead. The remaining three of us lay in hospital at Kendal, Westmoreland.

An Easy One for a Start

Lying there, we heard the BBC broadcast an Air Ministry communique: "An effective attack was made on the harbor at Le Havre and the docks at Ostend, and Dunkirk was also bombed. One aircraft is missing."

That aircraft was ours. My logbook entry of that first operation reads:

"August 21; Hour 20:02; Aircraft—Whitley T4234; Pilots—P.O. Leibeck, Sgt. Fletcher; Duty—Navigator; Remarks—Ops Le Havre—crashed on returning; Flying Time 4:37."

Dick Speer was tail-gunner, Murray McLaughlin wireless operator, both of Ottawa. Murray was a veteran of 20-odd operations. The rest of us were on our first trip. It was a "nursery trip"—an easy raid on a coastal target. We saw some flak but it wasn't close and I wasn't scared. Fear feeds on memories and I was just a babe at armaments then.

When we hit the English coast, home-bound, the weather closed in. We flew above solid cloud for an hour



So efficient...
**THE NEW
HOOVER
Floor
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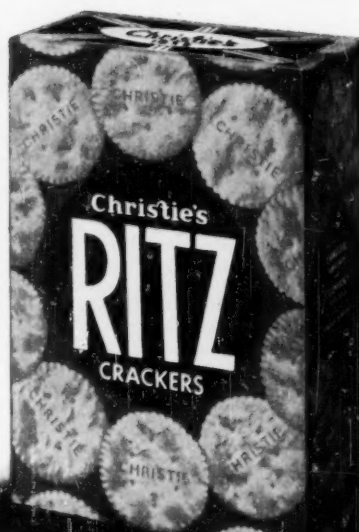


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CHRISTIE, BROWN AND COMPANY, LIMITED

and 40 minutes. Landmarks and navigation beacons were blanketed out, but I didn't worry. If my calculations were close, the high tops of the Pennine Range were 18 miles to west of us; the Yorkshire Wolds safely off to starboard.

Fletcher had been at the controls; now the skipper was taking over again. I watched the cumbersome business of two pilots changing places, disconnecting oxygen and intercom cords, then plugging them in again.

Between them the greenish glow of the airspeed indicator registered 165 miles per hour. "Too fast," I thought. "We're nosing down a little. The skipper will ease it out when he gets settled."

McLaughlin was bending down to wind in the trailing aerial. I turned back to my charts. I picked up a blue pencil and marked in the last leg of our air plot. I never did put the pencil down on the table. Crew voices and engine hum swelled to a bone-crunching orchestration.

Then we were plowing the earth. The walls of the fuselage were suddenly gone and I was floating out, hurtling forward, tumbling down through space. Lights burst around me in a black universe. Then the lights went out.

We had crashed into Boars Fell, a 2,012-foot peak of the Pennine Range. We hit at something like 160 or 170 miles per hour just as the skipper pulled back on the stick in the last moments of his life to save three of ours. The aircraft kissed the earth of Westmoreland County, smashed into a stone fence on the border and hurtled in pieces into Cumberland. The first bounce threw me through the aircraft roof, probably at 100 miles per hour. Dick Speer says I went a thousand feet. I think it was about 600.

The doctors said the bog I landed in face down, saved my life. I had a gashed head, stiff knee, and sore foot. Two small foot fractures kept me on my back for a month. While in hospital I got to pondering.

"If the other 29 trips are like that first one," I told Dick Speer. "I'll be a nervous wreck."

Silver's in Again

But in 1941-2 the average air crew survived only eight trips. I got it on my ninth. In nine trips I survived two crashes, three "tricky" landings, four "written off" aircraft; a night-fighter encounter over Sylt, a lethal hosing near Hamburg, and destruction over Maastricht. A German prison camp was a peaceful place to ponder my memories.

On the take-off for my third operation we wrapped two Nissen huts around one engine and several yards of barbed-wire fencing around the other.

I slumped behind the second pilot and relaxed for the fiery wedding of a 3,000-pound bomb load and a thousand gallons of gasoline. When they didn't explode on impact, I took my time finding the exit.

We were unhurt but an ambulance sped us back to sick quarters. A tall sombre doctor watched us file in. Then he saw me.

"Oh, no! Not you again," he said.

I did a trip to Mannheim one night with another crew. When the engineer launched the photoflare, it jammed halfway out the chute and the ten-second fuse burned toward destruction. We survived because the engineer had the forethought to carry a broom handle. He poked the flare clear.

These and other incidents were building the legend of my jinx—or my luck. The operation we did to Hamburg confirmed the squadron's fears.

Midway across the North Sea we discovered the oxygen system wasn't working. Then when I climbed into the nose position I found the intercommunication was haywire. I couldn't talk directly with Tony Moore, our 19-year-old, five-foot pilot who looked like a cherub in a flying helmet. The second pilot relayed our messages.

The muddy flats of the Dutch Islands skimmed under us and there wasn't a sign of flak; we crossed the Cuxhaven peninsula and not a searchlight flickered.

Like lambs we went to slaughter. When they had us safely inland, the blue beam of a master searchlight flicked like an adder's tongue to catch us. Four seconds later we were writhing in the cone of a dozen cold white beams. The light drowned out everything. It was like being suspended stark naked at the end of a fishing pole.

Tony twisted the Whitley but the cone held us. Heavy flak burst in a crump-crump around the aircraft. Two fiery balls broke just beneath where I lay on the plastic bomb-aiming panel. Cordite fumes filled the fuselage.

The Whitley dived shuddering. Wing fabric and equipment were torn loose in a half dozen flak bursts. I watched the altimeter on the bomb-aimer's panel fall away. We were dropping at five miles a minute to German earth. Then I remembered the bombload and flicked it free.

Were we out of control? Huddled in the nose how could I guess. My mouth slammed the bomb sight as the aircraft pulled from its plunge. Roof tops skimmed past the nose beneath me. Out over wharfs and warehouses we fled to the coast. Guns lashed us all the way.

Flak hit us 38 times; shells tore away one elevator flap and jammed the other. They jammed the rudder controls. The aerial mast was shot away, or broken off.

Half by skill and half by instinct, Tony wheeled the Whitley on and upward; gunning one engine and then the other. As I clambered up from the nose, he winked at me like an elf.

"You know," he shouted in my ear. "It's highly unlikely we'll get back to England tonight."

But we limped through to Acklington fighter base where they filled the sky with rockets and flares for us. Tony fought the dying Whitley toward the flare path. In a last exhausted thrust, the plane settled onto the landing strip.

An engineering officer examined our Whitley next morning. "You may have flown it in," he said, "but I think it impossible."

"Is it badly hit?" Tony asked.

"Main braces are broken in four places and it should have fallen apart," he replied. "I'm writing it off now—completely."

Thousand-bomber Raid

That was the last time we ever flew Whitleys. I had survived three of them and had a sentimental feeling for the lumbering craft that flew nose down like a hound dog. But progress caught us and we converted to a four-engine Halifax.

One day all leave was canceled and a cloak of security fell over Bomber Command. The word went round: "Stand by for a big do."

Our crew was sent to Scotland to bring back a Halifax. At Lossiemouth we were photographed. It was the last picture ever taken of Tony and the two gunners. That was May 28.

On the thirtieth, every crew on the station was called to briefing. An air commodore addressed us.

"Tonight," he said, "we'll make

Continued on page 52

Canada Unlimited

growth of an idea...



1943



1944



1945



1946

WILL GRANT AWARDS TO CANADIAN ARTISTS OF PROMISE

Since 1943 Canada Unlimited has been the theme of O'Keefe's advertising. Each year, one phase of the development of our nation has been traced in a series of paintings. Some of these paintings have won international awards as examples of fine art in advertising. They have brought credit and recognition to the many Canadian artists who were commissioned to paint them.

Last year a further step was taken to awaken in the minds of Canadians the greatness of this country of ours. The O'Keefe Foundation published a book which dramatically told the exciting history of our country. Thousands of copies of "Canada Unlimited" have gone to Canadians and to other people in all parts of the world.

In 1950 O'Keefe's will provide an opportunity for the further development of the cultural life of our nation.

It has been widely recognized that there are many hundreds of Canadian artists whose ability deserves public support and encouragement. In order to assist these young Canadians, O'Keefe's have established eighteen awards ranging in value from \$200. to \$1000. which will enable student artists of promise to further their training.

These awards will be granted to students between the ages of 18 and 30 who show they will benefit most from further study. Complete details together with application forms may be obtained by writing to The Director, O'Keefe's Art Awards, 47 Fraser Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, to whom completed application forms must be sent not later than April 15th, 1950.



1947



1948

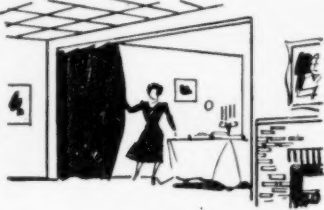
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LIMITED

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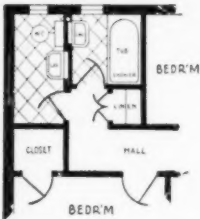
In these Anaconda advertisements, a complete series of more than 70 building hints will be published. Clip and save them to check on that home you build or buy. Be sure you get the most out of the biggest investment you may ever make.

7 Trend is toward plan flexibility. Partitions are eliminated where possible. Hall, living and dining room are grouped to give space for entertaining. For privacy, folding or sliding doors and curtains can separate rooms. For many reasons it's preferable to combine dining room with living room instead of with kitchen. Minimum size recommended is 11 x 21 or 13 x 18 feet.



8 The kitchen is the house workshop. It must be laid out for convenience. Continuous counter should link refrigerator—near outside door; sink—under window; and range—near serving centre. Provide electric outlets and space for future equipment. Counter projects out into room instead of along wall. This creates area for breakfast nook, laundry or child's play area.

9 Two-compartment bathroom takes up little more space than single one, eliminates rush hour bottlenecks. Putting bathroom over, or next to kitchen saves plumbing costs. Bedrooms should not be small—school children require place to study. Besides closets, plan storage areas for books, cleaning equipment, linen, luggage, children's toys, garden tools and miscellaneous items.



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Anaconda Copper & Brass

Continued from page 50
history." It was the first thousand-bomber raid.

They sent twin-engine kites in first. We carried three and a half tons of incendiary bombs to keep Cologne burning. We could see the Whiteleys and Wimpeys skittering home as we churned eastward over Holland.

Near Maastricht I left my chart table and climbed up beside Tony to check a map point. The moon was near full and at 16,000 feet it was almost daylight. Three miles below, the Maas River was a strand of tinsel. Sixty miles ahead, Cologne was burning.

We were on course. I stood a moment caught by the beauty of a moon-washed sky. A sharp bark of explosive shells silenced the intercom. Like a hacksaw, shells ripped our middle. For ten seconds balls of fire danced around us. They passed between Tony's body and mine; they poured through the chart table and the seat I had lately vacated.

Then there was silence and the stench of burned cordite. Still the four engines plowed on and the aircraft was steady. I looked to Tony and he took his right hand from the controls. He formed the fingers into a fist and inverted the fist. Then he thrust his thumb downward and gestured slowly with it.

I could see no flames and there was nothing in his face to suggest fear or finality. But I knew what that gesture meant. I knocked the chart table back on its hinges. I reached for the ring of the escape hatch. It was stuck. The bomb-aimer helped me force it open. I didn't know then he was temporarily blinded. Nor did I know that the incendiary bombs were burning up from the bomb bay, in a solid flame back of the bulkhead door—and our gunners were dead.

I clipped on my parachute and looked back up the short stair to Tony. Thurlow, the engineer, was beside him; Thurlow's arm had a cannon shell through it. Tony looked once impatiently toward me.

"There's seven guys to get out, you know," he said in his glance. "And you're first."

I waved bravely as I could, clutched the parachute ring in one fist, thrust my legs through the hatch, and slipped into the night.

I don't remember counting ten, nor even of pulling the ring. All I thought was: "This is one night we don't get back to England."

Then I heard the roar of an aircraft. Perhaps it was our own, or the Jerry who ripped our middle. The roar of the motors grew in the stillness around me. My mind saw propeller blades thrashing the air to reach me. The roar grew to a scream of rage and I waited for the end. A great black shadow slipped past me and there was silence again. I closed my eyes to the night around me and shut my ears to the flap of the parachute canopy. Alone in the vastness I prayed.

I hung three miles above Maastricht and watched Cologne burn.

Condemned to Die

Two days later, a policeman was looking for a stolen bicycle and found me riding it through Holland. Every stitch of clothing I wore was Dutch.

How had I acquired the clothes? A Dutch family risked their lives to provide them.

Shortly after my capture, four Gestapo men marched into the cell where the Luftwaffe had lodged me. They ripped the clothes from my back. They pulled French, Belgian and Dutch currency from the seams of my coat. They ripped a compass from one sleeve; a map from the other.

Maclean's Magazine, March 15, 1950

This stuff had packed compactly into an escape kit I carried in a battle-dress pocket. But plucked from my clothing, it made an incriminating pile on the cell floor. When a wicked little hacksaw blade fell from my trousers, the Gestapo were certain they had a saboteur.

At gun point they removed me to Amsterdam Police Building. Outsize handcuffs fastened my hands behind my back; leg irons, on an 18-inch chain, held my feet. The handcuffs and leg irons were joined by a heavy chain that was disconcerting to sit on.

For 40 minutes, a man, who looked like Eric von Stroheim in a spy picture, screamed at me in German. Angered by fear and futility, I roared back at him.

It was useless to argue. When he had talked himself out, he summoned an interpreter. The interpreter informed me I would be shot as a saboteur.

I repeated my name, rank and number; I pointed to the identification discs they had ripped from my neck. I told them I had been shot down on operational service with the RAF. I told them they couldn't do this to me.

"International law says we can shoot you as a saboteur," the interpreter answered. "You were found in civilian disguise."

For three hours they grilled me about my disguise. I told a story of stealing the clothes from Dutch farm homes. Again and again they made me trace my escape route on a map. As I led them a false course I could see in my mind's eye the Dutch family and their three blond children. Finally they believed the lie and I was sent to prison camp.

Silver Rides Again

When we were liberated, with a half dozen others I made my way south to Emsdetten. There we managed a rail warrant to Ostend, but we didn't make it. Midway to Antwerp on the last night of the war in Europe someone put two trains on the same track—ours was southbound, the other was traveling north. I awoke when I hit a pair of size-twelve boots with my head. A former squadron mate—six-foot Robin Hunter, of Jamaica, was wearing the boots.

We climbed from the shambles of a Belgian train, shaken but not much hurt. Hunter looked at me.

"With you on that train, I might have known," he said.

A few months later, back home in Canada, I drove through the night on a long trip. Toward morning I dozed momentarily and my car edged from the road. Instinctively I opened my eyes, cut back too sharply and swerved from the pavement. I saw the car would somersault so I lay flat on the seat. The car bounced off the road and lit on its roof inside a farmer's fence.

I crawled out of the wreckage unhurt and flagged down the next car. The driver looked around. The car was on the other side of a four-foot fence and I was unscathed.

Then he listened to my story. But I don't think he believed me.

After all, how was he to know he was talking to the luckiest man alive. ★

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Lester Patrick's 50 Years On Ice

Continued from page 20

he was through with hockey only to find himself invited by the New York Rangers to take charge of their club, he was playing with other people's money in the big town.

Applying his own small-town methods to a big-town team he found that they worked—not only to win championships but to attract crowds and make money for his employers. They worked so well indeed, that the New York capitalists, who had hired him for his hockey brains entirely, found that they had hired at once an able businessman and an impresario with a flair which excited the dull appetites of the metropolis.

Out of the lessons of those years Lester concludes that while the ideal raw material for a star is a boy with a fine body and a rather simple, uncomplicated and easy-going brain which concentrates on hockey, you can't be sure this combination will work.

"Look, I'm in the dressing room before the game. I've given my last instructions. Some of the boys are sitting calmly, looking at the floor or the ceiling, thinking about nothing and worrying about nothing. Then I look at a great star like Bill Cook. Is he at ease? No, sir, he's on the edge of the bench, he's rocking back and forth and it's all he can do to hold himself down.

"The calm boys I can rely on for their usual steady game, but for super-hockey that wins championships I have to rely on the Bill Cooks. It isn't an invariable rule but in general, if you find a great player he'll be as tense before a game as a race horse at the post."

The Silence That Hurts

What does a great player need next to a good body and the instinct called hockey brains? Lester answers without hesitation: "Courage. Above all, courage. And I don't mean just physical courage—no one plays hockey long without a lot of that—I mean moral courage."

Even the greatest player is subject to moral hazards and until you know him well, after long experience, you can never be sure how he will meet them.

For example, the fellow who plays great hockey on the home rink, takes every chance and laughs at every risk, may suddenly fade away from home. He has plenty of physical courage, but he lacks the moral variety, which is just as important, maybe more important.

"I always calculated that our chances of winning games away from home were 15% less than on our own ice. That's about the way it worked out when I checked up the figures.

"Why? Because at home a team is among friends, everybody's cheering for it, every player feels good and, because he can't imagine defeat, he goes out and wins. But next night he's in a strange town, there are no fans around the hotel to pat him on the back, no cheers when he goes on the ice, no encouragement when he makes a good play—only that dead and shattering silence which hurts you more than a thunder of abuse."

You've Got to Want to Win

How do you manage the brittle machine of some 20 major physical gears and all the incalculable mental gears meshed secretly within them? That has been the main study of

Lester's life. He says he never mastered it, that no one ever will. Still, he has succeeded better than anyone to date. How?

"The first thing is to know and make a friend of every player," Lester says. "If you can't make a friend of him you're probably better without him, no matter how well he plays hockey."

"A few years ago I took a great player into the Rangers' lineup. He seemed to have everything—on the ice. I wasn't sure what he had off the ice, which is just as important—character, I mean. I took him because I needed him badly."

"Well, we went up to Boston and we lost the game. Afterward in the dressing room this new player said, 'Well, we ought to be all right, because we've got eight games left to play at home and only four away from home and we ought to win most of the home games.'

"I listened but I didn't say anything. Then I saw Bill Cook, our captain, jump up from the bench. 'I' Bill shouted, 'in this club we figure to win every game, home or away from home—every single one, see?' Even if Cook hadn't been a better performer physically he'd have been worth ten of the other fellow because he had that final and essential thing—the will to win."

The theory of friendship and complete candor in a hockey team Lester carried much farther than most managers. For example, he never prohibited the use of liquor, even in midseason.

"I'm running a hockey team, not a Sunday school. I put my boys on their honor and rarely have I been disappointed. If a player can't be trusted, I don't want him. And if I trust him I don't ride him."

"Don't get me wrong there—a hockey player can't drink, if by drinking you mean the regular use of alcohol. I'd fire any man who tried it. But suppose we've had a tough week, several hard games, and everybody's stale and out of sorts. We have a free week ahead of us. Then a little party is mighty good for the boys. I don't mean a drunk, I mean a little reasonable relaxation, a good dinner, and then we'll sit around and maybe have a couple of drinks, if any boy wants them. What do we talk about? We talk about hockey, of course."

Lester, brought up in a teetotaling family, sets his own limit at two drinks at these times. He has an almost pathological horror of drunkenness. He smokes twenty to thirty cigarettes a day and smoked all through his playing years. He believes it does a good deal of harm to the athlete, he discourages it, but he doesn't forbid it.

Patrick's Silent Treatment

Patrick's training rules for his players are pretty simple—plenty of sleep, no dissipation, good digestible food.

What if the player breaks the rules? Every man who has played under Lester in the last forty years knows what happens then—the offender got the famous Patrick silent treatment.

In the spring of 1926 the world-champion Victoria Cougars were riddled with injuries and in a slump. Lester, at 42 years of age, returned to the ice after five years of retirement. He was giving a pretty good imitation of himself and his scoring helped to lift the team from the basement into the western play-offs. On the prairie tour which would decide the western championship a famous Cougar star seemed to crack up. He couldn't find the goal and he had stopped fighting.

One night in Saskatoon Lester told his team to be back in the hotel by

Continued on page 55

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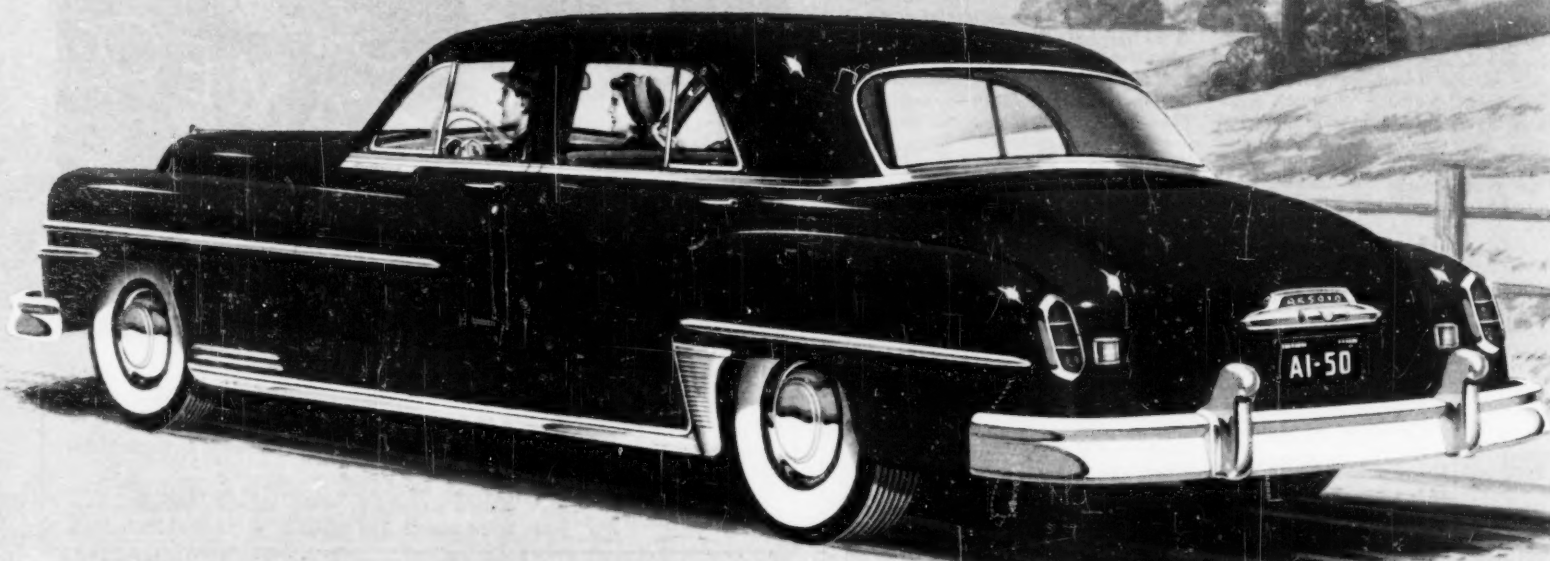
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"DE SOTO LETS YOU DRIVE WITHOUT SHIFTING"

Continued from page 53

eleven at the latest. Most of them were in bed before ten. But the star had not turned up. Lester sat in the hotel lobby, waiting and at 2 a.m. the missing player reeled in with two friends, all equally high. Lester didn't even look at him. He stretched, yawned and walked upstairs to his room. For two days he simply ignored the offending player.

Before the decisive game of the series the player came to Lester in tears to ask forgiveness. "For God's sake, Lester," he cried, "why don't you talk to me? Tell me what you think of me, say anything you like, but say something!"

Then Lester talked, without raising his voice, without change of expression and he made that young giant cringe.

"And if you want to talk to me again," Lester concluded, "you get out on that ice and play some hockey."

That night the boy scored three goals and practically assured Victoria its place in the play-off series. He and Lester have been fast friends to this day.

The silent treatment worked equally well on another star who had held out, demanding more salary. Lester didn't argue, and left the fellow alone, stewing for weeks. Finally the two met and it turned out that the player thought he was underpaid because he did not receive the salary of \$3,500 paid to the great Frank Frederickson (a huge sum in those days).

"Look," said Lester, "you don't have to play. I can replace you. But if you'll come to the opening game and stand in the crowd while everyone's cheering Frederickson, and if one fan, just one, ever mentions the fact that you're missing from the lineup I'll double your salary."

"Give me your pen," said the player. "I'll sign."

They're Best at 30

Given physique, character and harmony with his teammates, what is the next essential ingredient of a great player? "Quick reflexes. What makes a quick reflex I don't know, but I do know that a hockey player must react more quickly than any other athlete."

There are a few other obvious ingredients. A boy must be able to skate, and most boys never learn how, for hockey purposes. He doesn't have to be a speed champion. He must have learned stickhandling in his boyhood, for it can never be learned afterward. He must have a fair shot, though this can be improved with practice. He must have, above all, the capacity and willingness to learn.

When does the average player reach his peak? At thirty, Lester calculates.

"You never lose your skill, but at thirty-five you suddenly find your legs getting unaccountably heavy. They're the first thing to go. When I was playing at thirty-seven and then again at forty-two it got mighty tough on the old man's legs. The rest of me seemed as good as ever."

A player at his peak may have every other quality and lack the odd quality called color.

"Babe Ruth had it. Gehrig was a great player, too, but he lacked color. Don't ask me why."

Poor Kids Are the Best

"In hockey Cyclone Taylor had color—what color, like a neon light!—and Morenz, Nighbor, Shore, Moose Johnson, Ching Johnson, Frederickson and dozens more I could mention. Jack Walker, who made the hook check famous, was one of the greatest players who ever lived and not far short of the brainiest I ever knew, but somehow, no matter how brilliant he was, he didn't bring the crowd to their feet. He lacked color. So did his teammate Frank Foyston, and there were few better in centre ice. Why? You'd better ask a psychologist. I'm only an ex-hockey player," says Lester.

The bulk of good players come from the poorer groups of society, not from the well-to-do, Patrick has found.

"The reason is obvious when you come to think of it. On average—on average, mind you, and with plenty of exceptions—the boy in a rich or even a moderately prosperous home is inclined to take it easy. He's driving a car instead of walking. He's playing golf or tennis rather than hard team games. He probably gads around a lot at parties. He may drink a bit.

His food is soft and rich. His body and, more important his attitude, is softer than a poor boy's. He doesn't have to be hard, as the poor boy does, to survive.

"A poor boy is thrown up against the tough side of life from the start. He's toughened physically, and equally important, mentally. There will always be good hockey players in college and in well-to-do families, but on average they will come mostly from a poor environment."

That, Lester adds is what makes hockey one of the major factors in the democracy of Canada—it is pre-eminently a poor boy's game, played on every pond and creek and flooded lot across the nation, and on the ice every boy is equal.

Before he retired from the big leagues Lester Patrick generally sought out his own raw material. Like other managers he employed scouts, those tight-lipped and mysterious figures who are flitting about Canada at this hour. But Lester, though he sometimes hired players solely on the advice of trusted scouts, preferred to see them for himself from an obscure corner of the rink, without being seen.

All Lester asks is that a boy shall have reasonable bodily skill and the makings of hockey brains. He thinks these qualities are often destroyed before they can grow.

"There is only one way a boy can be sure to learn to play hockey—on the pond, on the creek, on a flooded lot. He's not likely to learn it in a big rink. The foundation of hockey isn't really hockey at all. It's shinny, a wild melee of kids battling a puck around, with no rules, no organization, nothing but individual effort to grab and hold the puck. In that way, and usually in that way only, a boy learns from the beginning the art of stickhandling which you can never teach him later on. He's on his own and knows how to look after the puck and himself."

In the well-meant attempt to organize midget and bantam hockey in rinks, with coaches who seldom know their business, a boy does not usually get a real chance, as in shinny, to become one with his skates, his stick and the puck. Too often, for example, boys are taught to rush the puck down the ice and, losing it, to skate back leisurely instead of back-checking all the way. Combination plays are learned too early, before the boy is ready for them as a skater, puckhandler or checker.

Refinements like combination should come later when the boy is master of himself, and few boys will gain this mastery without some preliminary years of shinny. Thus, in the misjudged effort to teach them too soon and too quickly, hundreds of Canadian boys who should make big-league stars never go beyond the amateur or the minor professional leagues.

In Patrick's book, the greatest player in history was the one and only "Cyclone."

"He was," says Lester, "as near perfection as we shall probably ever see. He had the speed of Morenz, the grace of Bun Cook, the poke check of Frank Boucher, the shot of Tom Phillips. He began as a defenseman in the East and when he came West my brother, Frank, said to him, 'I'm going to make you the greatest centre-ice man in history.' The Cyclone laughed and thought it was crazy. But Frank was right."

Lester ventured one more verdict on individual players. He called Bill Cook, captain of the Rangers, "the brainiest player I ever saw, the greatest right-wing man of all time."

This concludes a two-part series on Lester Patrick. ★

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At Your Throat, Or Your Feet

"They say that history never repeats itself," said a visiting German the other day, "but history is always repeating itself. Here we are, 80 million people in the heart of Europe. America and Britain would like to use us as mercenaries but they are afraid to arm us. Russia would also like to employ us but she too is afraid of giving us teeth in case we bite the wrong dog. Well, we can wait. We know Germany is bound to become the most sought-after *cocotte* in the world."

The German is a strange creature—dark, gifted, industrious, naturally honest, courageous in battle and cowardly in civil life, logical but unimaginative, obsessed with death and fascinated by pagan folklore, benevolent and cruel, has a longing to give orders and a passion for being ordered, cunning at any given moment but stupid in his ultimate conclusions.

A few months after the Hitler war ended I went through Germany with a parliamentary deputation. The Germans bowed so low that I saw more of their scalps than their faces.

"Do you admit your war guilt?" we asked. Down went the heads. "We do. We lost the war." They had been guilty of defeat. To them that was a crime deserving of any punishment. As for Nazis, there was not one to be found. They had all been against Hitler.

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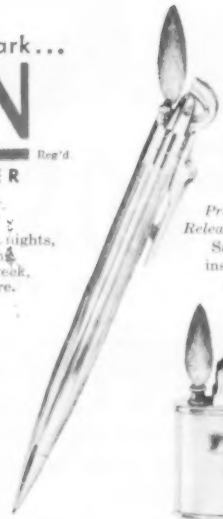
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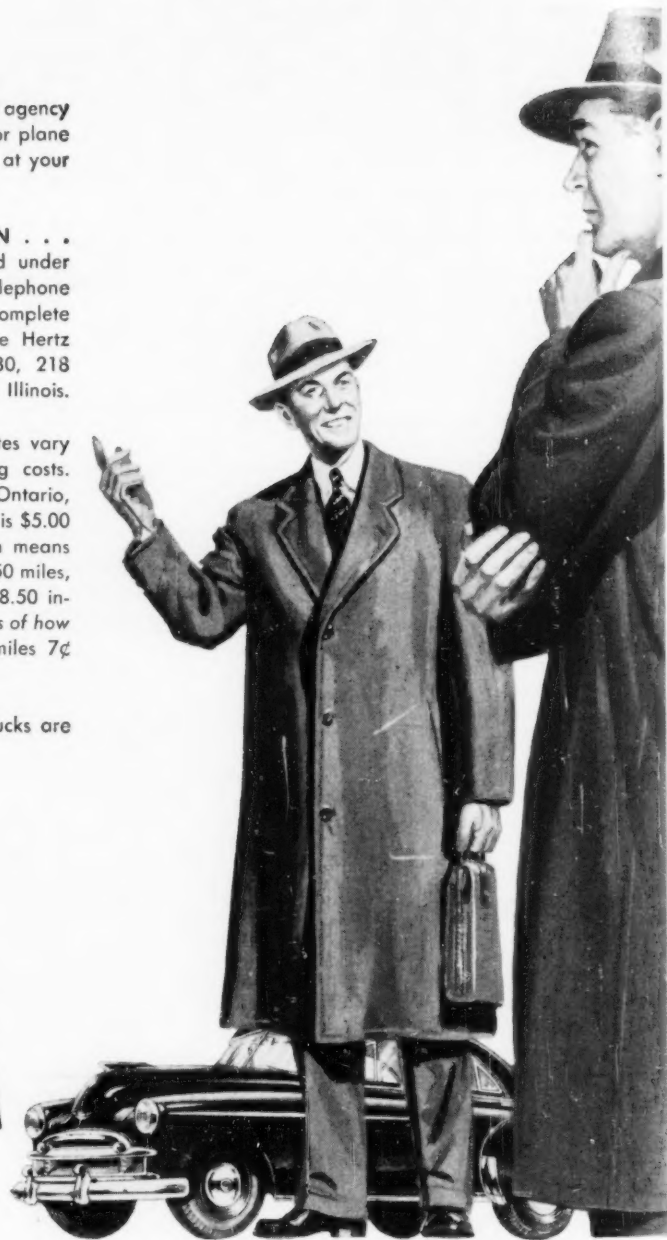
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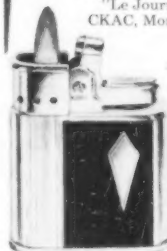
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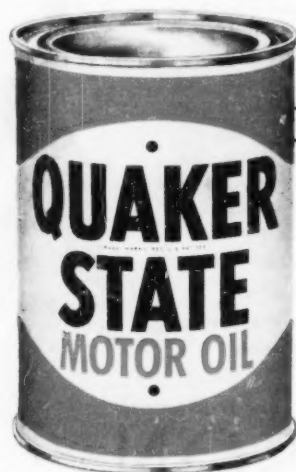
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strengthen the cause of Western civilization without being in a position to menace its survival.

In my opinion the first imperative move is to offer the Parliament at Bonn full membership in the European Parliament of Strasbourg. In other words Western Germany would be accepted into the Western Union. The Germans might reply that equality is impossible when Britain, France and their allies are fully armed while Germany is kept without the sinews of defense. But she would gain so much in prestige and industrially that she would be unlikely to press the matter of rearmament for some time.

How to Arm Germany

Germans with whom I have talked in the last few months have assured me they want to look to the West for their future. It is true that in the past their dream was the "March to the East"—the subjugation of the Slav and the exploitation of Russia's vast resources. But now that pleasant dream has to be forgotten.

Like Napoleon, the Kaiser and Hitler they have learned that conquest of Russia is impossible, no matter how many preliminary defeats her armies may suffer. Therefore, the German outlook has become westernized, a process which has been hastened by the relentless Russianizing of the Eastern Zone of Germany. As propagandists of hatred the Russians are excellent but as propagandists of friendship they are the world's greatest flop.

However, there still remains the damnable question—should we arm Germany? Probably the answer is that if she plays her full part in Western Union and if there is no evidence of another beer-cellar Führer rising from the depths she should be armed under the direction and control of the Western Union Defense staff. I do not see how we can form a political and economic partnership with her while leaving her territory helpless against invasion.

But even that is not the complete answer or solution to the European problem. It would be a constructive step and would bring hope and self-respect to the decent elements in Germany, but we must ask ourselves what effect such a move would have on Russian susceptibilities. Would the Soviet regard it as a preliminary move to a western partnership which would

eventually hurl itself against the Russians?

The Russian people are told every day that America intends to make war on them, but I do not suppose there is a single member of the Soviet hierarchy who believes it. Fear and hatred against the outside world are always the implements of dictatorship, for without them people would not endure sacrifices and the loss of liberty that a dictatorship demands. Therefore we must assume that Stalin and his familiars do not believe they will be attacked.

On the other hand I cannot see any reason for Russia going to war unless internal trouble threatened the survival of her regime. We know little about the coterie that governs Russia but there must be hatreds and jealousies behind the mask of rigid unity. But as long as Stalin lives it is unlikely there will be an internal breakup and it's therefore unlikely there will be war. After all, Russia still has to digest what she has swallowed in Europe and Asia.

It would seem, then, that the westernizing of Germany should go on even if it involves the risk of German rearmament under strict control of the western military staff. Simultaneously, the Christian world must seek a peaceful relationship with Russia in the knowledge that if war comes again the story of mankind will enter upon its final chapter of degradation. War is only inevitable when the weakness and disunity of one side inflame the ambitions of the other and stronger side. That is the lesson that 1939 taught us.

This time, in calm resolution, we must see to it that the would-be conqueror of the world will know that if he draws the sword it will eventually be driven into his own breast.

If it is said by mothers and wives who lost their sons and husbands in the war against Germany that the resurgence of Germany is a mockery of their sacrifice no one could help but have sympathy with them. Yet we did not fight Germany in 1939. We fought against the forces of darkness for the preservation of human liberty. That war is still on, although the guns are silent.

It was the sacrifice of the young that made it possible for the civilized world to shake off its inertia and disunity and to come together in a grand alliance, armed materially and spiritually for the victory that has yet to be won. ★



MACLEAN'S

Harry SEVERUS

"Pardon me, Mister, you dropped your watch!"

Anybody Want a Mountain Moved?

Continued from page 13

when breakup comes this spring divers will be able to continue working deep in the racing stream, sheltered by a movable steel tower which sits on the bottom and breaks the turbulent currents.

If the Chief didn't personally design every stud and bolt of this deflector, he thoroughly coached and heckled the job from the sidelines. He would stop the responsible engineers on the elevator, en route to lunch, to debate certain of its features. If they didn't give in to his viewpoint he'd keep calling upon other staff members till he found someone to back his opinion. Foundation men don't give in easily to the Chief but hunger can wear a man down.

Chadwick designed and patented his first deflector nearly 20 years ago before sinking piers for the Mercier highway bridge across the St. Lawrence at the foot of the Lachine rapids. He conducted his experiments in his bathtub. One quiet Sunday afternoon at home father Chadwick got thinking about a new tugboat for the Foundation fleet just as the four Chadwick children were starting a game of hopscotch. Gently shoving his young aside Chadwick borrowed the chalk and the sidewalk to lay out plans for what was later to be christened the Foundation Martha, after his youngest.

Stickup at the Samovar

Foundation veterans say "the Chief is the company," but the reverse is probably even closer to the mark. All things that touch Chadwick's interest—his company, his family, his fishing—become completely absorbed in the man. This man is kindly, shrewd, annoyingly persistent, fascinated by detail and absent-minded about everything except the thing he's concentrating on. But he is above all things a practical engineer.

He directs the continent-wide operations of the Foundation Company from a five-story head-office building on Montreal's Sherbrooke St. Here he will peer over a draftsman's shoulder and quibble about the cross-sectional shape of a steel I-beam, get interested in a small file card designed to trace the location of a blueprint and then spend an hour and a half trying to convince the responsible department head the card should be revised.

Highly suspicious of extravagance he cracks down on people who send full-rate telegrams at 5 o'clock, or indulge in too much red tape.

On the other hand he used to like to tag Foundation's late and much-loved treasurer, "Chippy" Grierson, with the pinch-penny reputation common to all purse-string holders.

The chief once organized an impromptu after-work expedition of 14 office staffers to Montreal's Samovar night club. He insisted that everyone eat heartily and have another drink for old time's sake. When a bill was presented for something more than \$100 he announced to the stunned treasurer, "Chippy—this party's on you." His delight when Grierson had to beg and borrow all around the table was unbounded.

Actually, getting stuck with the night-club check was nothing to the treasurer compared to his constant headache of finding the necessary funds to pay for some sudden purchase of new plant or equipment made without notice by Chadwick—often a week after he himself had sternly ordered that there

must be no further capital outlay for six months.

Chadwick has surrounded himself with an A-1 staff of whom he is basically considerate, but he disguises this thoroughly by being a perfectionist. He seldom tells a man a job is well done (he'll tell others) and if he can't find an error to pounce on in a job he will continue to worry it like a dog sniffing suspiciously about a strange house.

Years in the construction game, where highly competitive bidding makes a contractor watch every angle to ensure a profit, have made Chadwick allergic to wasted effort and materials. On big jobs in the bush, for instance, a costly factor is that a whole work camp must be built and then abandoned when the contract is completed.

"Chadwick wants every temporary building designed to fall down the day after you move out," advises an engineer who recalls that one job superintendent came thrillingly close to achieving that goal. He threw up a set of bunkhouses and mess halls which stood up fine during the two years it took to complete a power dam miles from nowhere—then collapsed the third winter under the weight of snow on the rooftops.

Chadwick personally, however, is so completely uncash-conscious that he has been caught short time and again. He was once thrown off a train for lack of the fare—and talked the station-master into loaning him the price of the ticket.

Chadwick crosses no invisible boundary when he leaves office for home. Here, instead of Chief, he gets called Dickie by his wife and Dad by his now grown children (only Mike, an architect, is married; the twins, Bill and Mary, and Martha are all at home). But often as not he'll go on talking shop where he left off at the office and his behavior is otherwise identical. Once finding a heavy layer of ice in the refrigerator he threw the switch to defrost it without telling anyone. By the time somebody turned the frig on again a mess of lamb chops was starting to smell high—and this was during meat rationing.

Another time he developed a system of colored coat hangers, the color signaling whether the suit hanging on it needed pressing, cleaning or throwing out. It was probably the idea more than its practical use which appealed to him for office associates say he pays so little attention to clothes that when inspecting a job he'll wander through mud, muck and drip without even a pair of rubbers unless someone forces waterproofing on him. He usually buys good-quality clothes, several suits at a time (sometimes of identical material) but once fell for a bargain in old-fashioned sharp-pointed shoes and bought 10 pairs because they were only \$3 each.

Blue Nylon and Red Silk

Chadwick's colored coat hangers pale in ingenuity beside the system of bright-hued ribbons with which he identifies his fishing line. Happily going over a cigar box full of neatly beribboned bundles of line he explains that "the red means a silk line—after the red flag of Japan; the green is for linen line from Ireland; and (triumphantly) the blue means nylon line—for the blue-blooded du Ponts!"

He insists he seldom goes off deliberately on fishing trips. "I do my fishing in whatever stream's handy to the job I'm visiting," he explains. Mixing the two pursuits so thoroughly once caused Chadwick to confuse fishing and engineering tactics. He discovered a wonderful pool from an overhanging ledge which offered such

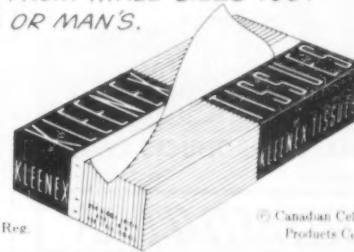
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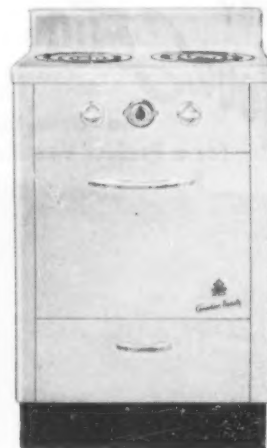
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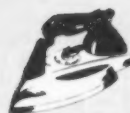
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an excellent view he could even see two or three fish congregated at a certain point. "He took painstaking sights on the precise spot by means of several landmarks," relates a Foundationite, "then scrambled down to river level. He found the spot again all right, but he hadn't taken into his calculations the possibility that the fish might move off somewhere else."

One of the few times he did make a special trip to catch fish was to the east coast during the war, but his outing was ruined by a string of telegraphed pleas from H. R. MacMillan, then Ottawa shipping czar, urging that he go to Pictou, and check up personally on progress of Foundation's shipbuilding program. He reeled in his line.

"MacMillan wants me to come to Pictou, so I've come to Pictou!" he announced peevishly on arrival. Then he headed for a good fishing stream nearby and wasn't seen at the shipyard for days. Foundation justified his tactics by building 24 steel freighters of 4,700 tons, and building 12 of them faster and eight of them cheaper than any other yard.

Chadwick's marriage, like his fishing, has always been inextricably tangled with his work. Particularly in earlier years, Josephine Chadwick toured the country with her husband visiting job after job, scrambling after him over scaffolds and into tunnels, and was for many years able to call dozens of the men on any job by name. Five-foot-five, with green-grey eyes and brown hair now turned grey, Mrs. Chadwick is calm, collected and charming—though even she has her limits.

Years ago Dickie Chadwick arrived home for dinner one night all excited about a "half-million-dollar job which I've got to have estimates on by morning." All evening "Joey" helped him check and recheck his figures. By 1 o'clock they had an estimate showing that Foundation would have to bid \$600,000 to make money; by 3 a.m. the figure had risen to \$750,000; then they painstakingly tried it still another way and by 4 a.m. came up with their final figure.

"See—we can do it for \$500,000!" declared Chadwick in triumph.

"That's what you told me it would cost when you came home 11 hours ago!" moaned his shaken wife, holding her aching head. "Come on to bed."

The Wife Who Walked on Water

The entire family became involved in a comic opera crisis with cloak-and-dagger underones in the dark hours of Saturday evening, Sept. 2, 1939. While the world waited for Britain to declare war on Germany the Chadwicks of Montreal were ranging the town in frantic search of youngest son Mike. Mike had driven off with his dad's car and locked in the trunk were secret plans for the antisubmarine boom for Halifax harbor. The blueprints had been entrusted to Chadwick the year before at Munich time and Mike had unwittingly made off with them just as his father was called to the phone by a long-distance summons to rush off with them to Ottawa.

The family couldn't find Mike, but word caught up with him along the young-blood grapevine somehow. He was mystified about why the car was wanted, the family having a second one—until he discovered his father's raincoat in the back seat. Thoughtfully he drove home, hung up the coat in a house by now entirely deserted by his pursuers, and departed again as care-free as before.

In desperation father finally called in the cops to take up the chase of the car with the top-secret trunk, but Mike

innocently evaded them all until he returned home after a pleasant evening to a thoroughly demoralized family.

Off to Ottawa went Chadwick with the plans, arriving soon before Britain's ultimatum to Hitler expired, but not much. Buying up all the steel cable in Canada and improving on the original British Admiralty design as they went Chadwick's men had the antisubmarine net strung across Halifax harbor within two and a half months—less than half the time at first estimated.

As for Mrs. Chadwick, her silent partnership in the Foundation Company has not been entirely without official recognition. The proud queen of the firm's North Atlantic salvage fleet is named Foundation Josephine. And after all, she's probably the only woman who ever walked across the St. Lawrence on dry land.

This was in 1940 when Foundation crews had flung coffer dams (temporary barriers of rock-filled log cribbing) across the St. Lawrence near Beauharnois before building a permanent dam of structural concrete to back up additional water into a nearby powerhouse. The enthusiasm with which the Chief telephoned his wife to invite her to be the first woman to

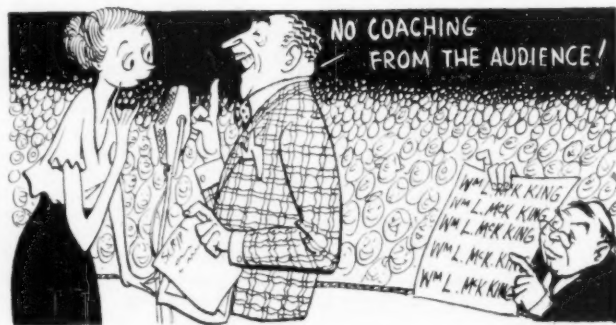
walk the bed of the St. Lawrence ("I told her she wouldn't even need her rubbers!") was typical of the spontaneous fashion in which he has always involved her in every project which engaged his interest.

It also indicated that R. E. Chadwick is perhaps never as happy as when he is playing hob with water—blocking it with dams, lacing it with submarine nets, plumbing it with pneumatic caissons, cheating it of luckless vessels or making it turn around and go the other way.

It might even be said that this fascination for water was what led him to desert the basements which the original Foundation Company of New York intended him to make a life work. Certainly he has never been able to get half so interested in routine items like building industrial plants, as in such damp assignments as laying underwater pipelines or urging on his salvage tugs in a race to beat rivals to a ship in distress.

The colorful exploits which transformed a dry-land construction outfit into an amphibious creature unique in engineering annals will be described in a second and concluding part of this article in the next issue of Maclean's. ★

FOOTNOTES ON THE FAMOUS



A Surprise for Shirley

A YOUNG Ottawa girl has an autographed photograph of the Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King to prove that it sometimes pays not to know the answer to a question on a quiz program. She is Shirley Scharf, a bank employee.

At a radio quiz show on the stage of an Ottawa cinema Shirley was asked to name the last five prime ministers of Canada.

She racked her brain a minute, then confessed: "Well, I'm not very old, and the only prime minister I can remember is William Lyon Mackenzie King." The audience hooted and Shirley sat down disconsolately, wishing she had known her political history better.

Shirley didn't know it, but King, still then prime minister, was in the audience. The quiz

happened to coincide with the premiere showing of "The Iron Curtain," which was attended by some members of the Federal Cabinet.

King, evidently tickled at this innocent tribute to his long reign, determined that the girl should be compensated for her understandable error.

The next morning a startled Shirley Scharf received a phone call from the prime minister's secretary and stammeringly accepted an invitation to call on King—in his own car.

Shirley no longer remembers what the quiz prize was, but she knows that if she had won it she would never have seen the inside of Laurier House, would never have met the prime minister, and would not now proudly possess her autographed photograph.—H. F. Butler.

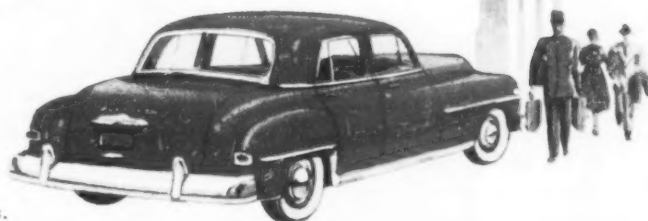
Do you know any humorous or revealing anecdotes about notable people? For authenticated incidents, Maclean's will pay \$50. Mail to Footnotes on the Famous, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

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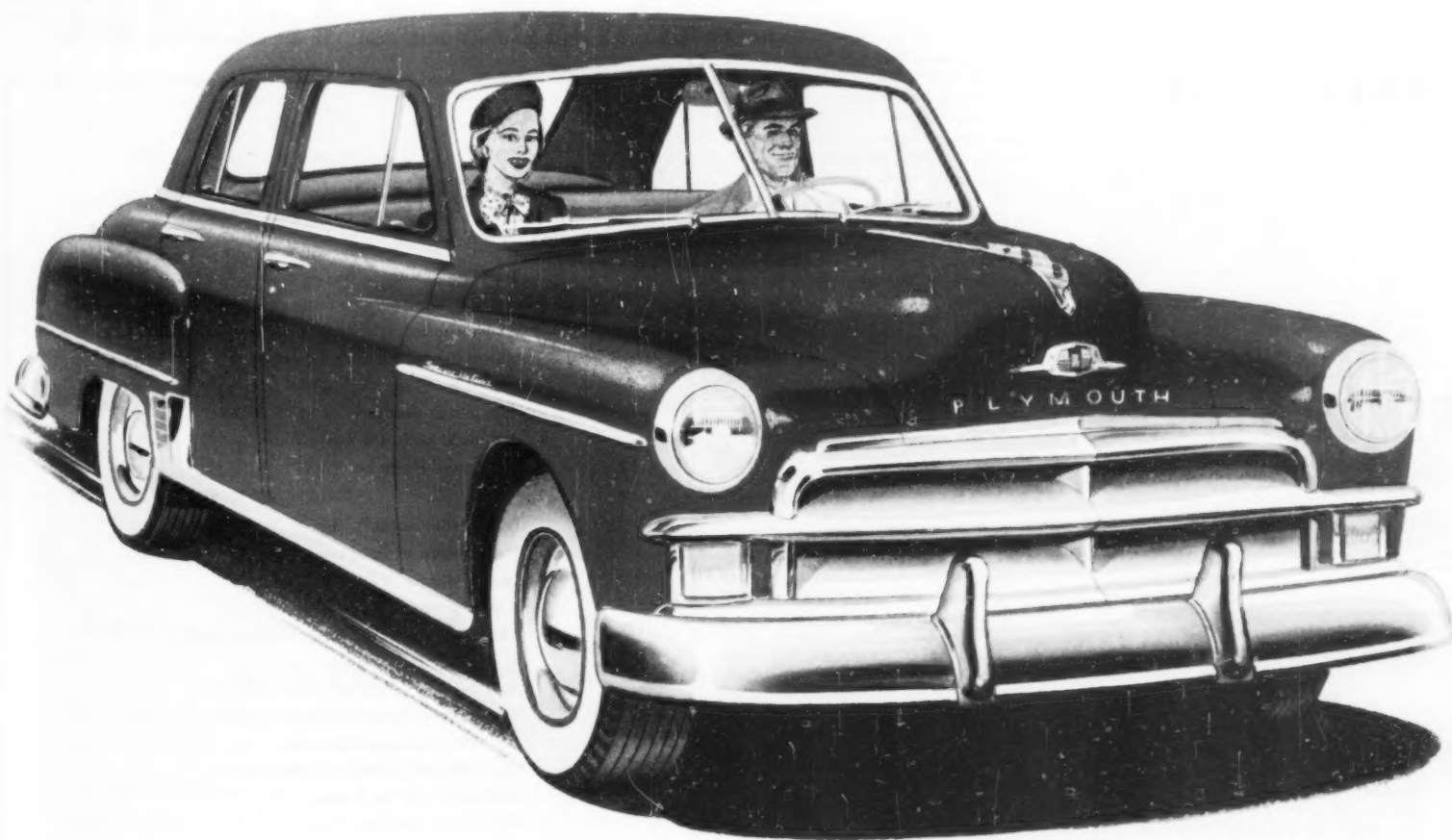
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Why Our Laws Can't Nail Drunk Drivers

Continued from page 8

1949 period they held 152 cars. In 1945, 453 of the drivers in accidents in Toronto had to be listed either as "under the influence" or "had been drinking." In 1949 the number jumped to 826. Drunk drivers in Toronto killed two in 1947, seven in 1949.

Vancouver in 1939 jailed 22 drunk drivers; in 1949, 78. (Chief Mulligan: "The figures knock your eyes out!") Alberta courts convicted 35 drunk drivers in 1947, 85 in 1948. Regina alone convicted 61 drunk or drinking drivers last year. New Brunswick suspended 238 drivers' licenses for intoxication in 1946, 270 in 1949.

HESPELER, Ont., October, 1948—A motorcycle accident on a dangerous highway curve. A resident rushes out to aid the injured cyclist, is struck down and killed by a speeding car that does not stop. Police arrest the driver later. "I guess I must have been drunk, I had had seven glasses of beer."

Why does a normally cautious driver become a hell-raising fool after an evening of drinking? Because alcohol is a narcotic. Forty minutes after the average 150-pound man has taken three ounces of whisky or three bottles of beer his blood will have an alcohol concentration of 0.05%—one part in 2,000. Few persons show signs of drunkenness at this stage, but already reasoning ability begins to slow up, and the drinker's power of concentration is weakening. After six ounces of whisky or six bottles of beer co-ordination between eye, brain and muscles begins to be affected, producing slurred speech, slowed and inaccurate movements.

Another two or three whiskies or beers jack the blood-alcohol concentration up to 0.15%. Everyone at this stage is drunk according to recognized medical standards. The brain lobes responsible for balance and sight have been affected even though there may be no outward sign.

But Prohibition Didn't Work

But the drinking driver begins to lose control of his car long before he looks drunk. It takes him longer to size up an emergency. Even at the pre-intoxication stage of 0.05% blood-alcohol concentration reasoning speed is cut 10%. At 40 m.p.h. that means he will be eight feet closer to danger than normal before he has figured out what to do to avoid it. A more important factor than reasoning speed—the time it takes to make up your mind—is reaction speed—the time it takes to act.

The drinking driver who still appears cold sober may have a reaction time 60% slower. He needs 160 feet to stop his car where the nondrinker would do it in 100 feet.

MIN NEDOSA, Man., August, 1948—Two little girls, one aged 8, one aged 2, wait impatiently as their father drinks wine, beer and rye at a wedding party. They start for home, the father driving his truck. A friend warns: "You shouldn't drive, someone might get killed." A cousin offers to drive for him but the father insists on driving himself. The truck overturns in a water-filled ditch. Police find the two-year-old face down, dead, in the crumpled truck box. The second little girl is pinned beneath the wreckage under water, drowned.

A committee of scientists at Evanston, Ill., took blood tests from 270 drivers involved in accidents and from 1,750 drivers stopped at random on the road. They found 12% of drivers were

drinking drivers and that this 12% was responsible for 47% of accidents. Here's the accident-risk score they computed. From 0.05 to 0.07% blood-alcohol concentration the risk is three times normal; 0.07 to 0.15%, seven times normal; above 0.15%, 55 times normal.

As the accident risk increases the driver's awareness of the havoc he is causing decreases. Last July an Ottawa laborer working on tram tracks was struck by a car, thrown 50 feet, died of a fractured skull. The car raced through a red light, disappeared. Two days later the driver gave himself up. "I was drunk," he said. "I remember hitting the man, but it never fully dawned on me what had happened until I read it in the papers next day."

In a small Eastern city last December a drunk driver hit a truck, sliced a pedestrian island in two, drove along a sidewalk for half a block scattering pedestrians, sideswiped a car and a pole, crashed head-on into another car. He backed up, drove his battered car away. Captured later and asked by police why he didn't stop, he replied, "I didn't know I hit anything."

I asked numerous authorities what they felt should be done to reduce the drunk-driving slaughter. The suggestions fall into three categories: 1, Prohibition; 2, Heavier penalties; 3, Chemical tests to make law enforcement more certain.

Sums up Inspector Vernon Page, head of Toronto's traffic division: "Whatever is done, it should be drastic and it should be done fast."

Among law enforcement officials, however, I found little support for prohibition as a solution. Typical comment: "We tried it. We drove drinking underground. But we didn't stop it. Nor did we stop drunken driving."

There is a trend in the courts toward heavier penalties for drunk drivers but

opinions differ about the wisdom of this. Drunk driving is a criminal offense under the Criminal Code and the law regarding it is uniform across Canada—everyone convicted must go to jail, seven days to three months. In addition the driver's license can be canceled for up to three years and, in Ontario, the car is automatically impounded for three months. The usual penalty is seven days in jail, one year's license suspension, and, for Ontario, impounding of the car.

Windsor and Hamilton magistrates recently warned that drunk drivers would be sentenced to 10 days, and in Fredericton, N.B., Magistrate Walter Limerick invariably locks the drunk driver up for 30 days. Recently two Ontario drunk drivers sentenced to a year in jail for manslaughter (the drunk driver who kills is invariably charged with manslaughter) appealed claiming their sentences were too severe. Appeal Court judges replied, "One year is totally inadequate in such cases as these," and jacked up the sentences to two years.

The Blood Tells a Story

But stiffer penalties sometimes backfire and weaken the law instead of strengthening it. They encourage accused men to hire lawyers and doctors for their defense, to fight the charge doggedly. With a law as vague as Canada's this frequently brings acquittal. This, in turn, encourages police to lay lesser charges which they are reasonably sure they can prove.

Newfoundland police have not been able to prove a drunk-driving charge since Canadian law came into force there last December. Under Newfoundland law drunk drivers were merely fined, the accused rarely bothering to offer much defense. Under

Continued on page 64

THE VALLEY

Dark valley I have feared and fled:

On this day sets the wintry sun
Above the forest's secret bed,
Above the tarnished scales of leaf,
Above the shale, the matted fern,
The tracks that never end, and turn
To mock again the foolish one
Who goes where he is led.

Dark valley without flower

Dark valley without sound:

In the late day's declining hour
A deeper shadow sweeps the ground
Than sombre shade on mass and mound;
A ring of silence widens out
And still the vein that burns with frost,
The last bee creeping dazed and lost
On brittle wand of fireweed,
The whispering of fingered reed,
The outcry of the falcon's kill—
And widens out and widens out
To overtake me on the hill.

Lenore A. Pratt.

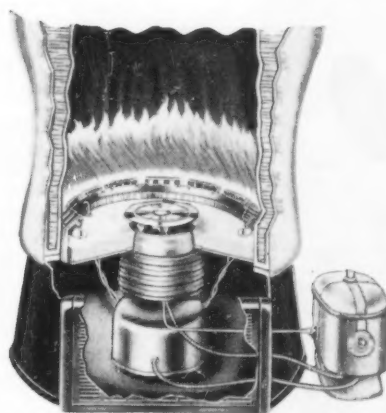


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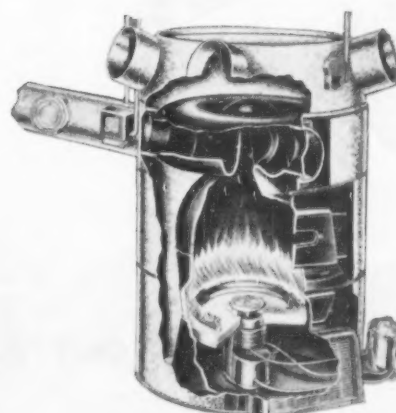
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WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY CO. OF CANADA, LTD., TORONTO, ONTARIO

Continued from page 62

Canadian law the drunk driver must go to jail for at least seven days. Result: Lawyers fight the cases tooth and nail, often seize on some loophole to get their clients off.

Inspector Page and others believe certainty of conviction a greater deterrent than stiffer penalties. "Too many drunks get off. It seems nowadays that everyone who staggers and has liquor on his breath isn't drunk, he just has indigestion."

The answer, they say, is legalization of blood or breath tests to determine scientifically whether a man is intoxicated.

Some men carry liquor better than others. But the amount of alcohol actually in the blood tells pretty much the same story for all individuals. In 35 U. S. states which use chemical tests the law accepts a concentration of 0.05% or less as proof that a driver is not under the influence. Between 0.05 and 0.15% the courts demand additional evidence on the driver's actions before convicting. Above 0.15% a driver is drunk no matter what he says or how well he handles himself and conviction is automatic.

How Long to Sober Up?

Blood-alcohol concentration can be determined by a test of the blood, urine, saliva or breath. Breath tests are the most practical. The suspect blows up a balloon which is attached to an apparatus which gives a reading in a few minutes. Police are trained to use the equipment, a doctor isn't required, and the test can be administered at the scene of the accident.

Acting Superintendent John Dunn, of the Vancouver police traffic department, points out that the lapse of time between an accident and the tests for intoxication now performed in police stations frequently allows a drunk to sober up. "Some sober up very quickly under the realization that they're facing trouble," he adds. "If police could slap a breath test on a driver as soon as they nab him—there wouldn't be this trouble."

But our police cannot force a suspect to submit to any of these tests because they are not recognized as legal under the Canada Evidence Act. It would take an amendment of the Criminal Code and Canada Evidence Act to make such tests legal here. An accused merely has to challenge blood-test evidence and it cannot be used against him. Result: The tests are practically never used here except on rare occasions when an accused who is confident of his innocence requests one.

YORKTON, Sask., July, 1949—A Regina woman slowed down her car as she saw an approaching car weaving from side to side, but couldn't avoid the crash. Three adults and a baby were pitched out. A young mother regained consciousness, saw her baby lying a few feet away and drew the infant toward

her. The top of the child's head was ripped away, blood and brains smeared the concrete of the highway. The baby had died instantly, the others recovered in hospital.

The R.C.M.P. had a blood test performed on the driver at fault in this Yorkton tragedy; it revealed a high concentration of alcohol. But at his manslaughter trial later the judge said he was forced to ignore this portion of the evidence because there was some suggestion that the accused had not submitted voluntarily to the test. On the strength of other evidence that the driver had been drinking all afternoon and evening in taverns and had been bounced out of one for rowdiness, he was jailed for a year. In this case, opinion evidence was strong enough to convict but the scientific proof had to be ignored.

Deprived of blood testing, our police must rely on old-fashioned intoxication tests such as walking the chalk line, inserting a key in a keyhole, repeating tongue-twisting words, identifying colors and stooping over to pick up objects from the floor. Usually the strongest evidence they can bring against a man is that he staggered, or his breath smelled. Against this, defense lawyers and drunk drivers have assembled an array of excuses that would keep a radio gag writer in business for a year. (Sample, from a New Toronto man whose car was zig-zagging crazily along the highway: "I was taking my dog for a ride. He kept licking my face and climbing into my lap.")

The crude rule-of-thumb methods by which Canadian police must attempt to prove intoxication are riddled with more doubts than the legend of Atlantis. Concussion, skull fracture, high blood pressure, food poisoning, an overdose of insulin in diabetics can cause symptoms similar to those of alcoholic intoxication. As for breath odor, one glass of beer will accomplish almost as much as 10, and throat antiseptics or lack of insulin in a diabetic will also create breath odors resembling liquor.

A Plea for American Tests

"Many border-line cases who are admittedly dangerous as car drivers have to be overlooked because we could never make the charge stick in court," Crown Attorney J. W. McFadden, of Toronto, says.

The Criminal Code itself contains no definition of the word "intoxicated" but an annotation quotes a 1939 judgment: "It is regrettable in these cases some other evidence beyond opinions is not available."

David Archibald, psychologist investigating the alcohol problem for the Liquor Control Board of Ontario, says: "If police could use tests like those accepted throughout most of the U.S., Canada could make some strides in

Continued on page 66

NEXT ISSUE

How Foster Hewitt Does It

By Trent Frayne

Next month an estimated 5 million listeners will hear the world's best-known hockey announcer report the Stanley Cup play-offs. What's the secret of Hewitt's amazing success as a sportscaster? A famous sportswriter gives the inside story.

APRIL 1 ISSUE

ON SALE MARCH 24



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PARTS AND SERVICE FROM COAST TO COAST IN CANADA



...where the "Red River Carts" rolled westward

The men who opened the great lands of the west bore all the risks themselves. Their only capital was their few implements and the strength of their hands. By the '80s the Mutual Life of Canada was providing, not only low cost insurance, but capital to aid the opening of new lands in the West... and transportation was passing beyond the ox-cart stage.



LIFE INSURANCE AT LOW NET COST

Continued from page 64
this tragic business of drunk driving." And Dr. Joslyn Rogers: "Chemical tests get right to the crux of the matter—how much alcohol has the man got in his brain? If his blood has a 0.15% alcohol concentration he's a lying fool when he says his dizziness was due to indigestion."

Detroit police chalked up more than twice as many drunk-driving convictions after chemical tests were introduced. In Washington County, Mich., 62% of motorists charged with drunk driving used to be convicted; now, by blood testing, 99% get the rap.

Says Inspector Page: "We people in safety work know what has to be done. It is a case of getting the public to know it too so that changes in accord with public opinion can be made."

Meanwhile...
TORONTO, November, 1946.—A 31-year-old driver sideswipes a taxi. The taxi driver gives chase. The hit-and-run car disappears over a hill at 75 m.p.h. Suddenly the night sky is lit up by a red flare—he has collided with another car. Both autos burst into flame. The driver, face and hands burned black, clothing ablaze, screaming with pain, is dragged out feet-first. His sister, 18, is trapped. Rescuers are helpless. Suddenly her anguished shrieking ends and there is

only the shrill crackle of flame. Her body when finally pulled from the wreckage looks like a big black cigar, identifiable only by the fillings in her teeth. The driver is in hospital several months, is finally jailed two years for manslaughter. Said a medico-legal expert at his trial: "Accused was definitely under the influence of alcohol."

And last summer...
WINNIPEG, July, 1949.—A snaking car skids and crumples under a 50-m.p.h. impact with a steel trolley pole. The driver, a young man, pitched from the shattered wreckage, lands in a hedge. His head is crushed, ribs are fractured—a few hours later he dies. A young woman, wedged in the car, is dead. A cop grimaces as he says: "Every bone in her body was broken; she was just blood and pulp." A half-consumed case of beer was found in the wreckage. Later a coroner's jury declares: "The deaths were due to neglect on the part of the deceased, who we believe was driving while under the influence of liquor."

These are the horrible pictures that haunt our thoroughfares. And until our laws get really tough, until we treat the drunken driver as a potential murderer, until drivers learn once and for all that gasoline and alcohol don't mix, horror will continue to stalk the highway. ★

Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 14

Russian nationals employed at the British Embassy simply disappeared.

Canada wasn't included in this systematic campaign until last October. Then a Czech employed at our legation in Prague was suddenly imprisoned—the Communist police told Canadian officials what prison she was in, but not why. This incident was followed by the much-publicized expulsion of Sergeant Danko and Corporal Vanier in January.

Although Danko and Vanier were innocent of any misdeed they were not chosen by accident. They'd been in Prague longer than anyone else on the Canadian staff. Both had learned to speak Czech and had many Czech friends—Vanier used to play defense on a Czech hockey team. They were not spies, but they were living contradictions of the version of Canada which the Communist Party wants Czechs to believe. So out they went.

* * *

Speaking of Communist expulsions, Mark Frank, the Canadian Tribune correspondent who was expelled from the Parliamentary Press Gallery a year ago, turned up at Mike Pearson's first Press conference after his return from the Commonwealth conference at Colombo, in Ceylon.

Pearson Press conferences are held almost every week in the East Block.

Usually they are "off the record"—nothing said that is secret but much that is confidential and must not be attributed to the minister. They are limited to Press Gallery members, and one reason for the desire to keep Communist reporters out of the gallery is that people are so reluctant to make off-record statements with a Communist in the room.

Mark Frank had no right to be at the conference but nobody asked him to leave. Gallery executive and External Affairs officials both suspected that this was what he really wanted—the Tribune could make a better story out of its reporter's expulsion than out of anything Mike Pearson might say.

Someone slipped out quietly to warn the minister a Communist correspondent was on hand. Pearson gave no sign of being aware of this fact, but as soon as he sat down he said, "Today, everything I have to say is on the record—you can quote me." He then proceeded to deliver some pungent opinions of Soviet imperialism in the Far East.

Later an External Affairs official wrote to Mark Frank explaining politely that these conferences were for Press Gallery men only and that since he was no longer a Press Gallery member he was not invited. After that, even the Tribune can hardly make a story of it if Frank is excluded the next time.

* * *

Parliament doesn't seem the same without Tommy Church, the aged and



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LIFE INSURANCE AT LOW NET COST

NEXT ISSUE

Confessions of a Lady Smuggler

The merry wives of Windsor, Ont., think nothing of buying two halves of a lettuce head in Detroit and wearing them back home as falsies. Now, one of them confesses how she has played the exciting game of eluding customs officials for years.

APRIL 1 ISSUE

ON SALE MARCH 24

eccentric member for Toronto-Broadview who died last month.

Some of the obituary tributes made Tommy sound like an elder statesman. He was hardly that. He sincerely and indignantly believed the United Nations was "just a conspiracy to destroy the British Empire." Nobody paid much attention to the speeches he made—and he made one almost every day—because only the Hansard reporters could understand a word he said. He had an impediment of some kind in his speech and from the Press Gallery his oratory was just a high steady monotone.

But, statesman or not, Tommy Church in his prime was an unequalled politician in the best sense of a tarnished word. He had a million friends in Toronto and no enemies; probably did more kindnesses for more people than any other man in Canada. He really liked people, liked to help them, and he never turned anybody away. Also he had the politician's greatest single gift, a phenomenal memory for names and faces.

Brock Chisholm, now director-general of the World Health Organization, served with a Toronto unit in the first war, but his parents didn't live in Toronto. As the returning regiment neared the Toronto station Capt. Chisholm felt terribly lonely and depressed—everybody else was coming home while he was landing in a strange town. But on the station platform the first man he saw was Mayor Tommy Church, hand outstretched.

"Hello, Nemo," said the mayor of Toronto. "I'm glad to see you."

Thirty years later Dr. Brock Chisholm still remembered that greeting. "I'd never seen Tommy Church before, except on the platform, and he'd never seen me at all," he says. "I don't think even my parents knew that the boys in my outfit called me Nemo. But Tommy Church had got the photographs, first

names and nicknames of every man in every Toronto unit; he memorized them all, met every train, and was able to greet each returning serviceman by name."

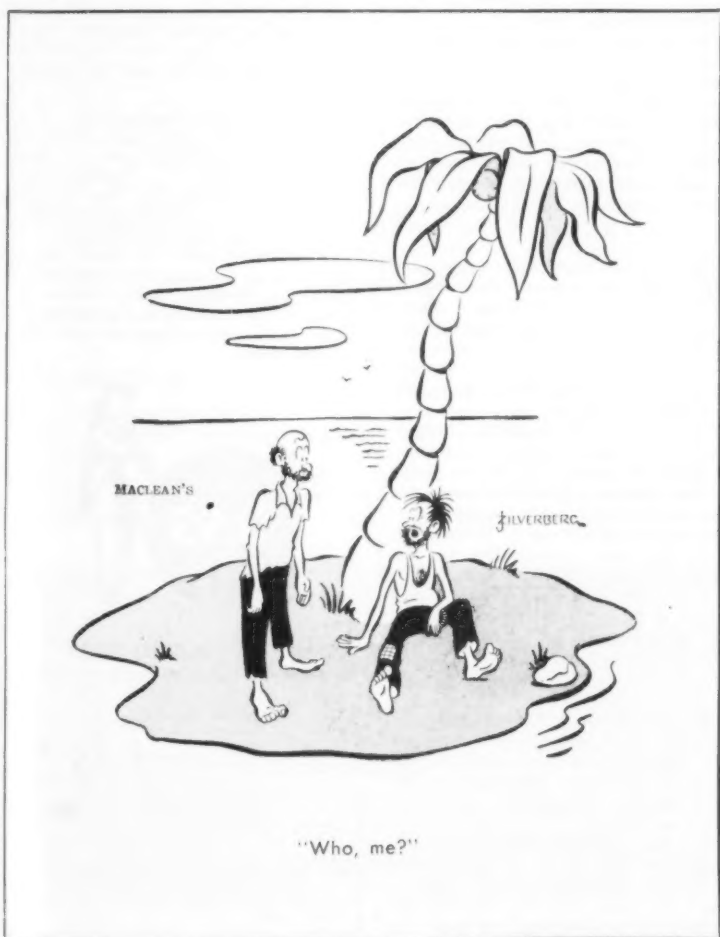
That may sound trivial. But Brock Chisholm, who is no Tory, would probably still vote for Tommy Church if he had a chance. People don't forget things like that—which is one reason why Tommy Church was unbeatable in his own riding. His own party beat him once (he lost the nomination after a redistribution had shaken up Toronto seats) but his own people never did.

* * *

Hugh Keenleyside's appointment to head a United Nations mission to Bolivia is a considerable honor to him and to Canada.

This is the first application of UN's policy of technical aid to underdeveloped countries. UN took particular care that this first mission should be made up of top men in various fields—mining, agriculture, health, etc. Their job will be to report on ways of improving conditions in Bolivia, and it's vital that their opinions should be sound and carry weight. To head this distinguished group UN chose Keenleyside, Canada's Deputy Minister of Resources and Development.

The honor wasn't entirely personal, though, for UN did want a Canadian. They thought it better not to have an American in charge—might rouse Latin-American prejudice against the Colossus of the North. On the other hand, industrialists now engaged in Bolivia are mostly American and the U. S. Government will put up most of the money for whatever is done; therefore they needed someone whom Americans would trust and who could speak the U. S. language. Where to find a man with these particular qualifications? There seemed to be only one answer—Canada. ★



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Cross Country

BRITISH COLUMBIA

IN A bid to win new circulation, the Vancouver Daily Province one day last month offered \$10,000 in rewards to help solve 10 of B. C.'s unsolved murder cases and thereby began one of the most ludicrous chapters in the city's newspaper history.

The Province called its stunt the "Hidden Witness Plan." Readers who sent in clues to the police (via box 200, the Province) had to follow an elaborate code procedure to preserve their anonymity. If the clue brought a conviction the reward was \$1,000 cash.

The Province, which lost its circulation lead to the Sun four years ago, thought it had a winner in the Hidden Witness stunt. The Sun thought it might have, too. Late editions of that day's Sun copied the contest in every detail, called it the "Somebody Knows" plan, a name obviously inspired by the Province's statement that "in practically every murder case, SOMEONE KNOWS."

The Sun modestly credited the Chicago Sun-Times with originating the idea. Next day the Province claimed it originated the plan in Canada.

The two evening papers settled down to recount, in gory detail, the 10 murders they hoped to solve. But they had reckoned without the News-Herald, the struggling morning paper. Two days later, the News-Herald devoted a whole page to recounting the 10 murders under the heading: "Here are tips to other papers' cash... All contest cases at a glance."

The News-Herald, the announcement said, "hopes to give its readers a head-start over others in the big race... News-Herald editors, in a spirit of clean competition, are more than pleased at this opportunity to assist in relieving the evening newspapers of their gold."

At this writing, no murders have been solved, although both evening papers have been flooded with letters, nearly all of them from cranks.

THE PRAIRIES

"Here in Edmonton we are all dead. We are surrounded by oil and we are letting the Americans make the money out of it." So proclaimed Sam Yeske, a Romanian who landed in Canada 23 years ago with \$5 in his pocket. Sam rounded up 85 Edmontonians who were willing to try a gamble, raised \$200,000 and took a flier in oil.

The syndicate was the successful bidder for a lease on the northeast fringe of the Leduc field. They sank \$125,000 into a well. A mile to the northeast another outfit tried, got a dry hole. A mile to the northwest was another dry hole. The small businessmen, clerks, laborers and stenographers who had put their money on Yeske held their breaths.

Finally the Yeske well came in, with a flush flow of 1,500 barrels a day. The "little people" had struck it rich. At that flow and at current prices it would return them about \$100 a month for every \$2,000 invested. And even if the flow were cut to 115 barrels a day, the proposed allowable for the



GORDON ROBERTS
Patrolman Pearson and his helpers. They don't make friends. (Prairies.)

field, at current crude prices the well would clear about \$9,000 a month after expenses.

* * *

Student newspapers at the Universities of Alberta and Saskatchewan got into the news last month.

The Alberta Gateway was suppressed after a full page of jokes in the annual engineers' edition aroused protests over smuttiness. The editors were allowed to resume publication on the promise to keep it clean.

The mailbox of the Saskatchewan Sheaf proved to be the graveyard of a "Ban-the-Bomb" petition being circulated on the campus. An unknown person borrowed the petition from the Student Christian Movement, supposedly to add names to it, ripped off the signatures, mutilated the petition and shoved it in the Sheaf's box.

* * *

Winnipeg has 2,634 employees on the civic payroll but only one who mushes as he works. He's Bob Pearson, wind-bitten, silver-haired patrolman for the city's hydro system. His beat is 11 miles of transmission line through the granite hills near Slave Falls, 95 miles northeast of the city.

The 13 other city hydro patrolmen make their winter rounds on skis, snowshoes or afoot. About 14 years ago Bob Pearson figured it would be easier by dog team and toboggan. He's been using them ever since. His present team is four dogs—two huskies, a collie and a half-husky half-collie.

"I've never made friends with the team," he says. "If you make friends with one dog you'll get in trouble right away. The others get jealous."

* * *

Morality Inspector Peter Cafferty of Winnipeg was pretty sure he had prostitution on the run—the city was almost clear of vice. Then some of the ladies of the evening began to work a brand-new dodge.

They discovered a steam bath which allowed married couples to take baths together in a cubicle that can be locked. The bath began to draw unexpected business—until someone carried the

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news to Inspector Cafferty. Four girls were arrested in raids on the bath during a two-week period.

Now the inspector wants the city to ask the Manitoba Government to prohibit mixed bathing in steam baths.

ONTARIO

Toronto will be Canada's biggest city in point of size and one of the biggest on the continent if its proposal to annex all or part of 12 suburban municipalities goes through. The council last month voted to apply to the Ontario Municipal Board for permission to proceed with amalgamation.

If the city gets its way it will have an area of about 240 square miles (Chicago, 211; New York, 365; Los Angeles, 452). Its population will jump from its present 670,000 to around 1 million. It will then have a water front about 23 miles long.

But the growth of Toronto will be only over the howls of the "amalgamated" suburbs. They're enjoying a record boom right now—the city has no more residential land and the suburbs with vacant lots are growing at a fantastic pace. One of them, North York, last year built 4,233 houses.

The rapidly growing suburbs are outstripping their services. Some of them lack sewers, schools and, above all, water. North York dramatically canceled all building contracts until it could be sure of water. Toronto, the most convenient supplier, could use its waterworks and other services to club reluctant suburbs into line. Amalgamation is expected to be a long, hard struggle.

QUEBEC

When Walter Clarke, the bell ringer for Grace Anglican Church in Point St. Charles, Montreal, died, the rector didn't have far to look for a successor. Freddie McKee, 14-year-old choir boy, volunteered for and got the job. He is Montreal's—and probably Canada's—youngest chime ringer.

Each Sunday, half an hour before the services, he climbs a steep spiral stairway to the belfry, plays hymns on the chimes by pulling numbered ropes attached to the bells. Clarke had trained his successor for two years, made things easier by numbering the notes of 300 hymns in the hymn book to correspond to the numbers on the bell ropes.

Freddie likes everything about his job except climbing into the belfry. It makes him dizzy.

THE MARITIMES

Some 250,000 books gathered in all parts of Canada to replenish European libraries ravaged by war have passed through the Canadian Book Centre at Halifax. This traffic has given Mrs. Margaret Reynolds, director of the

centre, a chance to make one of the most unusual collections in Canada. It's made up of bookmarks put into volumes and forgotten.

Mrs. Reynolds has covered the walls of her "trophy room" with the collection—snapshots, family portraits, Sunday-school attendance certificates, liquor price lists, badges from an Orangemen's parade, letters, newspaper clippings, pressed flowers and hundreds of other items.

One snapshot showed a Canadian soldier's grave. The family of the soldier, traced through the Army Records Office, was overjoyed at the return of the picture of their son's grave.

* * *

J. Leonard O'Brien, big timber man from the Miramichi country in New Brunswick, likes to tell you he's building houses out of smoke. And if he succeeds, it may give new life to N. B.'s hard-pressed lumber industry.

Beside his sawmill O'Brien has just built a plant which grinds up the 50% of a log that's usually burned as waste in sawdust and edgings, mixes it with plastic and presses it into building boards which can be sawed, planed or nailed like ordinary lumber.

Some such step is needed to keep the Miramichi booming. This autumn Britain knocked the props from under the pit-prop trade, which had been built up during the war and amounted to millions a year. The British can't afford the dollars any more, are turning to European suppliers. All along the Miramichi there are piles of pit props that will probably never see a mine. British exchange difficulties have also hit the long lumber industry—the province has reduced its stumpage fees and lumberjacks took a pay cut without complaint. Unless new markets open up, there won't be much logging this winter. Miramichi Valley dreads the return of the desolate 30's.

The answer, says Leonard O'Brien, is to use the whole tree.

NEWFOUNDLAND

After a year of Confederation, Newfoundland outport fishermen grant that in one respect, at least, political promises came true. Family allowances were all they were cracked up to be.

Said Skipper Charlie Poole, an outporter: "Well, b'y, with the family allowances my kids are making almost as much money as I am." The Poole family's total allowances come to \$330 a year. Last year Skipper Charlie earned \$400 gross in six months of back-breaking work tending his nets in all weathers.

Since school-age children get the allowance only if they attend classes, the outport kids are getting more education than they once did. The cheque is more value to the family than the child's help with the fish, the potatoes or the wood-cutting so he goes to school whether he likes it or not. ★



From books donated to European libraries, Mrs. Reynolds took her pin-ups. (Maritimes.)

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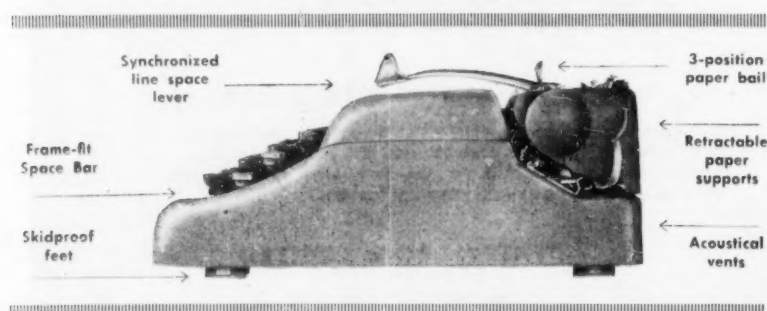
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WIT AND WISDOM



Order a Case—Taken from a patent-medicine testimonial: "Since taking your tablets regularly, I am another woman. Needless to say, my husband is delighted."—*Maritime Merchant, Halifax.*

Yes, Butt—A good girl is like a good cigar—you seldom see either one being picked up on the street. —*Galt Reporter.*

Income Ataxia—There is a new malady called posturitis, caused by sitting on the wrong sort of chairs. The Hamilton Spectator wants to know how to define by name the condition of the taxpayer, numbed and stricken on his back from the beating he has taken. Why not call it horizontalosis? — *St. Catharines Standard.*

Strings With Wood Winds.—A 10-year-old Minnesota boy practices on his violin in a remote forest. No Humane Society there to protect the birds and animals from this cruelty? —*Toronto Star.*

Can't Keep a Good Meal Down—We like the story of the passenger, making his first trans-Atlantic crossing in rough seas, who was leaning over the rail when an officer stopped and said: "I'm sorry, but you can't be sick here."

The passenger regarded the officer a long moment, then said, sadly: "Watch."—*Edmonton Journal.*

True Appreciation—A piper had played a selection on his bagpipes at a gathering not all Scotsmen. He was rewarded with good applause. The chairman suggested an encore. A voice in the audience called, "How about 'Annie Laurie'?"

The piper looked surprised and pleased, and said, "Again?"—*Moose Jaw Times-Herald.*

So Far, So Good—Health Inspector: It isn't healthy to have your house built over the hog pen that way.

Farmer: Well, I don't know. We ain't lost a hog in 15 years.—*Galt Reporter.*

JASPER

By Simpkins



MACLEAN'S

"Stay away from your Daddy, he swallowed a queen bee."

MAILBAG

Isn't Anybody Happy Now?

RALPH ALLEN had better study his geography. In "Was Kurt Meyer Guilty?" (Feb. 1) he states "Meyer is serving his life sentence in Dorchester penitentiary in Nova Scotia." It happens to be in New Brunswick, which may be a good thing with so many North Nova Scotia Highlanders about.—Mrs. Kathleen Banks, Kingston, N.S.

● Even the average American knows that Dorchester Penitentiary is at Dorchester, N.B., . . . 15.6 miles from the Nova Scotia border.—D. H. A. Hess, Takoma Park, Maryland, U.S.A.

● Can you imagine the uproar if you published that the notorious Kingston Penitentiary was in Quebec? —Eric L. Teed, Saint John.

● . . . Did someone say our public schools' curriculum was improving? . . . —Emerson C. Rice, Petitcodiac, N.B.

● We haven't got much down here. Let's keep our hoosegow. —F. Aubé, Edmundston, N.B.

● YOUR REGARD FOR PRINCIPLES OF JUSTICE MORE COMMENDABLE THAN YOUR GEOGRAPHIC ACCURACY MEYER STILL IN DORCHESTER AND DORCHESTER IS STILL IN NEW BRUNSWICK —J. W. HUMPHRY, MONCTON.

● . . . How many Maritimers or others informed you of this fact? —John Henderson, Halifax, N.S.

About 87 as we go to press, with more in every mail.—The Editors.

On Guilt or Innocence

That strutting Nazi hybrid (Meyer) condemned himself by word and action. In law a gangster is judged guilty whether or not he fired the shot that killed. Hitler's gangsters derided and savaged our precepts—they broke every law governing human rights; they fattened their egos on mass murder—no legal quibbles bothered them.—P. M. Wass, Newport Station, N.S.

● Is it any worse to club a helpless prisoner to death than to blow a defenseless woman to pieces? To bury her children under rubble or to burn them to a crisp? It is unutterably sad that acts which, a few short years ago, we condemned as German atrocities

we now commit—condone—applaud, in ourselves. Let us admit that we have now become that which we once abhorred. —Mary I. Gates, Kingston, Ont.

Keep Happy

By this date you no doubt have received many a protesting letter regarding the article by June Callwood, "The Not-So-Happy Gang" (Feb. 1). —Ailene A. Campbell, Edmonton, Alta.

To date, 49 protests. For some excerpts, see following.—The Editors.

● I think Maclean's lowered their standards when they published that article. Indeed, I would say they kicked them clean out the window.—E. E. Roberts, Englehart, Ont.

● I'm sure I don't care if one or two sulk or get peeved once in a while. —Mrs. L. J. Watson, Toronto.

● I enjoy your magazine, but I find it difficult to forgive you for the inclusion of this article.—H. C. Williamson, Saskatoon.

● Have we not enough blights and plagues on our crops without her (June Callwood) blasting our million-dollar "corn" crop?—Mrs. H. C. Williamson, Saskatoon.

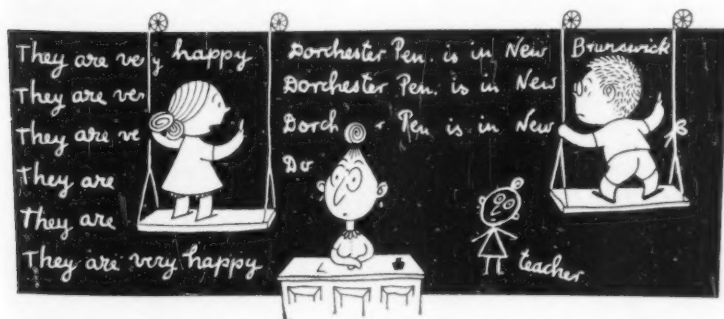
● This is not written in the first heat of anger—it's about the tenth . . . —Mrs. G. Scott Turnbull, Montreal.

● Had I June Callwood's lily-white neck between my two hands at this moment, I wouldn't caress it, believe me!—Evelyn J. Smart, Sidney, B.C.

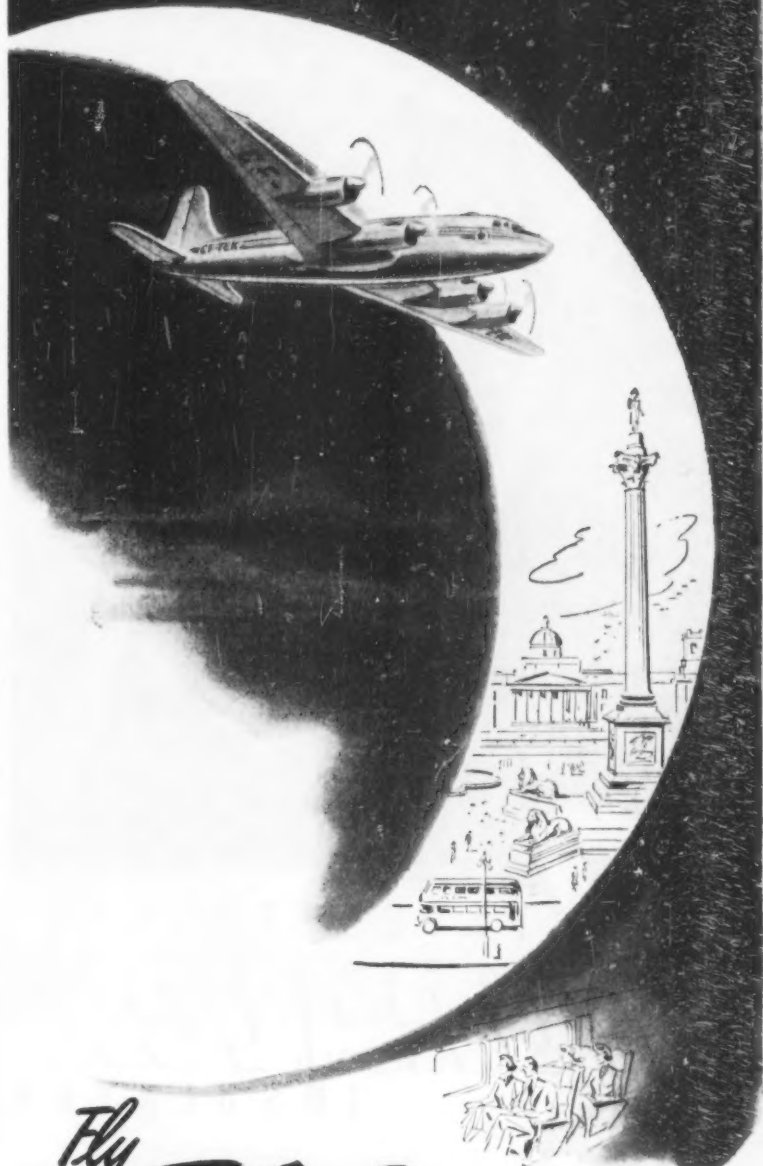
● How about yourself, Mr. Editor? Would your public or private life stand the light of day . . . Are you always congenial? It's pretty dull if you are.—Jeannette F. Boles, Three Hills, Alta.

● Down with June Callwood! Nuts to Maclean's! —Glenn A. Graham, Govan, Sask.

● You have done an irreparable wrong to thousands of devoted listeners who, when they hear Bert reminding them to "keep happy," will be no doubt inclined to mutter, "Oh, yeah!" —Mrs. E. J. Vickery, Halifax, N.S. P.S.—Dorchester Penitentiary is not in N.S. but in N.B. ★



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PARADE

THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

A YOUNG southern Ontario farmer found himself in a spot when he had to drive to town in his light truck one night recently and pick up his battered coupe at the garage after an overhaul. Catch was he had no one to drive the extra vehicle home except his wife and she was just a learner without a driving license.

His concern didn't abate as their little cavalcade hit the highway and from his trailing position he realized his wife had forgotten to turn on the lights in the truck. With quite a few cars whizzing by in the other direction, he risked his neck to swing over to the wrong side of the road and pull up beside her, honking his horn furiously. Enjoying the whole adventure thoroughly, wifey not only honked back but opened the window and with her blond hair streaming in the breeze waved merrily at him to show that all was well.

Several times he had to duck back to safety as traffic approached and his fear that his wife would meet with an accident, or at least a traffic cop, mounted steadily. But when the siren wailed it was behind him and when the cop pulled up alongside he discovered to his horror that *he* was being waved to the side of the road, as his wife disappeared in the distance.

"Well, now!" exclaimed the cop, turning to a nice blank page in his notebook, "racing another car, wrong side of the road, passing on a curve . . . This'll cost you plenty, Mac. You oughta learn that no blonde is worth it!"

Despite the balmy winter which prevailed most of the season in parts of Ontario, Ottawa managed to muster up a good many chilly nights. One resident tells us he returned to



find his semidetached house semi-frigid and immediately telephoned the landlord next door whose furnace was supposed to heat both premises.

"This is Johnson next door—fire up the furnace and give us a bit of heat!" he shouted loudly into the mouthpiece, knowing the landlord to be hard of hearing.

"Who is it?"

"Johnson next door . . . JOHN-SON!"

His loudest bellow of all met with dead silence; then there came a scuffling on the front porch, a knock at the door. The half-frozen tenant flung down the telephone receiver and yanked open the door to find the landlord on the step. "Mr. Johnson," he explained, "there's some fella on my phone wants to speak to you."

• • •

A couple of long-faced housing contractors were having a cup of coffee at an Edmonton lunch counter



the other day. "Take plumbing, for instance," moaned one, "—why only six months ago you could get the plumbing installed in an average five-room bungalow for \$1,000."

"That's right," nodded the other gloomily, "and today it'll cost you \$1,200 anyway."

Sympathetic clucking noises sounded from the adjoining stool, where they turned to find a weather-bitten old farmer. "Awful, ain't it?" agreed the farmer, shaking his head. "Remember back when I moved onto my half-section I installed all my plumbing for \$5.50. Had one plank left over, too!"

• • •

One of the fancier social affairs arranged for the annual managing editors' convention at Niagara Falls recently was a reception by the Province of Ontario with the Premier himself doing the honors. A young M. E. from the West was duly announced by the flunky at the head of the reception line and received a warm greeting from Premier Leslie Frost. "I seem to remember your name," declared the Premier cordially. "Didn't you used to work for one of the papers down East here?"

"That's right," beamed the M. E., "I'm an old Easterner myself—and what paper do you run, Mac?"

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



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You can see the old road, at the left. Narrow and winding, with poor visibility on the curves. With more and more cars passing daily, traveling at higher speeds, accidents were sure to happen here.

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It's time to fight this peril in earnest. Not *one life late*, but *now*. If you want to save lives—perhaps your own—back up the efforts of your local and provincial highway officials. See that they have the funds and the equipment to give you better, safer roads.

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